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SYDNEY



*O you thought to see the New
Year in
And the old out-run?
To hear the bells and the
cheers of welcome,
Sleepy little one?
And you brought old Teddy
with you,
Your company to keep,
For you meant to see the New
Year in
And not fall asleep.*

*I hope, when other years will
pass you,
They will lie as light
Upon you as soft, sweet sleep
Touches your eyes to-night.*

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

ENTER --- 1936!

GRAND TRIP To Hongkong FREE!

De-luxe Tour of Romantic China Seas is Women's Weekly M.-G.-M. Gift for Readers

Here's a glorious FREE holiday cruise to the China Seas—a tour of the East Indies, the Philippines, and Hongkong—for someone. The Australian Women's Weekly announces it to readers as a special New Year gift.

Simply tell in not more than fifty words "Why I want to visit the romantic China Seas." Such a marvellous cruise as that offered could not be won more easily, so get busy on your entry now.

THE cruise is being arranged by The Australian Women's Weekly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, whose latest big production, "China Seas," featuring Clark Gable, Jean Harlow and Wallace Beery, is now being shown in Sydney and Melbourne and is soon to be released in other States.

Films and stories of the East have long stirred the public imagination, and to give our readers a chance of seeing at first-hand the lands that have provided such rich material for screen and books, this unique contest was evolved.

Who has not longed to voyage to the mysterious, enchanting Orient, with its traditional customs, arts and beauties? Your cleverness and originality may now give you the opportunity of fulfilling your ambition to travel in right royal style to the East.

An Education

THE tour includes the Great Barrier Reef, Thursday Island, the Philippine Islands, all famous beauty spots, and Hongkong, the gateway to the East. Shore excursions to inspect the Eastern bazaars and temples will be arranged. The memories of such a trip will last for all time.

The tour will occupy practically two months. Just think of it. Eight wonderful weeks of first-class travel aboard a great liner, sailing into strange ports, seeing strange peoples. Manila, Shanghai, Hongkong! The Orient will unfold itself to you.

What an educational opportunity it offers. Whether you're eight or eighty the prospect must appeal, and whether you are under eight or over eighty you are eligible to enter.

The Prize List

FIRST CLASS RETURN TICKET TO HONGKONG

LINGERIE SET: Donated by Petal King, Imperial Arcade;
TOUR PROCK: Donated by "Lorette," 2nd Floor, City House, Pitt Street; PAIR OF LADIES' SHOES: Donated by Mabs McGuirk, cnr. Imperial Arcade and Castlereagh Street; LUXURY BEAUTY CASKET: Donated by "Halley's" Cosmetics, P24, Her Majesty's Arcade; SIX PAIRS SILK STOCKINGS: Donated by Holeproof Hosiery.

One of the splendid vessels of the Australian Oriental Shipping Co. has been chosen to transport the winner. The Taiping and Changtse, two of this company's modern oil-burning steamers, are familiar names to everyone, and offer the last word in comfort.

The shipping company has agreed to meet the reasonable convenience of the winner by leaving the actual sailing date to be decided when the winner is known. This will be especially helpful to competitors situated at long distances from ports.

Wardrobe, Too

THE selection of this China Seas tour as a prize brings within reach a fascinating holiday that is long enough to give a wonderful experience, and yet short enough to meet the convenience of everyone who enters. The matter of arranging for absence for the eight weeks required, in most cases, should be relatively very easy.

In addition to the free return ticket, the winner will be almost completely outfitted for the cruise by a number of well-known firms



EVERYBODY happy but father. The family's out of town enjoying the holidays, and he makes no pretence that he enjoys fending for himself.

who have donated clothing, toilet accessories, trunks, etc., as detailed elsewhere.

There is no entrance fee and no restrictions as to age or sex in The Australian Women's Weekly M.-G.-M. holiday competition. All you have to do is to tell in a letter of not more than fifty words, "WHY I WANT TO VISIT THE ROMANTIC CHINA SEAS."

Maybe you have a desire to travel; perhaps you think Australians should know more about our Eastern neighbors or believe such contacts would lead to better international relationships. Possibly you are interested in Eastern art or wish to see the romantic places and peoples of which you have read.

Be Original!

WHATEVER your reason, write it down. Originality in giving expression to your reasons will be the chief deciding factor. You may be terse, humorous, appreciative or otherwise.

There is no need to write a long essay or to make lengthy research. Just give a few plain, simple sentences summarizing your views, and post your letter to The Australian Women's Weekly. Be careful to write your name and address on your entry.

The award will go to the reader whose entry is adjudged the best of those received. Five minutes careful thinking may make you the winner.

The prize includes rail transportation from the winner's home town to the nearest port at which the vessel may be boarded. It also includes all expenses aboard ship, meals, stateroom, etc., excepting, of course, any expenditure of a personal nature.

The competition closes on Monday, January 27, 1936, thus giving readers in all States ample time to submit entries. The winner will be announced in our issue of February 8.

The following rules will govern the competition.

RULES.

1. Write or print clearly on a slip of white paper not more than fifty words your theme: "WHY I WANT TO VISIT THE ROMANTIC CHINA SEAS," together with your name and address.

2. Address your entry to The Australian Women's Weekly, and endorse it, "China Seas Contest."

3. No person may submit more than one entry. In judging, the following qualities will be considered: (a) Originality; (b) Appreciation of the romance of the CHINA SEAS and the Far East; (c) Literary style; (d) Neatness.

4. The transportation constituting the prize of this contest shall be non-assignable and shall be valid only for one year from the date of issuance, and is not subject to refund.
5. No entry will be accepted after January 27.
6. It is understood that contestants give their permission for the use of their entries, names and photographs for publicity and advertising purposes.
7. The decision of the Editor on all matters concerning this competition shall be final.

LOIS
FAR
LOVELIER
...



she's a wise, wily maiden, this Lois of the petal-soft skin! Nobody may see her without her cherished Revelry face powder because she has to admit in her heart, that her complexion is really the most ordinary thing. Praise be to Revelry that makes it look so flawless.

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that artful, flattering Face Powder

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Also Revelry Face Creams, Revelry Talc and Revelry Perfume... echoing the same exciting fragrance.

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M. 27

GIRL WHO Beat Men at Their OWN GAME

First of Her Sex to Win Three Exhibitions

Women are still in the minority among students of Agricultural Science at Melbourne University, but they apparently make up in quality what they lack in quantity.

MISS YVONNE AITKEN definitely beat men at their own game when she completed her final year in a blaze of glory by sharing the Dixon scholarship in Agricultural Engineering and Surveying, and the Wrixon Exhibition in Agriculture with men, and by carrying off the H. G. Turner scholarship of £135 for research.

None of these honors have ever been won by women before.

Miss Aitken, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Aitken, of South Yarra, is one of two girl students who headed the list—Miss Dynophina Loderwick, being the other—and she definitely beat the men of her year at the final examinations.

She is the first woman to be awarded the G. H. Turner Scholarship for Research, and the two other exhibitions that she shared with men have never before fallen to women.

Miss Aitken is at present at the Canberra Laboratories for six weeks' research work on blue mould.

Tall and slim, with auburn coloring, she is an attractive and enthusiastic girl.

Educated by the Sisters of the Sacred Heart at St. Annand and Ballarat, she has been a consistent winner of honors during her University career.

In her first year she passed with honors in all subjects and carried off an exhibition for £20 and a scholarship for £50.

She gained honors again in her second year and was awarded a scholarship for £40.

Then illness interrupted her course for two years, but she resumed work again after that, and her two final years have been brilliant.

The Turner Scholarship has opened the way to research work for Miss Aitken, but she has not yet decided in what direction that research work will lead her.

LET'S Talk About—



—Monte Lase photo.
NEW PRESIDENT.

DR. ROBERT K. MURPHY, Dr. Ing. Chem. F. A.A.C.I. Lecturer-in-Charge of Chemistry and head of Science Department, Sydney Technical College, has been elected general president of the Australian Chemical Institute by the council in Melbourne, succeeding Sir David Orme Masson, K.B.E., D.Sc., F.R.S. In the position Dr. Murphy received his training in chemistry in Canada and later in the United States.

He has taken an active interest in sport, having rowed in the Columbia University eight, and was captain of the ice-hockey team. More recently he was an "A" grade player of the Warringah Bowling Club, Mosman.



ARTISAN OF LIGHT

LOUIS LUMIERE, whose method of projecting pictures made the cinema possible, is now perfecting the "three-dimensional" movies. He might well be called France's answer to the question: "What's in a name?" For "lumiere," of course, means "light," and Louis Lumiere is primarily an artisan of light, a pioneer in the field of photography. The essence of his invention, M. Lumiere explained recently, was simply a device which permitted the film to pass before the beam of light, not continuously, as had been the case with the earlier "kinescope," but in a series of imperceptible jerks—almost imperceptible, at least, for one recalls the jerkiness of the moving pictures many years ago! Progress has since increased the speed—the number per second—of these "stops and starts" to the point where the jerkiness has disappeared. The process, however, remains fundamentally the same as the system discovered by Louis Lumiere back in 1889—40 years ago.



FOR THE AIR

RAYMOND BEATTY, bass, is a Sydney singer achieving success in the Australian Broadcasting Commission's grand opera season. At the outset of his career Dame Clara Butt heard him and was so impressed that she awarded him a scholarship at the Conservatorium. While on a tour about a few years ago he had the distinction of being one of the first artists to take part in a B.B.C. Empire programme, and on his return home via America was engaged to broadcast there. In August last year his marriage took place with Heather Kinnaird, well-known Sydney contralto.

Mr. Beatty has been kept exceptionally busy lately studying the important role of Ochs for the first performance in Australia of the Strauss opera, "Hosokawa," by the Australian Broadcasting Commission, on January 7 and 8.

WHERE Women WORK Like MEN



WOMEN IN UNIFORM, women in overalls, women on parade with banners—these are common sights in Russia.

In Russia, Home Is Not the Most Important Place

By G. W. WARNECKE, Editor-in-Chief of The Australian Women's Weekly. Written in Moscow.

Two sections of the Russian people have benefited more than anybody else by the Soviet regime. These are the women and children.

That accounts for the fact that women are most ardent upholders of the new order of things in Russia.

True, women have to work as hard and as long as men, and they have very little home-life. But the home is not the centre of life in Russia as it is in England and Australia.

In previous articles I referred a number of times to the fact that I constantly saw women working as laborers and tradesmen. That is something that is bound to strike the visitor straight away.

It is necessary, however, to get this question of the employment of women in heavy industries into proper perspective.

It must be remembered that even in advanced countries like France and Germany women still perform arduous labor in the harvest fields, and even in factories and industries where only men would be employed in English-speaking countries.

Peasant families living in villages and hamlets make up more than half the population of the Continent. They grow the bulk of the wheat, rye, and other foodstuffs that these countries live on. When a war comes the women go on working as usual in the fields while the men march away.

That is why in Central Europe conscription, standing armies, and warfare are looked upon as a normal way of living. It is regarded as a natural thing for the men to be in uniform and for the women to be working in the fields and factories.

In Russia this applies even more so than in the rest of Europe. Russia has only a handful of large cities, and the great bulk of her hundred and forty million people are scattered in villages and small towns over the huge plains of Russia and Asia.

PEASANT life in any part of Europe is on a pretty low standard. In Australia or England there is no equivalent class. In Ireland some of the centuries-old farms with their little fields and white-walled cabins are very similar to the European land-owning communities.

What Russia is trying to do is to transform these millions of peasants into city and town types. The farms are being grouped together and run practically on factory lines.

Now industries are being established in the big cities, resulting in millions of peasants leaving the land and taking up industrial life. This Moscow, which had only about two million people before the revolution, has now a population of over four million.

It is natural with this sudden growth of population in Moscow that the housing problem is very congested, and that there should be a great dearth of skilled tradesmen.

What is more important, there is a great scarcity of trained executives and administrative heads and officers. Often the ganger or boss on a particular job doesn't know any more about it than the men employed under him. This resulted, in the early years of the Soviet experiment, in an enormous amount of waste of time and material, and it will probably take another two or three Five-Year Plans to overcome it.

Equality!

SIDE by side with the breaking down of the peasant tradition has come the breaking down of the age-old tradition of the inferiority of women.

Nowhere in the world has this tradition been smashed more completely than in Russia. Where women have public influence in other parts of the world it is nearly always by peaceful rule.

In Russia the woman is man's equal in social life, in political life, in the home, in the work-a-day world, and also in the eyes of the law.

The great natural physical strength of these large-framed Russian women enables them to work alongside the men on any job, whether it is building a road, driving a tram, or carrying a load of bricks up a ladder. There are also a large number of women soldiers and military experts.



A CHILDREN'S NURSERY, where kiddies are left while their parents go to work.

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WITHOUT music or partner, without undue difficulty, or the expense and inconvenience of attending classes, YOU can become a finished dancer almost overnight. You need not be a "wall-flower" or "outsider" any longer. For I positively GUARANTEE to teach you.

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NAME (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

Please turn to Page 28



HIS FIRST CHRISTMAS.

OPERA FAME for Another Australian Fostering Home Talent by Broadcast Opera

By Our Special Commissioner

Another Australian girl, Marjorie Lawrence, has successfully stormed the citadel of grand opera.

Her outstanding success in "Die Walkure" at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York was the culmination of a fight extending over years—a fight in which true Australian grit gradually surmounted the thousand and one obstacles strewn in the path of a singer anxious to reach the top.

Miss Lawrence is the possessor of a magnificent dramatic-soprano voice, and her future successes will be keenly followed by dozens of other gifted Australian singers anxious to reach the pedestal on which she has apparently sojely enthroned herself.

SUCCESS has come rather slowly to this gifted singer, but this was mainly due to the fact that she preferred to stay in Australia. It's the old story of the "prophet without honor," although musical circles in Australia were satisfied that, given the chance, Miss Lawrence would make good.

Some years ago she decided that patriotism was all very well in its place,

but she studied and worked all the time, and her success in America is just a further story of the triumph of yet another Australian over terrible odds.

While critics and admirers crowded round Miss Lawrence after her New York success, her thoughts were on Australia, particularly her native Melbourne. She said that when her engagement concluded in America she would most likely return to Australia for a concert tour.

Miss Lawrence has not been heard on the concert platform in Sydney, but her voice is well known through records. Perhaps the most delightful of these is the song from Strauss' "Salome," an opera in which she was outstandingly successful in Paris. This recording is in the Australian Broadcast Commission programmes, and gives an illuminating indication of the quality of Miss Lawrence's voice.

Chances in Australia

WITH provision made for grand opera seasons in the various State capitals throughout the year, the commission is making it possible for younger Australian singers to gain that essential experience which comes only with actual participation in opera.

Already some of these young performers are showing great promise. Evelyn Hill is one. The broadcast operas have given her great chances to further distinguish herself before she sails for London in April to try her luck and await her big chance.

Broadcasting, too, has done much for Alice Brown, whose mezzo voice was heard over the air in "Hansel and Gretel" at Christmas-time.

Zena Muller showed by her work in "Tales of Hoffman" that she, too, is a singer, who will be heard again.

Doris Robinson and Ethel Day have also shown distinct promise in opera work, and Yvonne Moratta, the Italian-trained lyric soprano, has displayed unusual ability. When "Rosenkavalier" is sung over the air for the first time in Australia, she will play lead.



MISS ALICE PROWSE, who is gaining valuable grand opera experience over the air.

—Lapson studio.

but with opera seasons few and far between it would be better to go abroad. John Brownlee, who made such a success in Paris, persuaded Miss Lawrence to go to France, and critical opera lovers of the French capital soon showed their appreciation of the talent of the young Australian. The result was that she sang at the Paris Opera House for two years and was a great favorite in a number of operas.

NOTED PEOPLE Tell Us their New Year RESOLUTIONS

Politician will Halve Speeches,
"No Prophecies" says Professor

"What Resolutions Are You Making for 1936?"

The Australian Women's Weekly put this question to archbishops, politicians, professors, screen and stage idols, church leaders, lord mayors, sportsmen and sportswomen, a fireman, a police magistrate, a policewoman, leaders of women's organisations, social debts, and others.

IN the replies given below there is inspiration, humor and hope for what is destined probably to be one of the most momentous years in the history of the world.

Their Resolves

MR. STEVENS, N.S.W. Premier: "My resolution for 1936 is to work for Australian stability in the world flux. Not to be content with things as they are, however much better they may be than things three years ago. To push forward for full recovery and complete prosperity. To shape a policy for the rapid development of our nation, believing that only in this way can we be secure."

Archbishop Duhig, of Brisbane: "I wish everyone all that is best in the particular sphere in which each is endeavoring to render to God and humanity the service which alone ennoble life and which is the only road to real and lasting happiness."

Ald. Arthur McKelone, ex-Lord Mayor of Sydney: "To be prepared for all emergencies, and meet them in a straightforward manner. (2) To do everything in my power to further the progress of this great City of ours and, especially, to provide for the welfare of the children."

Miss Louise Mills, speaking as a woman: "To strive to be a better woman than I have been in the past year," and as President of the Victorian Women's Cricket Association: "To help women cricketers to reach a higher standard of play, to increase our membership, and to try to interest schools in cricket."



Mr. Harold Holt, youngest member of the House of Representatives, and one of Melbourne's most eligible bachelors has resolved: "To double the daily down to ward off the 'Parliamentary figure' to halve all speeches in favor of a long-suffering public, in view of Leap Year to devote myself to facts rather than figures, and to remember that the old dog with a hard road would have no time for an impertinent young puppy."

—Jack Cato photo.

Miss Jean Daly, secretary of the Labor Women's Organising Committee: "To try to get up early in the mornings. To strive for a raising of the school-leaving age, with increased facilities for free education in order that children may have the benefit of inventions and machinery which make it possible now for workers of the world to have a shorter working life."

"Play the Game"

REV. A. B. LLOYD, President of the Methodist Conference in S.A.: "I make a fresh resolve practically every day, but it is generally well and truly broken by nightfall. If I make one at the dawning of the New Year, it will probably meet with the same fate."

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond: "To be to my friends a little more considerate; to strangers a little more friendly; to my enemies a little more tolerant."

The Lord Mayor of Adelaide (Ald. J. R. Cain) was just off to a cricket match, his day's work over, when approached for his resolution. Therefore the words

came easily to his lips "Play always the game."

E. A. Hamilton, Chairman Milk Board, N.S.W.: "My New Year resolution is to continue to develop our fluid milk industry, which plays such an important part in the health and prosperity of the community."

Beautiful Eleanor Melrose, one of the most-sought-after debutantes of 1935, considers that New Year resolutions are somewhat out of date. "Because," she said, "they are far too hard to keep. Besides, it is awfully dull having to stick to one all the year!"

Rev. N. L. D. Webster (Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly) was happily serious about his resolution. "It is all to the good for each one of us to strive toward an ideal, even if we very soon fall from grace," he said. And for the backsliders who do fall, he gives comfort in the words of an old Puritan divine. "The lives of the Saints are ever made up of new beginnings."

Miss Hazel Wedlock, official secretary to the Lady Mayors of Sydney, says: "Resolutions are made to be broken, and I make mine on January 1 and break them on January 2."

Mr. A. G. Ogilvie, K.C., Premier of Tasmania: "A crisis of plenty has replaced a crisis of scarcity. The hope for

Bright Resolutions

Dr. G. L. Wood, Associate Professor of Commerce at Melbourne University: "To make no more prophecies, because people have too long memories."

Superintendent Trenchard, Hobart Fire Brigade: "Not to keep the home fires burning, but to pour water on 'their people's troubles for their own good.'"

the future is to adapt ourselves to the new set of circumstances by making the machine our servant, not our master, and so to reorganize our currency system that the benefits of our unlimited powers of productivity may be enjoyed on an equitable basis by all members of the community."

"Cargo of Goodwill"

WILFRED HUTCHINS, Hobart Police Magistrate: "To make the punishment fit the crime, and to make the criminal a fitter citizen, and that this Court shall be a place from which the innocent may depart in peace, and in which the guilty may tremble."

Vere I. Chambers, President Hobart Chamber of Commerce: "To see an advancing standard of shared prosperity, the outcome of the combined resources and purpose of patriotic Australian communities."

Sir John Evans, M.L.A., President of Tasmanian Sanatorium, and Hobart Manager of Huddart Parker, Ltd.: "To bring added sunshine to the lives of those around me, and to make port at the year's end with a full cargo of their goodwill."

Bishop of Tasmania, Doctor R. Snowden Hay: "The crucial need for the year on which we are entering is to enthronement in individual and national life the mind of Christ and to apply to all our social conduct and international practice the best of His teaching as the one hope of human security and happiness."

Mr. A. E. Moore, M.L.A., Leader of the Opposition in Queensland: "My resolve for the coming year is to encourage the purchase of our requirements in those markets which buy from us, and to use all our endeavors to do our part worthily as a Dominion of the British Empire in its effort to dispel the dark shadow in Europe."

James Smith, Vice-President, Public Hospital Board, Tasmania, and member of many philanthropic committees: "To do my duty to my neighbor and to endeavor to shed a little happiness among those I come in contact with."

Miss Helen Twelvetees: "To make 'Thoroughbred' the best picture of my career, as some return for the overwhelming Australian hospitality showered upon me."



Mrs. T. J. Ryan, Queensland Government representative in Victoria, has resolved "to extend a helping hand to fellow-beings, remembering that happiness is found in giving happiness. To flood our beautiful Queensland with captivated tourists from among the many southerners whose country and friendship have captivated me."

—Brookman photo.



Don Bradman, who says, "I never make New Year resolutions now. It doesn't pay, and they only get me into trouble."



Diana Duncanson, J.C.W. Star: "Because one rarely keeps them I never make New Year resolutions beyond telling myself to try to work harder and be much nicer."



Sir Langdon Bonython, one of the most beneficent persons in Adelaide, who from the accumulated wisdom of a long and busy life expresses this resolve: "To work to be happy. Experience taught me that as a young man, my New Year resolution is not to forget it now that I am in my 84th year."

Mrs. M. M. Wileber, superintendent of the Adelaide Women Police, expects that the Centenary year will be such a busy one for her that she will take everything as it comes without the aid of a specific New Year thought.

Miss Grace Carr, secretary of the Y.W.C.A. (Victoria): "To find more friends and funds—always placing friends first—for the Y.W.C.A. in 1936."

MEN and ANGEL

By
Fanny Heaslip Lea

ANGELA TODD—Angel to her friends—is in love with two men, and up to the present has been unable to choose. She met both in Paris—handsome Neville, the debonair lover, and Captain Talmadge, brusque, terse, and soldierly, but obviously very much in love with her.

Thinking she cares most for Talmadge, Angela goes with him to St. Malo on the Brittany coast. There she receives a telegram telling her that Neville has been injured and may lose his sight.

"I must go back. His sight! How awful," says Angela to Talmadge. She hurries back to Paris and Neville.

Now read on:

Illustrated by BOOTHROYD



"She drives me mad," said Neville. Above his head, Matty Morgan's eyes looked straight into Angela's. "She's so damned highly-strung..."

HE hoped Matty would leave them alone for a little. Hard to imagine telling Neville about what she had written to Paul with Matty sitting there listening.

As it happened Matty had gone out about that time to do some shopping. When Angela rang, it was

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her lawyer. When she had finished Neville said solemnly: "What did I tell you? Didn't I say his chasing over here had something to do with your grandmother's death? I know that skink through and through. He must have caught a train the moment her will was read."

"He says he's a practical man," said Angela.

"He does himself less than justice," said Neville. "So he wants you to go back home and rear his progeny on your warm hearth-stone. And and board free. What, may I ask, is he planning to do with the house of our ancestors?"

Neville had long before sold out his half of the Pendleton property to Horace—at Horace's suggestion and in consideration of his own improvident necessities.

"He has had a very good offer, I believe," said Angela.

She was unprepared for the effect of her words. Blood rose darkly across Neville's thin brown face. He clenched and unclenched a hand lying on the arm of his chair. "Damn him!" he said unsteadily. "When I sold out he swore to me he'd never let it go."

"Don't talk about him," begged Angela. "I'd no idea it would upset you so much."

Neville's mouth worked. "I wish you could have heard him here just yesterday—praying like a haunted old woman into my personal affairs. Was Matty a fully-trained nurse? Was she a widow? How did the bathroom mirror happen to fall? He did everything but root in the waste-paper basket for the piece."

Angela remembered: Horace had said, "Of course, that mirror story doesn't hold water." She tried to ex-

cuse him, trying to placate Neville. "Perhaps he was only interested."

Neville laughed harshly. "If you marry him you have my sympathy. You'll never know a moment's decent privacy—you'll never—"

"I'm not going to marry Horace," said Angela. "That she knew, was her chance to tell Neville about the letter to Talmadge, but Neville seemed so shaken, so faintly strong, unthinkable to try him further. She sat silent."

"What? After his nuptial flight, will you let him stalk alone?" Neville demanded mockingly. He was breathing fast. His vehemence frightened Angela. She thought: "If I could only get him to talk about something else. Betty and Jim coming back, perhaps."

She said, "Neville, listen—"

He would not let her finish.

"What the hell can I do but listen?" The outer door opened on his words.

Neville Makes His Choice

high-pitched—for him—and savagely resentful. "Sitting here day after day, like a rotting log! Am I never to have any peace? I come to Paris to get away from my damned skink of a brother—and he follows me here—you all follow me here—"

Like lightning raking an ominous sky, Angel thought: "Someone is listening now—not Neville alone."

"Peace," said Neville. "God—I'd take it with honor—or without!"

He cupped his hands over his bandaged eyes.

"Now none of that," said Matty Morgan in her pleasant voice. "Just when you're almost out of the woods"

"HELLO, Matty," said Neville, a grin showing.

"How're you feeling, old man?" said Matty. She came into the room quietly. She put her fingers through his hair. Tugged gently.

"I'm all right," said Neville. "Angela has been telling me about Horace."

"How are you, Miss Todd?" said Matty. "I wonder if you'd mind giving me a hand with the kitchen light. It's out. Will you hold the step-ladder for me while I put in a new bulb?"

"What about me in the meantime?" said Neville, now merely querulous.

"Here you are," said Matty. She stopped by the wireless set on a small stand beside him. Spun the dials capably. Broken bits of music whispered on the air. A voice or two cried thin and urgent only to be shut off in mid-syllable.

"How's that?" said Matty. A languorous wait.

"All right—as long as it lasts," said Neville.

Matty went out into the kitchen, separated from the bedroom by hall and bath. Even more effectively by anxious thrummings of the wireless.

scrubbed table at Angela's elbow.

"When I left Neville an hour ago," said Matty, "he was perfectly quiet."

"I'm sorry," said Angela. "If my visit has disturbed him." She made a sweet mask of her face behind which she struggled. To fight her way out of this pit into which her intuitions had tricked her.

Matty was grimmer than granite. "Every time, after you leave him, it's harder to get him quieted down."

"I haven't noticed before," said Angela. "That I particularly excited him."

"Because you're too wrapped up in yourself," said Matty. "To see what's been happening right under your nose. You and that brother of his."

ANGELA took that without a quiver. She said: "Neville tells me the doctor says his eyes may be all right in a little while. So isn't all this unpleasantness rather unnecessary?"

"What Neville didn't tell you—what Neville doesn't know," said Matty. "Is that the doctor's afraid of a nervous breakdown for him before his eyes have a chance. He's been under too much of a strain for too long—"

She broke off, with a touch of nervousness of her own, quickly controlled.

"You think that I," said Angela. "Have been a strain?"

"Think!" said Matty. "I'm sure of you. I wish you could see him sometimes after you've gone."

Angela said: "You don't understand—we've been very close." She was caught, helpless. She couldn't say to this strange woman: "I only wanted to tell him that I'm terribly sorry—it was all a mistake." While she stood there aching over making Neville so unhappy Matty spoke again.

"It's you who do not understand." She looked at Angela out of mercilessly honest eyes. "So far as Neville is concerned—he's finished with you. Only you don't know it."

Please turn to Page 16

The FAMILY ALBUM

Romance at a New Year Party

Complete
SHORT
STORY

Illustrated by
FISCHER



"Major Treviss!" announced the butler. Instead of advancing towards his hostess, he stood in the doorway and stared at the company as though living in a dream.

By James W. Drawbell

THE Family Album, that stored long of a hundred memories and a thousand laughs, was the cause of it all. On a rainy Sunday about two weeks before the New Year, Sally Anstrom was perched on the drawing-room floor and gazed at the volume. The suppressed giggles of her younger brother, Tom, as he skipped from page to page, helped in the persuasion. His smiling query, "Say, Sal, did women ever really wear things like this?" provided the final bait to which Sally rose.

She looked over his shoulder and smiled. The photograph uppermost was that of her mother taken just before the war. The woman was the same woman who sat near the drawing-room window with a quiet smile on her face, but the dress, to Sally's modern young eyes, was something weird and wonderful.

"Mother," she appealed. The older woman rose from her window seat and joined them.

"Is this really you, mother, in this awful mess?" Mrs. Anstrom, with a nineteen-year-old daughter, never looked more than twenty-five herself, and was actually thirty-eight. She was old enough to remember things, and young enough to be able to play with her children.

She joined in their laughter readily. "Afraid it is," she confessed. "It does look rather funny nowadays, doesn't it?"

"Funny!" Tom chuckled. "It's a scream. Doesn't it show how women's fashions change?" murmured his sister. "Why, that was long before the war, mother, wasn't it?"

"Yes." The eyes widened. "Just before the war, 1913, I think." The girl's eyes widened.

"But did they really wear tight, hobbly kind of skirts like that?" "Oh, yes."

"And high waists?" "They did, darling."

"And blousy things, and high necks, and great big picture hats, mother?" "Just as you see them all there, Sally."

The eyes of the mother could see beyond the strange dress to the events and the emotions that had gone with

it. The girl could see only the dress. To her modern mind the thing spelt cordiness and embarrassment.

She glanced at her mother, noted the frown as smart as her own, and wondered.

"I suppose women just adapt themselves to whatever comes along," she mused. "But anyway, I know what our New Year party's going to be now!"

"What?" "A party in the dresses of twenty years ago!" They stared at her.

"Yes! Can't you imagine it?" she rattled on joyously. "All of us dressed up like that—and woe! Wearing high necks, funny skirts, and the men!—she turned over a page—look, Tommy! Like to dress up like that?"

He gazed, and yelped. "Just for a day!" he agreed. "It's a great idea. Ordinary evening dress absolutely taboo! We've got to tell the whole gang that they've got to come along tugged up as they used to tug up twenty years ago. Or as their fathers did!"

In a moment they were in a whirl of arrangements. "But what about the clothes?" their mother reminded. "Are you sure you'll be able to get the clothes you want?" They were thoughtful only for a moment.

"Oh, yes," Sally said. "Theatrical costume people will be able to give us what we want. And besides, some of the older people may be able to rake up things from old wardrobes."

THEY were coming for dinner at seven-thirty, in the clothes of twenty years ago, the clothes of the theatrical costumers and the scraped-together remnants of their mothers' and fathers' old wardrobes. Sally Anstrom went up to her room at six o'clock to dress. She wanted plenty of time for the Edwardian frock.

A little thrill of expectancy stirred the girl as she opened the door of her room.

"I really feel that it's twenty years ago," she whispered to herself. "Only

—I wonder what mother feels about it all."

And suddenly it flashed upon her that her father had been living then, but that the war, which had come later, had taken him away. "I never thought of that," she mused contritely. "I do hope that the dresses and things won't bring things back too much."

"What?" "Florence, the maid, whirled out of the room as she entered. "I'll come and help you dress later, miss. I've got to give mistress a hand first, and help downstairs, too."

"Don't come back at all, then, Florence," Sally said. "I can manage this frock all right."

SHE went in and closed the door. Her mother's old dress, a light-waisted, mutton-chop sleeved affair, redeemed from a forgotten box-room, was laid out on the bed.

She was standing in front of the long mirror, clad only in a very modern undergarment, when her fingers closed over something concealed in the pocket

of the old dress she was about to put on. It was a letter, and she drew it absently from its hiding-place, and as absently tore open the envelope, before she noticed that it bore no name or address.

Then she came back to life and stared at the envelope in amazement. It was crumpled and creased.

"But it has never been opened," Sally murmured. "There's a letter in it, and mother has surely never seen it! I wonder—"

The realization dawned upon her that she had stumbled upon a page of the past, upon a message that was written perhaps twenty years before. She held the envelope in her hand and gazed at

it in fascination. To think that someone had sent a letter to someone else, years and years and years ago, and it had never been read!

Why, there might be anything in such a note. Anything might have happened through the note not being read. Anything.

And as she drew it from its cover, and read the two scrawled lines of writing, she knew that something had happened.

It said: "I think you're the most wonderful girl in the world—Harry."

Harry! A letter from someone called Harry, in her mother's frock of twenty years ago. A letter she had never received. And she had married—Tom Anstrom. But why Tommy Anstrom, because she had never opened the letter?

Twenty New Years had come and gone since Harry wrote his unread letter.

Where was Harry now? What had happened that he could not have come along, if only to be with her mother, when Tom Anstrom was killed in action? Perhaps Harry himself had—

She read the two lines again. Then she folded the note up, reached briskly for her dressing-gown, swept across the floor, and made for her mother's room.

She went in. Her mother, only thirty-eight, and looking radiant twenty-five, was alone.

Holding the letter behind her, Sally said quickly:

Mother-wise

FOR years I've tried to write of you. The things devoted daughters do. To take your thoughts of me apart, And mould them closer to your heart.

I haven't been devoted, quite, Or done for you the things I might; I have been selfish all my days And in so many varied ways.

I've never bothered to define Just what I owe you, mother mine.

How disappointed you must be With all the things you miss in me.

For years I've tried to write of you, But thoughts so deeply set are few; I only know I'll take your hand, And, mother-wise, you'll understand.

—YVONNE WEBB.

I was to blame. Penitently I wrote him asking him to forgive me. He never answered."

She gazed at the note, and went on talking as if she had forgotten her daughter's presence.

"I was leaving almost immediately for a trip abroad, and I never saw him again. During the holiday I met your father, and I came to like him tremendously. We were awfully happy together, and I was only too glad to find someone with whom I could forget Harry."

"But, mother," the girl broke in, "how was it that you never saw this letter? It must have been delivered by hand."

"Yes. But probably one of the maids slipped it into my pocket so that my mother could not see it. Or my sister might have done it, and forgotten. I don't know."

She rose and walked slowly to her dressing-table, avoiding Sally's eyes. But the girl with sudden tragedy thrust upon her, was eager to help.

"But couldn't he have got in touch with you afterwards?" she asked.

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Hobble Skirts & Picture Hats

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"Mother, I found a crumpled old letter in this frock of yours. It wasn't addressed to anyone, and I read it. But it's for you, and it's something you've never read. It's something you should have seen. I think, a long time ago."

Tom, one of the older women looked into her and seemed to understand. She held out her hand without a word and read the note.

It was quiet in the room after she had looked at the letter, but at last she spoke. "I don't know what it was, but something the girl had never heard."

"It is the message I've always wanted to get," she said. "Twenty years ago I cared very much for Harry Treviss. We quarrelled over some trifling thing.

Four Guests

Illustrated
By WEP



Swaying, stumbling, Red Head waded through the sand after the slowly-moving truck. They could see the desperate agony in those grey eyes, the tortured throat working convulsively at the thought of the precious drink.



WHAT'S afraid of a being bad wolf. Ze being had wolf. Ze being had wolf. So chanted, in an unusual voice, the excitable Syrian manager of the hotel at Port Sudan. At long last the dusty had reached the shores of the Red Sea. Paul Rocher, sprawled in a comfortable chair in the lounge, winced at the sound.

"You've got another guest, eh?" he drawled.

The fat Syrian, who was waddling toward his little office, which he always completely filled, stopped short. "Another guest? Monsieur Rocher! Another guest?" His dark eyes lifted challengingly. "There are four guests—four and two Arab servants. Magnificent, isn't it?"

Red Head of the Red Sea laughed. "It is, as you say, magnificent," he remarked. "And who are these four mad people who choose to come to Port Sudan at the hottest time of the year?"

"God knows, Monsieur Rocher. But they come to-day. And one of them is a lady."

He fluttered a radio message before Red Head as he spoke. The little figure in white checked the invitation. He took the message and read.

Radio from La Lobato. Please reserve four separate rooms, one for lady, also for two Arab servants. Arriving to-day; staying fortnight. KARINSKY.

"**T**HEY are mad," decided Red Head. "Nobody in their senses would want to stay in this desert hole by the sea for a fortnight; at least, not at this time of the year."

"But you stay, Monsieur Rocher, don't you?" stily suggested the Syrian manager.

Red Head grinned. "Because I'm seeking peace and quietness," he replied. "Moreover, you've got the only decent piano between here and Aden."

"Ah, you play exquisite, Monsieur Rocher."

"Maybe, but last night Mozart must have turned in his grave when I struck that bad C sharp. It's about time you had it attended to."

"It will be," nodded the Syrian. "Six months hence I expect the piano-tuner from Cairo. Then, Monsieur Rocher, you will see; it will be superb. Also the bad C sharp."

Red Head groaned.

"Even your piano won't keep me here six months."

"I hope so," burbled the Syrian. "There are compensations, surely, without the bad C sharp? But I must to my duties. The four guests—"

And with a polite little bow he hurried away, still humming his optimistic ditty.

Paul Rocher lit another cigarette and regarded the deserted lounge of the hotel. For the past week he had been the only guest at this caravaner on the edge of the Red Sea. And because there was something in him of that Kipling-type type, "The Cat that Walked by Himself," he had been happy.

This strange adventurer with the red hair, the man who was known from Aden to Port Said as Red Head of the

He wondered about the dark, beautiful girl who had come to make a film at dreary Port Sudan!

By...
William J. MAKIN

Red Sea, had been indulging his passion for solitude.

The desert-dusted plane of the hotel had been his only companion. His alien fingers had conjured from the yellow keys the strange dissonances of such moderns as Stravinsky, Schoenberg, and Ravel. They appealed to his mood of exile. His only audience had been the fat Syrian, apathetically indifferent, and a silent group of natives squatting in the sand outside the hotel. These Somalis and Sudanese found in the sophisticated music of civilization something that appealed to their own barbaric spirit.

"And now a woman is coming who will probably insist upon playing sentimental waltzes or hysterical jazz," he sighed. "Time for me to leave."

When, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he glimpsed through his luncheon the arrival of a ruddy, insignificant tramp steamer, the La Lobato, in the roadstead, his decision to leave Port Sudan wavered. He decided that it might be worth waiting to see the four guests arrive. The woman, of course, was a nuisance. But the three men might be interesting.

"They must be interesting to travel in a filthy steamer of that size," he mused.

A Long Complete Story!

He observed a show getting forth from the harbor towards the steamer. The La Lobato was only depositing the four passengers. There was no intention of entering the port. And as he glimpsed through his binoculars a little group clambering down a rope ladder into the show dancing on the sun-glittering sea, Red Head began to be curious.

"Who owns the Lobato?" he asked the Syrian over his shoulder.

"I do not know, Monsieur Rocher," replied the manager. "She has never visited Port Sudan before."

"Find out!" snapped Red Head. "You've got a Lloyd's list, eh?"

"Certainly, Monsieur Rocher."

The plump manager scurried to obey. Five minutes later he returned.

"It was an old Spanish ship bought by the Russian Soviet for carrying oil," he explained. "Maybe she comes from the Persian Gulf."

"Maybe," nodded Red Head, and continued staring through the binoculars.

Half an hour later a strange procession came ashore from the show and walked through the sand towards the hotel. The two Arab servants came first. They staggered and swayed beneath a series of highly-polished boxes with gleaming metal attachments.

"Good lord, movie cameras!" ejaculated Red Head. "Somebody is coming to film Port Sudan." He turned to the Syrian. "You can let them have my room. I've decided to leave."

"There is no train for two days, Monsieur Rocher," warned the Syrian. "Well, that ship then. I'll take a show to her."

"Too late," Monsieur Rocher, she goes."

It was true. The little tramp steamer was already moving into the son base of the Red Sea, entering the white harbor with her filthy smoke-stack. She seemed to be in a hurry to depart.

THE procession had tracked the steps leading to the hotel. The tolling, panting Arabs were the first to stumble into the shade of the verandah. With a sigh of relief they dumped their burdens. The sides of the two Arabs straightened his back and wiped the sweat from his eyes. It revealed a scar on his cheek.

He glimpsed the white man lurching negligently in a cane chair.

"Alas!" he muttered in Arabic. "It is the master with the hair that flames."

Red Head's gaze narrowed. Then a smile crossed his face. He also spoke in Arabic.

"Allah be with you, Kaz. You have travelled far from the tents of the black brethren."

Kaz also smiled. A rare thing for an Arab.

"The desert is too quiet, master. There is no fighting, and therefore no plunder. And even a Bedouin must live." His face became serious again. "And so I have accepted the shame of work."

"But why must a Bedouin do the work of a camel?" asked Red Head idly.

A queer gleam came into the eyes of the Arab.

"You are still the curious one, brother," he muttered.

Red Head laughed. It seemed to rouse the Arab.

"I have a tale to tell you, master," he

whispered. "worthy of the great Scheherazade herself. Allah has granted me a vision, and—"

"Inah, you lazy devil!" called out a voice in American. "Get those cameras inside or I'll kick your black hides!"

As though lashed by a whip, the two Arabs bent down for their burdens and shuffled into the hotel.

Red Head regarded the man who was striding up the steps. The shorts and khaki shirt revealed a powerful body. The big sun-helmet almost hid the face. Only a cruel, determined mouth could be seen.

"Karinsky's my name—Zyg Karinsky," he shouted at the heavy grey stones of the hotel.

The peddy Syrian hurried forth into the sunshine.

"You are welcome, Monsieur Karinsky. Veres welcome."

"You got my radio?" demanded the powerful figure.

"Sure," responded the manager, vainly attempting to emulate the accent.

"And the rooms are O.K.?"

"O.K., sure."

"Then lead us to 'em. And, remember, Orient Productions Incorporated wants the best and will have the best. We're going to shoot this burg."

As he followed the peddy Syrian, he gave Red Head a sidelong glance. But that individual gave no response. He was staring idly out to sea.

Arm in arm there followed a good-looking man and a dark-haired girl. They chattered amiably in French.

"And we spend a fortnight here, Georges?" she queried.

The young man nodded.

"It should be finished in a fortnight—Eliza."

"Mon dieu, will this job ever be finished?"

"Takes-vo-us!" he whispered warningly.

Finally, there came the fourth guest, a squat, bowed man, who clambered up the steps like a gorilla. An ugly face and lowering eyes. He hesitated a moment on the verandah and stared back at the sea, where the little tramp steamer could only be discerned by the smir of smoke.

"Joe! Where the hell are you?" came a shout from inside the hotel.

The gorilla-like man spat and hurried forward.

For ten minutes Red Head lounged there in the cane-chair. A cigarette smouldered unheeded in his long, thin fingers.

"And so the Red Sea is going into pictures," he mused. "Interesting!"

HE stretched himself, and wandered to the little office occupied by the fat Syrian. He bent over the hotel register. There, in bold handwriting, began the names of this strange party:

Zyg Karinsky

Eliza Bevan

Georges Raymond

Joe Peretz

And beneath, with a blatant flourish, appeared the announcement:

Orient Productions Inc.

Your departure, Monsieur Rocher; shall I arrange it for to-morrow," asked the Syrian.

Red Head smiled.

"I've changed my mind. I'm going to stay on for a few days longer."

"That's superb!" chuckled the Syrian. And once again he hummed joyously.

Please turn to Page 32

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif.
sketched by Petrov

BLOUSES ... Present Tense, ANY MOOD!

Simple for sports, severely tailored for travel, alluring for afternoon, elegant for evening ... they are fashion's cleverest offering to the woman of to-day ...

ON today's fashions just as much importance is placed upon accessories as upon the dress itself. The most important accessory to a suit or to a skirt and three-quarter coat is the blouse. It is possible, and inexpensive, to have several different blouses to one suit, thereby enabling it to look correct for many varying occasions.

THERE are four distinct types of blouses: those for active sports; those for spectator sports and travelling; blouses for afternoon wear of hand-embroidered linen and organdie, of satin, georgette and chiffon; and, lastly, luxurious blouses of pleated chiffon and lustrous satin that can be worn with short or floor-length skirts for evening wear.

Blouses for active sports are tailor-made; they can look like shirts with a well-fitted neck, collar and shoulders, long sleeves, and cuffs. There are others with short sleeves, necks which tie at the base of the throat, yokes, and pockets.

Golf blouses can have inverted pleats in back or the bodice slightly gathered on to a shoulder yoke. These are made very long to prevent them pulling out of the skirt. Washing crepe-de-chine in plain colors or stripes, stripes, and some of the fine crepe linens are used.

Travel and Sports

THE second type of blouse, worn for spectator sports for travelling, for town wear under a flannel or linen suit, has a distinctly sporty look. These are made of plain crepe-de-chine, foulards, twills, poplin, linen, seersucker. They tuck in or come over the top of the skirt, have short or long sleeves, pockets, pleats, tucks, collars, scarves, and bows. High necks are almost universal; if the neck is low it will hardly show when the jacket is done up. Again, shirt-like blouses are seen, made with box-pleated fronts or with yokes and pockets. Whether you have a proper shirt collar or a flat Peter Pan collar, wear a brooch centre-front. A yoke containing in two long ends lies in a bow under the chin.

SATIN blouses should be worn with dark suits or skirts and three-quarter coats; white, pink, blue and amber are the usual shades. These blouses have draped bodices—bodices trimmed with spoke-stitching, quilting, and shirring. Sleeves are usually long and necks either high with a bow or collar or low in a V or cowl. Spoke-stitching is a good trimming for satin. This usually takes some definite design; for instance, the sleeve and yoke are let in by spoke-stitching, or there might be bands of it at equal intervals across the entire blouse.

Collars and jabots consist of flared frills neatly bound. The majority of these blouses come over the skirt. They might swathe around the waist, tying in a bow to one side, or finish with a fitted basque and tailored satin belt.

THERE is even a more dressy type of blouse that can be worn with a skirt and three-quarter coat for dining out, or for the pictures at night; it can be worn with a floor or ankle length skirt, as a dinner or informal evening dress.

This blouse is made of satin with short sleeves, low neck, and no trimming except draping and a brooch. More often it is of chiffon with very full, long sleeves, and a high neck which is, of course, transparent. Shirring, pleating, and taggoting are the trimmings. These blouses come in lovely pastel tints—the pinks, blues, greens, yellow, and lilac, and accompany dark skirts as a rule. Black chiffon blouses with full sleeves accompany black crepe skirts.



- **BLOUSE** of pink chiffon for dinner or semi-evening wear. The yoke and upper sleeves and wrists are shirred.
- **LINGERIE** blouse in sheer white linen with hand-sewn pin-tucks and frilly lace edging round the boxes at neck and sleeves.
- **PALE BLUE** crepe satin for an afternoon blouse with yoke and bow cut in one piece.
- **YELLOW** crepe-de-chine for the golf shirt with box-pleated front. The back has an inverted pleat down the centre.
- **SPORTS** blouse in red-and-white tie-die. The new neckline shows the collar turned up and held by a scarf.
- **NAVY BLUE** sheer chiffon for a blouse with a finely-pleated front and full sleeves. Worn with a navy-and-white printed crepe suit.
- **FOR** wear with a white linen suit, a backless navy cotton blouse. The front is high and loops over the twisted shoulder-straps.
- **TAILORED** sports blouse of white linen or crepe. Two patch pockets and a scarf neckline.
- **GREEN** georgette or satin blouse. A flared jabot at the neck and spoke-stitching round the armholes and yoke.

SUNWEAR ABROAD ...



These photographs, showing the latest Continental ideas in sun and surf wear, were selected in Paris by Mary St. Claire and forwarded by air mail.



• **THE NAUTICAL** pair above are all set for a cruise. One has donned white linen shorts and pullover with blue-and-white stripes, and a blazer vertically striped in red and white. Her companion is ready to test the swimming-pool in a swim suit of dark blue jersey girdled with white.

• **FOR BASKING** on the sands a three-piece suit of navy-and-white wool with detachable skirt and navy sandals. Popular abroad, this style is barred on many Australian beaches.



• **COIN** spots adorn the faen suit of the lass leaning on the table above. It is corded with red and faen. The girl with whom she is chatting is wearing white linen shorts laced with navy cord, and a jumper of navy jersey.

• **THERE** is a Scotch air about the three-piece suit of black knitted wool, with its detachable skirt of plaid in cherry-red, white, and black. Suits of this kind are to be seen on all the Continental beaches. Australian styles are rarely so daring.

• **SUN-BAKING** can be done in comfort if one possesses a beach mat with a ready-made pillow such as is held by the girl in the swim suit at the right. The mat can be rolled up and easily carried.



Amazing

The delightfully soothing effect of Hearne's is positively amazing. Even the most obstinate coughs and colds yield at once. Any soreness in the chest or throat rapidly disappears. Safe for children. Famous for fifty years.

**HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE**

An Editorial

JANUARY 4, 1936.

"...RULES THE WAVES"



IN these days of miracles as the accepted commonplaces of life, that a King should speak to all his peoples who have the ears to listen, as if they were in the room with him, has come to be regarded as just part of the ordinary Christmas routine.

Yet to many who listened in to the Imperial broadcast on Boxing Day, there was a miracle within a miracle: the living evidence of a power whose symbol is a monarchy, but whose real strength is in a vast, common purpose.

In those still, small hours of Thursday morning, there was felt, even by the most insensitive, a veritable presence. Behind the simplest gossip of a frontiersman, the happy chatter of the city dweller, the labored sententiousness of some of the contributors, or the matter-of-fact, straight-out reports of others, there was not only the unity of a job of work to be done in front of a microphone, but the more essential unity of a job of work being done by men and women moving towards a common goal.

What that goal is would be hard to define in so many words. Simplest thing is to call it service — and not simply service to a king, or a throne, or an empire, but service to the peoples of the world, ourselves among them. Maybe it is policing a frontier between two warring tribes, maybe bringing succor and health to a famine-stricken province, perhaps making a new trail to a new world for science or the plain adventurer, perhaps just trying to bring a bare living from an unrelenting patch of soil. For one and all the immediate concern is the job in hand.

These mad dogs of Englishmen who go out in the midday sun are mad because Allah created the English mad — and Afrikander, Canuck, and Australian are linked in the general madness. Their messages to the world over the midnight, moonlit air were proofs of that Imperial madness. And — here's the interesting point — it was the rest of the world which was chiefly interested in that Thursday broadcast. Australians abroad are the witnesses that keenest of all listeners to last year's Imperial broadcast were the nations of the Continent and the Americas. Again comes cabled confirmation of the same phenomenon.

For one more occasion, at least, Britannia ruled the waves — of the air.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

Courts and Values

A MAN named Kiss was fined £2 with £11/4/- costs in a country court the other day for writing letters to a local magistrate.

Kiss at the end of other letters in other courts has proved even more expensive than that to the signatory.

Wedded Bliss

THE Institute of Family Relations of New York has made another discovery following a canvass of some hundreds of thousands of homes in the U.S.A.

It is concluded that, if either of the partners in a marriage is to be dominant, the ascendancy of the husband is most likely to result in happiness.

The figures show 61 per cent. of marriages happy when the man dominates; 47 per cent. when the wife rules the roost; and 37 per cent. happy in 36-50 marriages.

Looks as if a majority of the husbands were home when the canvass was made. Apparently the figures for dominant mothers-in-law were not taken out.

Girls Will Be Boys

WITHIN recent memory a leading Royal Canberra Golf Club associate was forbidden the links so long as she wore shorts.

On top of that a dual club champion in New South Wales was not allowed to play in L.G.U. fixtures without her stockings. Now in England there has been a hectic controversy as to whether women golfers should be allowed to lunch in the club dining-rooms in their trousers. Major Stephens, of Burhill G.C., made history in November by sanctioning the innovation during an all-day competition.

With at least two Army captains and one general as club secretaries in Sydney alone, surely it's up to them to follow the lead of the gallant (both ways) major in the direction of promoting a more liberal outlook for and on our lady players.

Lunatic Laws

SINCE the Act relating to the sale of narcotics was put strictly into force in New South Wales last July, there have been numerous successful prosecutions instituted by the police entrusted with the enforcement of that legislation.

After six months the authorities are of the opinion that addiction to drugs is on the increase. And except in rare cases they are powerless to do anything but prosecute and secure convictions. The State does nothing for the victims of this habit, many, if not most, of whom would give anything to secure adequate curative treatment. As the law stands their only recourse is to have themselves committed to a gaol or an asylum under the Inebriates Act!

Sometimes the law is not just an axe, but a criminal axe.

Vices and Virtues

THE proud parent and the ambitious teacher were declared to be the chief enemies of the modern child by K. Burnard at the annual New South Wales Teachers' Conference.

At the same time there are few who have passed through school who wouldn't admit that their parents' pride was often a genuine spur to their further efforts; and admit, further, that another spur was the ambition of their teachers to get results. It is in the excess of these two virtues that the defects of the system lie.

Success in life largely lies in the continued effort to please and to be admired, and the ambition-ridden trainer is forgotten while men count the years by the names of the winners of the big races.

Mr. Greathart

LAST week it was announced that C. W. Baylis, a poor young art student, was dodging round the byways of Melbourne trying to pick up an old idea on which to reach Sydney.

At that time he was blissfully unconscious of having carried off the Melbourne Gallery Art School Travelling Scholarship, worth £450 spread over the next two years. The last Archibald Prize was won by Henry Hanke, who had been trying to make both ends meet for his family as a concrete worker in a relief gang. From our London office comes the story of a young Australian music student who scrubs floors in between her lessons.

Of such is the kingdom of art and great heart. And if from the Great War there came out first real sense of nationhood, from these no less brave souls, fighting individually against no less great spiritual odds, there will come the flowering of that nationhood.



N.Z. GIRL'S BRILLIANT NOVEL

"I FIND that even writing goes well together," writes Miss Joyce West (pictured above), who makes her bow to the Australian public this week with the issue of her novel, "Sheep Kings," as a full-length supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Miss King has written a brilliant story of the family saga variety, and has done a difficult job extremely well. She states that she finds inspiration for her novels while running a dairy farm with her parents at Tauranga, New Zealand.

Miss West was born in Auckland, but has lived most of her life in the country districts of the Dominion. Her first story was published in 1927, and her work came under the notice of The Australian Women's Weekly when "Sheep Kings" was highly commended by the judges in the 1935 Prior Memorial novel contest.

The story made such an impression that it was decided to publish it as a free novel and thus familiarise Miss West's name among an exceptionally wide circle of Australian readers.

Death in the Detonator

TRAFFIC authorities in the various States are busying themselves devising horrifying poems to scare motorists into safety methods. Could not something be done in a less gruesome fashion, but sufficiently efficacious, to warn schoolchildren of the death that lies in the detonator? Every week or so there is news of ghastly mutilations of children through playing with these offensive-looking means of annihilation. Even a wall chart showing just what they look like, or a graphic illustration of their destructive power on inanimate objects, would serve some good purpose. This might appeal as real education even to the official education authorities.

Solving the Problem of the Misfit

Testing Boys' Ability in "Careers Laboratory"

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in London.

The stuffy, antediluvian public schools of England — excellent for imparting classical knowledge and forming character, but as places for fitting the average boy to cope with the difficulties of modern industrial life impossible. This is how most people regard the educational system of England. But a change is taking place.

And the doubt that exists both in England and Australia as to the value of examinations in schools is emphasised more or less by the modernising of those schools, and of British education generally.

DULWICH COLLEGE is always in the forefront of any educational innovation, and this term, for the first time in the history of British education, the older boys are being psychologically tested to help them in the choice of careers.

The college has inaugurated the first "careers laboratory." Here the boys voluntarily take tests to reveal their general ability, their special talents, their personality and character, with the idea of discovering what occupations and professions will best suit them.

Proven Success

THE tests have been evolved by the National Institute of Industrial Research. "We have been using the use of such tests for some time past," the secretary told me. "It is our hope that, when the boys thoroughly avail themselves of these aids to their choice of work, professional and industrial misfits may be entirely avoided."

The laboratory at Dulwich is furnished with the most weird collection of experimental material. Boys who are thinking of taking up electrical work, engineering, or anything mechanical are given old clocks, bicycle wheels, and door-lights, all in pieces. These they have to fit together in the shortest possible time. There is a great factor in all these tests.

Lads who want to become doctors, surgeons, or dentists have to undergo steady-hand tests. They have to pour water from one bottle to another without spilling a drop, and they have to put long, steel stilettes through holes of varying sizes in a steel plate. If they touch the sides of the holes, an electric bulb flashes, and they have lost ten points.

Cube bricks are used quite a lot in these tests. Nine cubes are packed into a square and colored on the outside only. These are mixed up and then the boy has to put them together again with only the painted sides showing. A perseverance test is made with balls and hoops. The boy has to run some small wooden balls through a series of hoops on a sloping surface. He has to do this over and over again until in one throw he can get all the balls through all the hoops. Generally before that happens he becomes thoroughly impatient or bored.

Headmasters Watch

MEMORY testing is done by that old game of putting objects on a tray and then removing the tray and letting the contestants write down all they can remember of its contents. Tests are also given in oratory, in summarising, and in general aptitudes. The latter is done by firing a tremendous volley of questions at the boys and expecting immediate and correct answers without any pauses for thought.

Would-be auctioneers are given crowd analysis tests. Are the people wanting to be amused? Are they very intent on business? Will it be possible to run the prices up today, or would the firm do better if I let the things go more cheaply? These are the questions that nearly every auctioneer has to answer at the beginning of his day, and these are the questions that are put to the students when they have been told the characteristics of the imaginary people gathered at their sales.

"The misfit is always a tragic figure," says the master in charge of the laboratory. "A dutiful son so placed will become a tragedy of his profession, never getting anywhere, but just managing to hold down his job, while the not-so-dutiful lad will risk parental displeasure, throw up the work chosen for him, and, very often, through lack of training in the right direction, become a rolling stone that simply cannot gather moss. We are trying to avoid failures of this kind."

Headmasters everywhere are watching the experiments at Dulwich College with the keenest interest.



BEING a Model Husband — for ONE DAY ONLY!

After All, New Year Reformation
Only Leads to Re-formation

By L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist



Illustrated
by
W.E.P.

That's the worst of these New Year resolutions—they get you into so much trouble. I think it is much safer to give some harmless order to yourself, such as resolving not to drink out of horse-troughs on Sundays.

But I wasn't satisfied with something simple like that. I made a grand, sweeping gesture and resolved to be a model husband. And the result: The resolution split up the sides the first day.

FOR the first few hours I was so good that the wife thought I was sickening for something. Then she came to the conclusion that I wasn't cranky enough to be sick, so she decided that there was another woman in the case, and I was trying to allay suspicion. Following this she searched the house to see what I'd smashed or burnt.

It had her completely puzzled, and when I actually offered to help with the washing-up, she had to sit down for a while to recover.

Having managed to smash the cake-dish which was a wedding present from her mother, and apparently the only one of its kind in the world, I volunteered to do the shopping and go to the butchers, and I even went as far as to say that I didn't mind carrying flowers.

She gave me the money to do the shopping in a kind of daze, and when I came back with the correct change she swooned away and I had to rally round with the smelling salts. When she came to, she inquired feebly whether I'd called in at the hotel on the way, and I said "No."

"Do you mean to tell me you didn't meet that old school-mate of yours this time! You know, the one you haven't seen for years—the one who insisted on

having a drink with you and you couldn't very well refuse?"

"No, dear," I replied, "I didn't meet him and, even if I had, I would have told him that you were waiting for me at home and I couldn't leave my little wife all at home by herself. Now, darling, I'm sure you want me to go visiting your Aunt Jessie. You know, the one with those two blasted brats . . . I mean those two dear little children, I'd love to romp on them. I mean romp with them."

Base Ingratitude

"Listen, you half-baked hypocrite," she said, pushing me into a chair, "what have you done that you're trying to smother up? Tell me, because I'll find out, anyhow."

I then explained to her about my resolution to be a model husband.

She didn't congratulate me—just said it was about time. That's gratitude for you.

After having mowed the lawn and taken the dog for a walk, I rather overstepped the mark when I said I was going to paint the house. I had to withdraw this alarming statement and explain about the high cost of paint and ladders and brushes and things.

All the time I was looking forward, pretty gloomily, to the prospect of afternoon tea at Aunt Jessie's with the confounded kids crawling all over me, eating cake and nursing their filthy lap-dog. And not being allowed to smoke. And listening to Aunt Jessie's complaints about her back.

I was walking about the house, glooming over things and conquering my evil inclinations by not going up the road to see a man about a dog, and wherever I went the wife moved me on with a vacuum-cleaner or a broom or a mop or a duster.

At last she said, "For the love of Mike, can't you keep out of the way, you clumsy, useless oaf! Why don't you go for a walk or something? Hanging around the house with a look on your face that's enough to make a woman burst into tears!"



A little more modelling.

"I wouldn't think of going out while you may need me for something, darling," I said. "And I don't think it's very nice of you to call me names when I'm only trying to help you!"

"Help me! Yes! Tramping dirt all over the floor just after I've polished it. Hurling cake dishes about. I believe you did it deliberately. And another thing! Take that long-suffering, martyred look off your face. If you're going to keep this up I'll



L. W. Lower as the very model of a model suburban husband. (Note the thorough manner in which he is enjoying himself.)

finish up in the asylum. Now get out, and don't come back till lunch time!"

Very reluctantly and slowly I left the house. I mean to say, I was pretty slow and reluctant until I got around the corner out of sight, and then I ran like mad to the S.P. bookmaker, and had two shillings each way on a horse, and then had four pints of beer, and came home and burnt a large hole in the carpet, and knocked the ashtray all over the floor; kicked the wife's dog,

criticised the lunch, and asked how a man could be expected to keep alive on stuff like that; complained about a button being off my trousers, and wanted to know why the devil there never seemed to be any matches in the house.

"Well! Well!" exclaimed my wife, gazing at me almost affectionately. "Back to your old form, eh? Well, I must say I much prefer it. And for Heaven's sake don't do any more re-forming. I couldn't stand it!"

Can you beat it! Anyhow, I'm happy again.

**RICHNESS
FROM THE
BOUNTEOUS
SEA**



THE health of the sea is in HYPOL, the rich, vitamin laden Emulsion that contains 100% of the purest Cod Liver Oil.

Delightful to take, HYPOL will amaze by its remedial action in cases of COLDS, BRONCHITIS, INFLUENZA or CHEST AILMENTS of any kind. All who are weak through sickness or under-nourishment should take this famous food tonic.

The Genuine HYPOL is obtainable in Two Sizes at 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle. Every High-class Chemist and Storekeeper Stocks HYPOL.

Prepared in the Laboratories of
FELTON, GRIMWADE & DUERDINS LTD., MELBOURNE.

Hypol

How does she keep her GIRLISH FIGURE

SHE looks a perfect picture in a surf costume, not an ounce of surplus fat anywhere, thanks to that regular nightly dose of Bile Beans. These fine vegetable pills tone up the system, ensure internal health, and melt away all surplus fat.

Don't forget the surf costume is the supreme test for your figure, so make sure of looking your best on the beach this Summer by commencing now with Bile Beans regularly each night.

BILE BEANS

1/6 & 2/6. EVERYWHERE.



"I was putting on so much weight that my stage work was affected. Bile Beans have removed all excess fat, and I am now over a stone lighter. With the help of nightly doses of Bile Beans I am able to maintain a slim and attractive figure, and I have plenty of energy."—Miss P. Howarth.

"I put on so much weight that it greatly reduced my energy and made me short of breath. But the nightly Bile Beans have removed all my surplus fat. I now weigh sixteen pounds less and am in better health than ever before."—Mrs. W. T.

"Oooh!...
How lovely!
I'll have this
every day"

**'OVALTINE'
COLD**

The delightful Summer Drink

TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample of "Ovaltine", sufficient to make four cupsful, will be sent on receipt of 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing.

PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/- At all Chemists & Stores
A. WANDER LTD., 218 KENT STREET, SYDNEY

**'JOHNNIE IS AILING. I WISH
I KNEW WHAT TO GIVE
HIM, NURSE'**



"I expect he's constipated. Show me your tongue, Johnnie. Yes, I thought so. See how it's coated. Your head aches, too, doesn't it, Johnnie, and you feel poorly? Sure signs that he's out of sorts."

That's the trouble, Mrs. Wilson, his system wants a thorough cleansing. Give him a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calfig'—now and he'll be as happy as a canary in a few hours. It's difficult to keep them regular when they're young they get lazy about it and are soon upset. But you can avoid all that by giving Johnnie a dose of

'California Syrup of Figs' regularly every Saturday night. It will keep him fit and save you a world of sickness and worry.

Safe? You couldn't have anything safer! It's a natural fruit laxative, and acts like fruit on the bowels. That's why so many doctors recommend it, and give it to their own children.

You can't afford to take chances with medicines, particularly with the children. No matter whether it is for yourself or a patient, I always insist on 'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calfig'.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/- times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calfig' on the package.

"California Syrup of Figs"
'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

The Underdog Breaks into English Fiction!

Occasionally a publisher will bring out a novel that, in subject, form, or style of writing, is sufficiently different from the usual to arouse and hold the interest of the reader, irrespective of its ultimate literary value, or even of its story appeal.

"The Wainwrights," by Edgar Meredith, is such a book. Entirely lacking in slick surface polish, incoherent in sections, it yet has a quality that demands and obtains attention.

TAKING as the central figures of his story a family representative of London's lower working-class, Meredith has succeeded in putting down on paper a vivid and complete account of the lives of members of this large section of English society.

He has written—sometimes well, sometimes clumsily, but always sincerely—of their fierce pride, their fine generosity towards the less fortunate of their kind, their distrust of the police, their loyalties, prejudices, hardships, and rejoicings.

Of the Wainwright family, the two principals are Martin and his sister Mary. There is an excellent balance between these two. The girl makes a steady progress in life, improving her conditions and position, while, at his opposite end of the scale, Marty, crushed by the blind chance against which the poor are impotent, goes steadily down. Both are lovable types.

The secondary characters in the book are exceedingly well executed in a rough-hewn vivid manner. The two elder Wainwrights, wrapped in the antagonisms and ambitions of the strata of society to which they belong, are typical of millions. Equally clearly delineated are Bert Byrnes, splendid, hearty Cotcher Harman and his wife, Fatty, and George, black sheep of the Wainwright family, but really its greatest financial success.

Quality of Truth

THERE are scenes in this novel that could not have been written by anybody but one who had soaked himself in the atmosphere and life of which he writes.

The chapter on the Brit Pointo is a particular instance of the vivid quality Meredith can inject into his writing when dealing with things he has known intimately. The whole feeling of a pre-war London, pantomime in its language, one can see old Lippino and his apprentice children as clearly as if they were on the stage before one, and can smell the orange peel, hot potatoes, nutmeg and jellied rice being enjoyed by the audience. The spirit that must have characterized these long-dead performances has been transferred to the author's jerky prose.

Less pleasant, but carrying equally as

much conviction, are the descriptions that come later of prison life and war experiences. They have a quality of truth that make them particularly moving.

INTENTIONALLY or unintentionally, Edgar Meredith has chosen a style of writing that reflects the educational shortcomings of his central male character. The book is written as an artisan would think and write, and while this makes it slightly harder reading than the ordinary, honey-laden literary novel, it certainly gives a flavor of authenticity to the story.

The best feature of the book, however, is the way in which the author has shown the horrible task the underdog is faced with once he is given a bad name. Wretchedly imprisoned for participation in unemployed riots, Martin Wainwright comes out of gaol only to find his record following him. Other sentences follow; he can't free himself of his past. This injustice, combined



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with the war and the suffering that follows it, brings about the end of Martin, and the final, unexpected climax of the novel.

This book will not be meat for everybody; it deals too much with reality for that. But it will be enjoyed by those who want to encounter real people, and in read of real struggles, real joys and real tragedies.

(Grayson & Grayson. All Booksellers 7/6.)

WOMAN SAVES THE WORLD

The thought of being the only woman in the world, the sole survivor of the sex, is something too ghastly to contemplate. Susan Ertz has dealt with such a situation in her latest novel, but while it is a provocative subject the story itself is not convincing.

MISS ERTZ has produced a great trade against men, as administrators of world affairs.

She makes constant reference to the weakness of women in permitting male rule and domination, but she appears to consider the size of commission on the part of men overwhelmingly greater than the size of omission on the part of women. The point is debatable.

Man's passion for making wars is the particular point of her attack. She has used a medium that many other novelists have employed—mind projection. The narrator of the tale has, by the aid of a clairvoyant with unusual powers, projected his mind into the year 1960, and writes as an aged man of 60.

It is a very changed world, quite interesting to speculate upon; social customs, architecture, science, and inven-

tion are made incidental to the ghastly thing that is happening—the rapid dying off of every woman. This catastrophe had been brought about by war. Although it lasted but a few hours, thousands of men were killed by gas, and their dead bodies had generated a mysterious disease which proved fatal only to women. Throughout the world they were dying in hundreds hourly, until eventually the announcement was broadcast that there was not known to be a woman living. Men became raving lunatics at the thought that civilisation was dead, or dying. Leaders of every nation sought vainly for schemes that would offer some hope, some consolation, to men who could not face the reality of being.

Sole Survivor

It will not be giving the story away too much to say that by a miracle one woman was found and, with her as the mouthpiece, Miss Ertz has told the world quite a lot about the tendency of the male to make war on the least provocation.

It is to be regretted and considerably weakens her story that when the one woman living was even the opportunity of dealing with a threatened international war she quailed it with that time-worn weapon of the politician—a promise. The promise, too, was surely an example of super optimism.

The book will be read with interest, for anything Miss Ertz writes will command that. It is well produced, and its futuristic dust-jacket and illustrations are the work of Elip Puren.

(Hodder and Stoughton. All booksellers 7/6.)

Short Reviews

"SANDY." I. A. Sheard. If the test of a good book is judged by its rapid sales then nothing but the best can be said of "Sandy," the story by Isobel Ann Sheard, which was published only a few weeks ago. It gained instant popularity. "Sandy" is a bush boy who, despite lack of encouragement from his father, determines to obtain education. The story of his adventures and achievements is delightfully told by this young Australian writer, Miss Sheard, who was born in Adelaide, has been connected with newspapers in that State and in New South Wales. She gave up Press work for broadcasting, and her children's sessions from A.O. Melbourne are extremely well known and popular.

BOOK OF INDOOR ENTERTAINMENTS. James Hunter. This volume contains an endless store of entertainments for indoor parties in its 650 pages. The juveniles being catered for as well as adults. There should be no excuse for a dull party now this book is available. (Hodder & Stoughton 5/-.)

'BRAN TUB' No. 37

PERS P G L I B B

PERSONS PASSING ARE LIABLE TO BE

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'BRAN TUB' No. 37

£50 MUST BE WON

Can You Solve This Simple Puzzle?

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It is just a short and easily-remembered paragraph about SAVAGE DOGS which appeared in an Australian newspaper some time ago, and has now been put into puzzle form by our artist. The opening words, "Persons passing are liable to be," will tell you what it is all about—and for the rest the wording is simple, and the sense of the sentence will help you. Each picture or sign may mean part of a word, one, two, or three words, but not more than three. Solve the puzzle carefully and write your solution IN INK on one side of a sheet of paper. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to:

**"BRAN TUB" No. 37
BOX 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY**

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY. All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, JANUARY 10th.

The First Prize of £50 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution of the paragraph is correct or most nearly correct. In case of ties, the prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid.

Solved Solution and £50 Prize Money is deposited with "Australian Women's Weekly," Sydney. A postal note of 1/- must accompany each initial entry, and £4 each additional entry. (Where postal notes are not obtainable, 1/- in stamps will be accepted in lieu of 1/- postal notes.) Any number of attempts may be sent on plain paper. Alternatively in single entries will be disqualified. Post Office address not accepted. Results will be published on SATURDAY, JANUARY 25th.

Their solutions each containing five errors were the most nearly correct ones received, and the Prize of £50 will therefore be divided equally between them, and will be posted on Friday, 15th January.

SOLUTION TO "BRAN TUB" No. 34

Fortunately, there was a heavy flood running down the creek, which gradually washed away the large body of earth around the post follow, and, after being kept prisoner for fifty-four hours, he was enabled to release himself.

**£50
WON**

RESULT OF "BRAN TUB" No. 34

The winning competitors in this contest are—
MR. L. CARRIO, 22 Bialla St., Granville, N.S.W.
MR. S. BOLLING, C/o. Mrs. E. Smith, Granville, N.S.W.
MR. E. MCKELPINE, 11 Collingwood St., Granville, N.S.W.
MR. G. B. SCHULZ, 12 Victoria St., Broken Hill, N.S.W.
MR. M. J. SIMPSON, 50 Waverley Rd., Canterbury, N.S.W.
MR. R. BILDERBY, Box 180, North West, Vic.
MR. P. SIMPSON, 100 St. Ann, Nth. Mq.
MR. A. F. BARTLEY, 100 St. Ann, Nth. Mq.

SCENES on Our Grand Holiday Tour!

THESE scenes of life in the Orient give some idea of the wonderful treat in store for the winner of our grand holiday contest, as announced on page 2 in this issue.



GREAT IMPROVEMENTS in building and architecture are observable in the Orient. This modern group of houses is a striking contrast to the popular conception of Chinese dwellings.



A BEAUTIFUL general view of Hongkong Harbor, looking across the bay to Kowloon, and the mainland. It is a city teeming with attractions for the tourist.



A HAPPY GROUP enjoy a spin in a motor boat, in a spirit that gives some idea of the advancement of Young China.



UNIQUE TRADE SCHOOL, where very young Chinese girls are taught face-making. Some of the students show an aptitude for this intricate work at a very early age.



THE MODERN Chinese girl has thrown ancient customs and costumes into the discard. Here a band of holiday-makers try their hand at fishing.



WHEN A CHINESE is not gardening you'll probably find him fishing. With their quaint hats, costumes, and baskets they make an interesting sight on the river flats, gathering, in this case, their special delicacy of a species of mussel and oysters.



"HAIRCUT, SIR?" A relic of some of the primitive customs that still prevail is this street barber in Hongkong who plies his trade in the open.



FESTIVALS are the pivot of Chinese social life and a great deal of the national income is spent in this fashion. A scene in Hongkong during the celebrations of the Chinese New Year, which takes place some weeks after our New Year.



TWO EASTERN waitresses whose striking costumes and unusual coiffures help to preserve the picturesque atmosphere of the Orient.

The Intelligent Woman Anticipates



Special Occasions

In every woman's life there are special occasions when it is vital that her power of attraction should be at its zenith.

Her future happiness may be in the balance and the lightest straw may weigh that balance in her favour.

The intelligent woman anticipates such an occasion and prepares for it; and foremost in that preparation is the care of her complexion.

This woman makes no attempt to save a few pence when buying face creams—her real anxiety is that the beauty aids she chooses should be the most effective that modern science can produce.



Hedley's two creams, Skin Food and Powder Base, are priced at 2/6 per jar.

Hedley's two creams—Skin Food and Powder Base—though priced at only 2/6 per jar—are being purchased by an ever widening circle of discriminating and appreciative women. Ask your chemist or store to-day for these two complexion creams and test them for yourself.



Hedley's BEAUTY AIDS

Hedley's Face Powder provides the perfect "finishing touch." Write for test sample—natural, rachel, or sunset—post free.

Hedley's (A/asia) Ltd., Australia House, Carrington Street, Sydney.

Please send trial sample of Hedley's Face Powder.

FREE AND POST FREE.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

CHEQUE ACCOUNTS

Almost every person of standing in the community has a cheque account, because to pay by cheque is safer . . . easier . . . more modern . . . and your cheque-book provides a record of income and expenditure. A cheque account may be opened at any branch of the Rural Bank.

Fixed Deposits are also accepted.



RURAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Head Office 14 Castlereagh Street, Sydney
Sydney branches: 250 George Street, (Opp. Wynyard Street).
General Managers: C. R. McKillop (President) H. Rogers P. Keenan

OUT of ALIGNMENT

COMPLETE SHORT STORY



MR. EUSTACE GRANDPOINT had a gift for listening to the confessions of her woman friends and acquaintances. Her own life was so well ordered that her only chance of experiencing emotion was to visit the cinema or to listen to her friends in her own drawing-room telling of their hopes, fears, and quarrels. The cinema made Mrs. Grandpoint's head ache, and in any case she preferred the real dramas unfolded over her tea-table to the shadowy ones of the screen. Just as many women consider a week wasted unless it has included two visits to the pictures, so Mrs. Grandpoint would have felt unsatisfied if Saturday arrived and at least two acquaintances had not unburdened themselves to her over cups of tea from her silver teapot and cakes from her immaculate kitchen.

Mrs. Grandpoint's appetite for listening to the confessions of young wives, disappointed brides and hopeful girls was only equalled by her appetite for giving them advice. "Now you must let me help you, dear," she would say, putting out her hand to her victim's knee, as if fearful that she might go before she had heard the advice.

It was only natural, therefore, that after Sylvia Selby had told her about the little difficulties she was having with her husband, Mrs. Grandpoint should advise her. When Mrs. Selby had come to tea at Mrs. Grandpoint's invitation, she had no idea that she was going to confess that her married life was a failure. Indeed, she had not realised that it was a failure. But Mrs. Grandpoint's unerring eye had detected the signs, she had sensed her invitation, and then, sure enough, over the tea-cups it had all come out.

"Now, just let me give you another cup of tea, my dear," Mrs. Grandpoint said soothingly. "And don't cry, because I'll tell you how your trouble can be put right in a few minutes." Mrs. Selby had not been crying, but the mention of the word brought two tears that had been waiting, coursing down her cheeks.

"I don't want to . . . to leave George, or anything like that," she stammered, a little afraid of the glint in Mrs. Grandpoint's eye. "I'm really quite . . . quite fond of him still."

"Of course, of course, my dear. I don't believe in divorce, unless the man is violent. The trouble is that George doesn't take notice of you any more. After three years he's talking you for granted. I know! Husbands are like that, unless you keep them up to the scratch. What you've got to do is to make your husband sit up." Mrs. Grandpoint fixed her visitor with her eye. "Now, if George knew that you were going about with another man

if it doesn't, send another, a week later . . . just a bit stronger, you know. Eliza then 'Well-wisher' or something like that. . . . Well, must you really be going?"

They grasped hands warmly. Mrs. George Selby's eyes were moist with the thought of the happy years stretching in front of George returning home eagerly as he used to do, giving her an ardent kiss, instead of just a peck. "And he sure and come and see me again, if everything doesn't go well," were Mrs. Grandpoint's parting words.

ALTHOUGH she had known for twenty-four hours that it would be there, Sylvia felt very nervous as she contemplated the envelope beside her husband's plate, on the breakfast-table. "Hullo, what's this?" He picked up the letter, looked at it curiously, and then tore it open. Sylvia went on with her breakfast, hoping the hot flush she felt in her cheeks did not show.

Really, she congratulated herself, she had been rather clever over it all. She had bought a penny packet of very ordinary paper and envelopes, so that there was no chance of that being traced. She had got out the typewriter one day, and copied out the words Mrs. Grandpoint had suggested, and she had posted it in town when she was shopping the day before, so that if George glanced at the post-mark.

She looked up. George was frowning at the piece of cheap paper. "Anything important?" she asked, daring.

"Er . . . no," he grunted, and folding up the letter put it in his pocket. Then he settled down to his breakfast.

At the end of a week, Sylvia tried to persuade herself that George was clucking. But she failed miserably. For a time she toyed with the idea of

By
**SIDNEY
DENHAM**

Author of
"Crown of a Career"

going to tea with Mrs. Grandpoint again; then she remembered her advice, and sat down at the typewriter to write another letter. "You did not take my first warning. Do you want a broader hint? 'Well-wisher!'"

George looked at the letter next morning at breakfast, put it in his pocket and sat silently eating his breakfast for five minutes. Then he said suddenly, "I want you to get a new maid, Sylvia. Better tell Jane she can go to-day."

"What?" he gasped Sylvia.

"Please don't argue," replied George. "I don't like her. And I'd be glad if you would give her a month's wages and send her away."

Sylvia sat silent. She knew George, in this kind of mood. But Jane was a treasure. Easy for a man to say "Get a new maid!" He knew nothing of the heartbreaking business of interviewing them, finding them impossible, trying again, and eventually deciding that you could do without one—chiefly because you couldn't get one! It was when she was dusting the mantelpiece in the drawing-room, after George had gone, that she got her idea. George had got some bee in his bonnet about Jane. A week without Jane would soon make him realise what a treasure she was! And she could manage with the daily help, at any rate for a week. After that George would be very glad to have her back.

She turned to Jane who was polishing the fire-irons. "I've been thinking, Jane; you've always wanted to visit your aunt in Scotland. Why don't you go? We haven't anything on this week, and we're dining out, so it would be quite convenient."

Jane seemed reluctant, but Sylvia persuaded her eventually, and even went so far as to give her a month's wages. "I deserve it, Jane," she said, and the two of them were on the verge of tears.

During the next three days Sylvia and George suffered some

discomfort. Sylvia had to get up to make the breakfast. Each day it was ten or fifteen minutes late, and the bacon under-cooked. Each evening, when he returned, George asked: "Well, got another maid?" and Sylvia shook her head. She tried so hard to make George comfortable, but how could she be expected to remember everything—the hot water ready for him when he came back, the paper brought in from the doorstep in the morning, the shoes cleaned by eight o'clock, ready for him to step into?

George said nothing, but he became a little more morose. Sylvia, in desperation, wrote a third letter. "This is the last time you hear from me. Apparently you don't care. 'Well-wisher!'"

She was in the kitchen, getting the bacon, when George came down to breakfast next morning. "No post?" he asked when she came in. "I haven't had a moment . . .," she began, but George nodded, got up and went to the front door. When he returned there were puzzled lines on his forehead.

"No chance of getting Jane back, I suppose?" he asked. Sylvia looked up, surprised.

"But you asked me to get rid of her," she said. "You were so certain."

George looked a little embarrassed. "I know," he said. "Perhaps I made a mistake. Misjudged her. If she hasn't another job, and you could arrange it."

"I'll see. Perhaps I can." Sylvia's heart gave a leap. Jane would be able to come back! Even if George continued to neglect her, that would be something! George was talking. "It's a long time since we had a night-out together . . . what about a show to-night? Save you the trouble of cooking a dinner."

Perhaps it was the expression on Sylvia's face that made George smile. "And, of course, you'll need a new dress. Better go up to town this afternoon and get one. I'll get away early and come back with you."

IT was long after midnight. George was sitting with his arm round Sylvia's waist in front of the bedroom fire. It had been a wonderful evening, with George as attentive as a two-day-old teddybear. Jane was coming back next day. Sylvia ought to have been supremely happy and yet . . . there were those letters. They had been worrying her all the evening. What did George think? He hadn't said a word. Suddenly, looking into the fire, she had an idea. Her first impulse was to discuss it with Mrs. Grandpoint. But George gave her an affectionate squeeze and, before she knew what she was doing, she was telling him the story that had flashed to her mind: the story of a young admirer who had insisted on calling in the afternoons, and who had threatened to tell George when she turned him down. . . . It really sounded very plausible, as Sylvia told it.

"So that's the young blackguard that has been sending notes!" exclaimed George. "Of course, I didn't believe a word. Why didn't you tell me before? I'd have knocked his head off."

"Oh, I wouldn't like you to go fighting, George," said Sylvia awkwardly. "And I don't suppose he'll worry me any more. I'll tell you, if he does."

"Mind you do! But why didn't you tell me right away?"

Sylvia looked into his eyes, then hung her head. "You didn't seem interested in what I did, George," she said. "I know I was mistaken, after to-night, but . . ."

"I know, I know, old girl." George's voice was soothing. "It's been my fault. Worried about the office. Didn't think about you enough. We were just . . . well, just a little out of alignment! But it's all now, isn't it?"

Sylvia nodded. She felt a glow of pleasure at the success of her story; felt as if she was as clever as Mrs. Grandpoint. But it was really George that was clever, because he had the sense not to tell Sylvia he had known all along that the anonymous letters were written on his typewriter, and that when the third letter came after Jane had gone, that it was Sylvia writing them. As he tore the letters into small fragments next day, he smiled at the way so curiously out of alignment, that had told him they came from his old machine. "I must really get a new typewriter one day," he muttered.

(Copyright.)

Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by L. W. LOVER "Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



PATIENT: Shall I live, doctor?
DOCTOR: You're better, but I shouldn't advise you to start any serial stories.



MUSICAL VICTIM: You might just turn on the wireless before you go.



MASTER: What is the name of the largest diamond?
PUPIL: The ace, sir.



HE: I hate food.
SHE: Why?
HE: Spoils my appetite.



"Every time I kiss you thrills run up and down my spine."
"Well, don't try to wear it out in one night."



KITTY: You wouldn't think I was thirty-to-day, would you?
KATY: Not now, darling, you used to.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"WHAT happened to you?"
"Another car passed mine so fast I thought I'd stopped, so I got out."

"MY wife comes home from her office too tired for words."
"Think you could get my wife a job in that office?"

"A H. Gertrude, how lovely it is to be alone with nature—alone with the perfect peace of this wonderful countryside. By the way, I wonder if we could get a drink round here anywhere?"

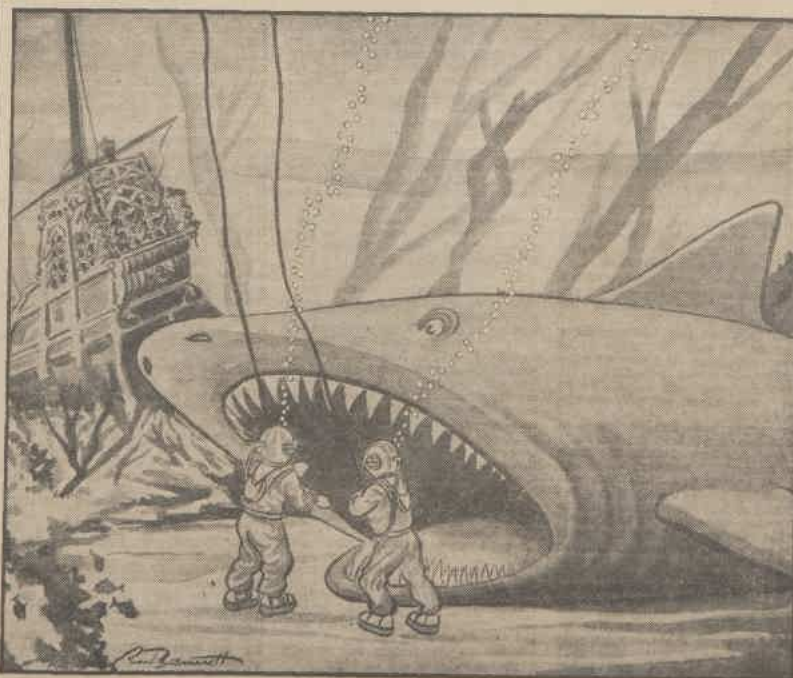
MISTRESS (trying to compose a reference): Mary, I can't think what reason I can give to explain your leaving. Maid: Well, ma'am, suppose you just put, "Why I let her go I can't think!"

"IN a Scotch village it was the custom for visitors to offer the local half-wit a shilling and a penny. He always took the penny."
One day a stranger asked: "Why take the penny, Bandy?"

Replied the fool: "If I took the shilling they would never try me again."

"WHAT are you doing these days?"
"Selling furniture."
"Selling much?"
"Only my own, so far."

"WELL, sir, did that Christmas turkey I sold you do for the whole family?"
"Very nearly—the doctor's still calling."



DIVER: Don't go in there, Erbert. There might be sharks!

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

So They Say

READERS, NOTE!

The "So They Say" page is your page. Any topic you care to write about is welcome, so long as it is interesting — and provocative. Letters should not exceed 120 words.

AT BARGAIN SALES

WHAT is there about a sale that has such an extraordinary effect upon a woman? You may have known someone as an inoffensive little mouse of a thing for years, but see her at a sale, where things are marked down "below cost price," and you won't know her!

If you have ever fed seagulls on the seashore you will immediately see the resemblance to women at a sale. They push and fight to get to their objective, and then, if it is small enough to grab, try to get it out of the fighting zone and find an assistant to serve them.

£1 for this letter to Miss Lesley J. Preiss, Sunny Dale, Swan Reach, River Murray, S.A.

MAN ON CLOTHES

MEN are not supposed to be critical about the clothes women wear—they are allowed to express admiration at all times, but any other comments are neither welcome nor requested.

I don't profess to be an expert on dress, but I have often wondered why so many girls and matrons overdo. Whenever I go I see girls wearing frocks made in lovely material but, instead of letting the material be the outstanding feature, they have had the frock made with frills, bows, and, in fact, every extra possible idea crowded on to the one garment. The older women who should be experienced often seem the worst offenders, and wear so many unnecessary frills, etc., on one frock, that the most expensive materials seem ordinary and the most elegant figures fat!

The smartest girls I have ever seen are those who wear the simplest, plainest frocks possible.

So how about taking a critical bachelor's advice, readers, and forget your tails for the sake of smartness and individuality!

G. Menard, Coventry, Matilda Street, Bondi, N.S.W.

OUR MOTHERS

THANK you, Mrs. Stanley, for supplying me with the exact explanation of why God created mothers—"God could not be everywhere, so He gave us mothers."

That is just what I have always felt, but could never find the exact words to express. My mother must also be an optimist, because she is "one who laughs, loves, and lives."

In this sorry old world let us thank God for mothers, and make a New Year resolution that 1936 will find us practicing gratitude, by loving, serving and giving to one whose whole life has been spent doing all this for us.

James Gifford, c/o Mr. R. W. Cocks, Bondi P.O., via Tongala P.O., Vic.

GIFT-GIVING

ONE of the most appreciable of life's amenities is the giving and receiving of presents. Gifts are signs to and reminders of affection and respect; they draw hearts and minds closer; they consecrate friendship; they make life more joyful in that they are inspired by the desire to give happiness to others.

While a gift should always give the same pleasure to the giver as to the receiver, I often wonder whether many of us exercise sufficient discretion in the matter of choice.

We pause at consulting the wishes of those whom we wish to honor, but we shall never err if we seek to combine in our little beauty, usefulness, and durability.

Mrs. Fleming, Esk, Brisbane Valley Line, Qld.

PITY THE HOSTESS

DO hostesses enjoy their own parties? I should say they seldom do. The average housewife is all too concerned about her guests.

First of all, there are such preparations that she is too tired to participate in the gaieties or to enjoy the carefully prepared and perhaps lavish food she has cooked.

Anyway, why is such importance placed on food? I am sure that very often, her guests would enjoy a less elaborate meal just as well as a miniature feast; and the hostess, not having spent the whole day in the kitchen, would enjoy it with them.

Miss B. Noel, Wood's Flat, via Blanchetown, S.A.

How to Make Your Party a Real Success

MISS FISHER wishes to know the secret of party success. (14/12/35.)

I think the successful party is one where both hostess and guests enter into the spirit of the thing.

The hostess alone cannot ensure success. The guests must respond. But between them they can create such a jolly atmosphere that shy, awkwardness, or any other drawbacks are all forgotten.

Most certainly the food has nothing to do with it. All of us have been to impromptu parties, and taken pot-luck and voted it the best fun we ever had. We don't go to our friends' homes for a feed.

No, the spirit—not the spirits—is the indispensable thing.

Miss Dido Burns, 46 Dornoch Terrace, West End, South Brisbane.

Plan Beforehand

NOT long ago I gave a very successful party. My friends told me afterwards that this success was due to the fact that I had made out a programme for the whole of the evening's entertainment, and, knowing most of my friends' likes and dislikes, had tried to suit everyone. The party lasted nearly six hours, and went without a hitch.

Of course, the supper should be carefully arranged with plenty of variety. The so-called "hops" I think are caused by the hostess thoughtlessly leaving her guests to provide the suggestions for supper, etc., themselves, and these very rarely meet with unanimous approval.

Miss N. E. Ferguson, 10 Beach Avenue, Elwood St, Vic.

Not Be Over-anxious

THE hostess must be natural. Some become over-anxious or nervous. These things go wrong, and the atmosphere feels charged with electricity. When the party is ended one gives a sigh of relief.

A great asset is a sense of humor, and



as a party it should be foremost.

Some people acquire a frightfully hoarse air, which no one can lift. It depends like a black cloud, and blocks out the sunshine.

Mrs. A. Langby, St. Hillers Road, Auburn, N.S.W.

Hostess Must Be Vivacious

WITHOUT a vivacious hostess who takes an interest in all her guests and makes sure no one feels out of things, a party is very often a " flop."

Although some people think a party is a chance for a good feast, I'm sure that the food alone does not make a successful evening. Of course, a good supper is an asset to the party's success, but I find that a fine and capable hostess will win through every time.

Beth Bartlett, 78 Hampton Street, Hampton St, Melbourne.

Choose Guests Wisely

I THINK the chief responsibility for party success lies with the hostess, who will ask company with similar tastes and choose the right entertainment for them. It is the mistake that mar a party, and unspoken disapproval can be keenly sensed and spoil others' spontaneity and fun.

It's a mistake to ask a keen bridge player to listen to hours of classical music which he cannot appreciate, or a non-dancer to a dance party.

A good supper reflects care and is always appreciated, but in a bright and happy mood any food or drink is enjoyed. So, Mrs. Fisher, I'd say, "Choose your guests carefully and see that not one feels neglected or out of it."

Mrs. C. Nickels, 25 Medway Street, Fullarton, S.A.

Should Goods on Display Have Price-Tags?

RE G. Muller's letter of December 14, may I, as one of the offending shopkeepers, offer an explanation why one shop at least does not display marked goods in the window?

I am not well versed in the ways of "the business," but after my husband's death I started a small business in a country town.

I dressed my window with plainly-marked goods, but each day I found that a nearby old-established business house would have their goods each marked a penny or so cheaper than mine. I retaliated in the obvious way until I had most of my lines down by cost price.

Having a very small reserve fund I was soon at the end of my tether, and had to start afresh in a different town. I now no longer mark my goods, but I never practice psychology as G. Muller suggests.

J. Elbert, Kyabram P.O., Vic.

SCHOOLS OF ETIQUETTE NEEDED

WHEN is some enterprising person going to open a School of Etiquette?

Australians have at times been criticised for their lack of manners and casual attitude towards social "etiquette." I have noted a traitable scramble for knowledge when any outstanding function is indicated on the social calendar.

Knowledge of etiquette should be included in every young person's education, for not only does it give confidence, but it makes for smoother running of our lives.

Mrs. G. Philpot, 23 Stephen St., Hamilton, Vic.

Pricing Saves Confusion

I QUITE agree with G. Muller (14/12/35). More satisfaction is gained by seeing prices clearly displayed. Much confusion would be saved if goods were all priced. I have often seen a frock, which I very much admire, and fit a price for this particular frock in my own estimation. Then, on entering the shop to purchase same, I find that the price for the frock is far above my calculation, and then to the annoyance of the shopkeeper and myself, I have to quit the shop without having purchased the frock.

Miss E. Whitcomb, Faversham, Arnhem St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

Prefers Marked Goods

I TOO, refuse to shop where goods are not clearly marked, and where the word "cheap" is a pleasant note to be seen with the aid of a powerful microscope.

When your money rattles in your purse instead of being in your wallet, you feel like making sure you're well supplied with the requisite money before approaching some of the "cheap" stores of many a city frock and millinery shop.

Miss Phyllis Costa, 48 Dumbarton Rd., Hurstville, N.S.W.

Everybody Knows the Price!

RE G. Muller's letter, "Shops not pricing their goods." I do not think that anybody wishing to purchase a frock, or hat, already priced and displayed in the public, would feel pleased if, when wearing same, she knew that every other person could tell her what she gave for it. Better that she could walk out, knowing that she was wearing an article which had not been priced for all to see.

Foodstuffs are another question, as we are all out to buy as cheaply as possible, and I think these are better marked.

Mrs. T. Tynbridge, Maldenwell, via Narragong, Qld.

Wets Curiosity

I SUPPOSE the idea of G. Muller's goods not being marked is so encourage people to walk in. I for one have often gone into a shop to inquire the cost of a displayed article, and have walked out with an entirely different article from that which attracted my attention inside. If goods are marked I somehow lose my curiosity.

Mrs. Gwen Porter, 58 Tillymore St., Auburn, N.S.W.

Do Girls Have to Swear to be Noticed?

I AGREE with Mrs. Fisher (14/12/35) that the speech of the modern girl is not considered fashionable unless she swears a little, but after careful consideration don't you think that it is much more pleasant to hear an attractive voice speaking the King's English perfectly than to hear that same voice adding just that "extra little swear word" to it?

Modern girls have lost charm by this practice, but I think that it is a habit



that will not last because girls are losing their first enthusiasm for it.

If a girl has any real attraction she will not need to swear "to be noticed!"

Miss J. M. Randall, Chander St., Wynnham West, Qld.

Swearing Not Current

SINCE my own conversation gains recognition without the embellishment of swearing, and since the girls and women of my fairly wide acquaintance do not, except in rare instances, and that under stress, indulge in profanity, I question Mrs. Fisher's sweeping generalisations (14/12/35) about this "almost universal habit."

Not a modern woman threatened with serious loss. Even when this ugly habit of swearing obtains, it can be only a phase that must inevitably pass as good taste in speech becomes more widespread.

Mary L. Lane, Quanting, Vic.

Girls Don't Swear

I THINK that Mrs. Fisher exaggerated absurdly when she asserts that girls must swear to be noticed.

I suppose that I meet as many modern girls as does the average woman, and I know none who swear habitually. I exclude the murmured little "damn" when they ladder their new silk stockings, etc.

As for men, swearing before women must of them don't anyway, and nearly all of those who do will desert after the nearest opportunity.

M. Taylor, 18 Swale Street, Lidcombe, Sydney.



"My feet became sore, tender, and painful, and were soon lined. Applying Zam-Buk after washing them with Zam-Buk Medicated Soap brought about complete relief and my feet are now healthy."

Mrs. D. Hester.

"I was troubled with hard skin, bunions, and a corn which I had to keep cutting. Applying Zam-Buk every night cured these troubles, and my feet are now smooth and healthy."

Mrs. J. Brown.

ALLOWANCE FOR SICKNESS

WE are all sympathetic towards illness, but surely some consideration is due from invalids. Many persons are sick through their own carelessness. For the New Year I would "allowance" people as regards ailments. I should permit 30 headstrokes per annum. For operations the allowance would be a third per year or one in three years.

With coughs I would be fairly liberal (I have one).

Even if people exceeded such allowance as these, fear of prosecution would keep them at least from talking about the excess.

Let invalids be more considerate!

Rosina Chaper, c/o Mrs. Dwyer, Cocumetere, Commuter House, Adelaide St., Brisbane.

GUESTS IN KITCHENS

SHOULD you allow guests to assist in washing-up?

They honor you by wearing their best hat and tucker, and you would not wear your best in the kitchen.

In one house where I visit the husband always helps after the guests have gone. The dishes are piled up on the draynobile and wheeled out, and all are then comfortably free to chat or play cards as desired.

There is nothing more tiring than standing about in another woman's kitchen trying to put things in their right places.

I have heard of one good housewife who even cleans her knives and spoons and sink while her guest stands about.

True hospitality makes one's guests comfortable and happy.

Miss I. Bray, c/o Mrs. Lionel Coombe, 21 Coogee Rd., Carnegie, Vic.

DOG'S EXAMPLE

MAY I just say how much I appreciated your dog's prayer, Miss Mackay (The Australian Women's Weekly, December 7).

I am a great lover of dogs, and do feel, in spite of the fact that they have no souls, that they have a philosophy and simple religion that we might do well to follow. They give so unostentatiously of their devotion and worship, and are so blindly trusting that it can only be the gross brute in us that prompts us to betray their faith.

If, as you say, we could allow the same good fellowship to our neighbors as our four-footed friends display towards us, we would be living nearer the conception of Him Who bids us "love one another."

A. Hall, 391 South Terrace, Adelaide.

Look After Your FEET WITH Zam-Buk For a Happy Holiday

WHATEVER your holiday plans—it's going to mean a lot of extra work for your feet. At the seaside or in the country—walking, cycling, playing games and dancing—you cannot enjoy yourself if your feet are letting you down. Therefore be kind to your feet, for they are the foundation of a good holiday.

Don't forget!—every night, especially during the hot weather, bathe your feet in warm water, dry thoroughly, then devote a few minutes to massaging Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and toes. As the refined herbal oils are absorbed and reach the underlying tissues.

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, joints unknotted, and feet are made easy and you can again walk and wear about in comfort. Start using Zam-Buk now and make sure of a happy and enjoyable holiday.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night

What Women Are Doing

Woman Director

IT is unusual for a woman to be a director of a gold-mining company, but Miss Jean Ellis was appointed to the board of Asia Wyalong Gold Mines N.L. at the annual meeting held in Melbourne recently. She represents the interests of the estate of a former chairman of directors, the late Mr. E. F. Abilt.

Furlough, After Four Years in India

DR. NOLA IVORY, of Christchurch, New Zealand, is spending a holiday in her native land after four years in East Bengal as a member of the staff of the New Zealand Baptist Missionary Station.

She was the first woman doctor to go to India from the New Zealand Baptist Church. She has charge of a hospital of 51 beds in three wards, eight cots in a nursery ward, and two beds in a small midwifery ward. This hospital was established in 1901 by Dr. C. North, of Dunedin, and was used as a hospital for men and women until Dr. Ivory arrived in Bengal, when it was converted into a hospital for the treatment of women and children only. After a year's furlough Dr. Ivory will return to India to resume her duties.

Visiting Many Places of Interest

MISS DOROTHY ARMSTRONG, of Melbourne, daughter of Bishop Armstrong, will reach home on January 9 from a trip abroad.

Most people consider their travels virtually finished when they sail from England for home. Not so Miss Armstrong. She cruised at Southampton to travel home via Villefranche, Algiers, Port Said, Suez, Colombo, Penang, Singapore, Batavia, Belawan, Deli, Sourabaya, Thursday Island, and the East Coast, which sounds more like a trip in itself than merely the journey home. Miss Armstrong is keenly interested in kindergarten work in Australia, but her travels have been purely a holiday.

Memory of a Long Motor Tour

ANOTHER traveller soon to return is Kathleen Law, daughter of Dr. A. Law, of St. John's Church, Toorak. Kathleen, whose subject is biology, has been doing research work at the Lister Institute. She and Miss Dorothy Armstrong have an adventurous three thousand mile motor tour of the Continent to remember. Kathleen is on her homeward way through America, where she is also doing some study at the centre.

Good News for Mothers On Eyre's Peninsula

VERY good news for families on Eyre's Peninsula has just been announced by Lady Maxwell, Vice-President of the Mothers and Babies' Health Association in S.A.



Lady Maxwell—Bismarck studio.

A nurse has been engaged so that by the New Year the association will be helping mothers who before have been utterly out of touch with prenatal and general medical advice. Lady Maxwell may go to Port Lincoln soon to hold a preliminary meeting with the residents. Tall and charming, the famous explorer's wife has always taken a great interest in the work of the association. She is also a delightful hostess, being president of the Lyceum Club, and of the University Staff Wives' Club, which has helped the students so much.

Other Interests Are Kindergartens and Art

MISS MARJORIE IRVING, of Melbourne, who was treasurer of the Australian Women's Hockey Association before she left for almost eighteen months ago, is home again.

She played for a season with the Wimbledon Hockey Club while in England, and members of the English Women's Hockey Association were very kind to her, and saw that she had invitations to most of the large official functions.

A whole year of her time abroad was occupied with a course at the Polytechnic Art School in Regent St., London, but, being interested in kindergarten work, she found time to visit a nursery school at Hoxton, where the director is Miss Ida Little, an Australian.

Versatile Woman

MISS BLANCA SALKELD, whose second book of verse, "The Fox's Covert," has just been published, is a versatile woman. She is the winner of a Tallyann award for poetry, and has done a number of translations from Russian poets.

Miss Salkeld has also acted with the Abbey Theatre Players, Dublin, and has appeared with the company in London. Recently she worked as a typist in the organisation of the Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes.

President of the Hobart 86 Club

THE 86 Club, whose first art exhibition has aroused so much interest in Hobart, has been in existence now for just one year. Its membership is restricted to all those who are interested in the arts, and one of its purposes is to promote originality of thought and execution among its members, and to encourage sound forms of experimenting in color and technique.

It was Mrs. Olive Burn who first suggested the formation of such a club, and she is now its president. To begin with it was associated with the theatre movement, and had thought of calling itself the "New Theatre Movement," but realising that Hobart is too small for two amateur theatrical groups, it combined with the Repertory Theatre, and many of the younger Repertory members are now 86 Club supporters.

Can Enter Homes Forbidden to Husband

MRS. H. C. BLACKETT will be of invaluable assistance to her missionary husband when she returns to Dikandia, F.M.S.

After her three months' holiday in Adelaide, when he goes inland on his trips for the Methodist Indian Mission he is rarely allowed to meet the Indian women, although the men talk with him and entertain him willingly. Mrs. H. C. Blackett, with her fluent Hindustani, will be permitted to enter the carefully-guarded women's quarters and preach to them.

Before this, for nearly three years, she has had to be content with visiting families near the mission, teaching in the orphanage and girls' school, and helping at the women's dispensary, because the little daughter, Alison, was too young to be left, but now she is nearly four, and will be left in charge of the mission at the orphanage.

Heard Tutankhamen Myth Exploded

THE Ethiopians are a persistent people, says Mrs. R. M. Polford, who has just returned from a world tour. The Temple of the Holy Sepulchre, in Palestine, is shared by the Greek, Latin, and Armenian Churches, so the Abyssinians built themselves a chapel on the roof, which is so tiny that there is only room for one priest and no congregation.

When in Egypt she heard a lecture given by Lucas, the chemist who helped to open Tutankhamen's tomb, and he said the death curse was only a myth. Members of the party who have died were mostly already old, and one man was in the last stages of consumption at the time of the expedition.

Mrs. Polford is chairman of the S.A. branch of the Y.W.C.A. World Fellowship, and visited prisons in every country she travelled through, including Cairo, Palestine, where although there are members and money enough no land is available for a building, and also England, Canada, New York, and San Francisco.

Flier's Mother Had Anxious Journey

THAT charming person, Mrs. R. W. Meisner, has felt during the past months what an anxiety it is to be the mother of an aviator, especially when that aviator is all the immediate family one has. "Jimmie" nearly wanted her to fly back to Australia from England with him, but although she did lots of flying in England her brother was afraid that something might go wrong with the plane, so she refused.

Cables from "Jimmie" intimated details of his crash while looking for Sir Charles Kingsford Smith, and later more cables told of the crash in New South Wales, and although she was determined not to worry more than she could help, poor Mrs. Meisner's recent voyage out to Australia has been a nightmare.

Her brother, Mr. Pemberton Billing, is, of course, a famous aircraft builder, and she herself watched with interest the new plane he was building, which, it is hoped, will take off almost from the spot on which it stands. Mrs. Meisner and her famous son will spend Christmas together in Melbourne.

Missionary's Wife Works Beside Him

WHEN Mrs. C. S. Palmer goes to Avondale, N.S.W., in January as the wife of the new principal of the Avondale Seventh Day Adventist Missionary College, it will be home to her, for there her brothers and she were taught, and from there she went on missionary work to Fiji, Tonga, and the Pacific Islands.

The Reverend C. S. Palmer has been superintendent of the W.A. Missionary College for several years, and his wife has been of great assistance to him, as she taught English, as well as looking after his home and the three young children.

Her three brothers have also spent many years on active service abroad for the Seventh Day Adventist Mission.

Wonderful Old Lady Visits Queensland

MRS. E. B. MOORE, who has come from England on a visit to her only son, Mr. A. R. Moore, of Brisbane, is a wonderful old lady. She is over 80 years of age, is remarkably bright, and enjoys sea travelling more than anything else.

Early in the new year she hopes to go over to New Zealand, from where she came originally, and is doing all she can to persuade Mr. Moore to accompany her. Mrs. A. R. Moore loved her first-remembered glimpse of Maoriland when she went there a few weeks ago. She's come back full of admiration for the Maoris' lovely soft speaking voices, and their physique.

Adelaide Woman Will Be London's Lady Mayoress

LADY TWYFORD, wife of Sir Harry Twyford, senior Sheriff of London, is visiting Adelaide, the town of her childhood, and seeing many relations, some of whom she has not seen since her marriage.

In 1927 her husband will be Lord Mayor of London, which will make at least one interesting difference for the pair, for they will have a carriage with four horses then, instead of with only two!

The work of the English district nurses, who help poor women for the sum of 2d. a week and subscriptions, is her especial interest, and Lady Twyford was honorary manager for the Belter local branch in Derbyshire, and she remains their patron still, though her home is in Wimbledon. With her daughter, she will go on to Sydney shortly, then home by way of Canada.



Scientist's Wife is Scientific, Too

MRS. J. WADSWORTH, wife of the manager of the Apia Observatory in Samoa, has been paying a brief visit to Adelaide, Melbourne and Sydney on her way out to Samoa from London with her husband. His work includes making geophysical observations on earthquakes and magnetic forces in the Pacific, and she herself is interested in scientific subjects.

Before their romantic marriage, shortly after meeting while he was on leave, Mrs. Wadsworth was a telephone operator in London Exchange who kept in touch, for her own satisfaction, with all news of television experiments.

She plays and sings charmingly, and hopes to take up music seriously in Samoa.

Call from "Pen Friends of the Air"

IF Australians listened-in to KFI, the leading Los Angeles broadcasting station, every Monday, they would hear the voice of one of their countrywomen inviting them to join her "Pen Friends of the Air" circle.

Miss Dorothy Dunstan, a talented Australian, has made quite a reputation in America by establishing this station, designed primarily to establish closer links between Australians, New Zealanders, and Americans.

Miss Dunstan's radio name is "Dede," her programme consists of travelogues of the islands and countries of the South Seas. She has developed an extensive "fan" following in the United States, and has many names of adults and children who want to get in touch with people of similar tastes or hobbies in Australia. Those interested should write to "Dede," c/o Radio Station KFI, Los Angeles, California, U.S.A.

Wife of Tasmania's Minister for Lands

THOUGH thoroughly well informed on political matters and affairs of the country, Mrs. T. H. Davies, wife of Major Davies, Tasmania's Minister for Lands, has no political aspirations on her own behalf.

In fact, public life has no real attraction, although when necessary she fulfils her obligations in this respect as a social capacity. Born in England of an English father and a French mother, Mrs. Davies was educated in Belgium, and early in life learned to think internationally. Music and literature are her two big interests. She frequently accompanies her husband in his travels through his electorate, but most of her time is spent in her home at George Town with son Peter, aged 12, and Audrey, who had her sixth birthday on Christmas Day.

Mrs. T. H. Davies—Whitlam photo.

Visited Adelaide to Inspect Mothercraft Centre

MISS MARY TRUBY KING has just spent a flying visit to Adelaide, where she inspected the clinic started two years ago, and carried on so faithfully and successfully by Sister Primrose.

Miss Truby King met several of the doctors interested in the Mothercraft League's work, the committee, and some of the mothers who brought their babies to the clinic. She also went up to the country district of the Burra to see a nurse who recently trained with the League in N.S.W. and who has opened a clinic to carry on Truby King work.

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price for such quality. In
glowing Maize with soft
Apple Green edging...
33 pieces—6 each large and
small Plates, 6 Cups, 6
Saucers, 6 Fruit or Soup
Bowls, 1 Meat Dish, 1 Gravy
Boat, 1 open Vegetable Dish.

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White Favourites

W.W.24.—A Banko Panama with a
forward droop. Wear it for picnics,
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wear it always with ease! In white.

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W.W.23.—Fine Sisal Straws in lovely
Mushroom Droop shape. White only.
Light and cool on the head. Price,

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you'd never believe could
be priced so low! Styled
for delicious coolness...
huge billowy sleeves or
short full ones. Crisp
white. Lingerie collars.
In navy and white, black
and white, black and
colours. S.S.W. and W.

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and black with white. Price, only

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ SCROOGE

Sir Seymour Hicks, Donald Calthrop, Athene Seyler, Oscar Asche. (B.D.F.)

SEEING Scrooge on the talismen indicates how indestructible is genius. Scrooge has been the delight of every actor in character for the best part of the last century; it has been the tour de force of the education master at the Christmas break-up, and most marvellous of all, it has been the sub-story of our school days and yet survived all these.

"Scrooge," it may appear to the sophisticated, is not for them, but at the end of the show they may not be so sure. It is compounded of human nature, and the tenderness of tears. Character, situation, and everything but the sentiment may be dated, but still "the play's the thing" and survives. In the film at the Mayfair good acting helps out the film wonderfully. Seymour Hicks is an admirable Scrooge, the old miser we all knew and hated, and Donald Calthrop as Bob Cratchit is the figure of tragedy and circumstance who has wrung our hearts in the years gone. English atmosphere has been well maintained, and the most devout lover of Dickens will in this film find no actor walking on the literary grave of the Master.

There may be one or two faults to find. Oscar Asche as the spirit of Christmas Present looks more like Boudicca after a particularly torrid New Year's Eve, and the more harrowing scenes are rather long-drawn-out. Eve Gray, well known to Australians, plays a small part well, and Philip Frost, as Tiny Tim, is a real and satisfying child actor—Mayfair, showing.

★★ THE GOOD FAIRY

Herbert Marshall, Margaret Sullavan. (Universal.)

I SAW this film on Boxing Day, a bright Christmas behind me, and frank verities concerning my festive indiscretions still ringing in my ears. Nevertheless, I laughed, heartily, indeed, with one or two breaks, from the beginning of this picture till its end. This is a fair test of the entertainment quality of any film. You'll gather that it is amusing.

In a cast that is uniformly good it is unfair to praise individuals. The four principals, however, Margaret Sullavan, Marshall, Frank Morgan and Reginald Owen are excellent; they present just the right blend of light comedy and well-handled burlesque.

The story is too complicated to bear telling in a short space (at least, for me, today), but you can take it as being very bright and far from shopworn.

All in all, I recommend it. A good show to bear in mind when the black aftermath of New Year celebrations claims you—Liberty, showing.

★★ THE MARCH OF TIME

R.K.O. News Feature.

THIS is something quite out of the box in international news features. Setting out to show the why and how of events of international importance, R.K.O. camera men and editors have made a film that should interest all but congenial morose.

The scenes change from Japan to Abyssinia, from there to Russia, and thence to France, in the process allowing the far-distant Australian to get an angle on the events photographed which no written word in newspapers or books could give.

Of this, the first of "The March of Time" series, the finest and most interesting section is that dealing with Russia. People seeing it will realize the vast extent of this Empire in which a notable experiment is going on, and will be able to get some idea of the way the job is being tackled.

Further instalments of this new departure of R.K.O. will appear from time to time. If they maintain the standard of the first, they will be worth seeing—Liberty, showing.

★★ D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL?

Winifred Shotter, Stanley Holloway, John Stuart. (British Dominion.)

THIS film is as full of old-fashioned melodrama as the Christmas pudding is full of fruit. In fact, both of them have a fruity, old-fashioned flavor. The trembling Lucy bears her father tell her that he has lost the old manor, by God, at needs with a scoundrel, no less. Would she marry the hounder and save the old man from going to work (an unheard-of eventually in melodrama)? Lucy promises—although she loves another, Major Peel.

Still, someone must weep so that there be a satisfactory climax, and she goes to the altar with a man who already has a wife. Shall I add the other ingredients or have you had enough? Then, to the accompaniment of telly-bo and hounds, a highwayman with a heart of gold, and a comic understudy, the pot is put on to boil while the audience gathers round for the happy ending. Good fun if you take it the right way. Half way through the show the producer had an idea. He held up the action of

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars . . . no good.

the show while Stanley Holloway gave a monologue about Waterloo. For that he has been decorated with one star—Mayfair, showing.

★ NAVY WIFE

Ralph Bellamy, Claire Trevor (Fox.)

BELLAMY seems to be unable to get away from being a doctor and from having infantile paralysis somewhere in the foreground of the picture. "The Healer" should have given him enough of both, but in this film he's a medico again (in the navy now), and once more paralysis becomes a synonym for pathos—his little daughter has it this time, but, breathe easily, she's cured before the final fade-out.

As entertainment this picture would not win an International Award. Claire Trevor, as Vicky Blake, Bellamy's second prize in the matrimonial lucky-dip, is just fair; she has a long way to go before she'll be an actress. The dramatisation of the story is very forced.

But—Warren Hymer, as Butch, and Jane Darwell, who plays Mrs. Keels, both provide amusement right up to the end, thus making supportable a film that, while emerging very little if any distance above the mediocre, is not bad enough to be labelled "no good." Capitol and King's Cross, showing.

★ THE PAY OFF

James Dunn, Claire Dodd. (Warner Bros.)

JIMMY DUNN, in this picture, is going to make the average married woman wonder why she hasn't got a man like that, while the executive of the Amalgamated Husband and Ford-Pickers Association will promptly declare him "black." Although everybody in the audience (I think) excluded, as it were, from the start that Jimmy's wife is nothing but a gold-digger, the poor fool persists in letting her lead him with debts until he at length breaks under the burden. (If any ordinary spouse succeeded in getting one-birth as much out of her reluctant better-half, it would take the whole permanent staff of St. John Ambulance to revive her!)

Apart from that, and from Mr. Dunn's unconvincing portrayal of a drunk, the picture is a fair enough programme. This actor is always fair entertainment so long as he is kept on light stuff—Pharm, showing.

★ THE RAINMAKERS

Wheeler and Woolsey. (R.K.O.)

THE first half of this picture is quite as dull as the dullest English comedy, and, when Elstree or Twickenham or Puddleton-in-the-mud directors decide to go dull, they do it in no undecorated fashion.

Wheeler and Woolsey work hard to make fun, but they don't seem to have that innate sense of humor which makes good comedians. Indeed, this film would be a decided flop if it were not for the fact that it is given it, towards the end, by the antics of the two principals on a couple of locomotives loaded with dynamite. There are a few good intestinal laughs in this sequence; enough to make a kind-hearted reviewer give the picture the benefit of the doubt and allot it one star—Capitol and King's Cross, showing.

★ SUPER SPEED

Norman Foster, Mary Carlisle (Columbia.)

AMONG the millions who, week by week, wait eagerly for these reviews, there are sure to be many who will want to come in and seep me for awarding even one star to this film. To them I point out that this is the Christmas season, the time of peace and goodwill among men; an oasis of a few days during which even film critics become tolerant. At any other period of the year you might catch me tossing a coin about "Super Speed," as it is. I give it one star with only a minor qualm of conscience.

The story and photography—not to use a well-known Australian adjective that makes one think of meat powder—are poor. The acting? Well, a bit in advance of the two just-mentioned ingredients. As for the rest, there's not much to say. Still it's a pleasant enough little thing; the kind of offering that, on the first half of the programme, allows you to digest in peace and come up, after interval, ready and willing to sit through "the feature."—Stude, showing.

FILM STAR Combines Three Careers!

From BARBARA BOURCHIER, Special Hollywood Correspondent

Gloria Stuart is a striking example of the fact that young women may find a high place in motion pictures, and, at the same time, have a happy domestic life plus interests in other directions.

Just at the moment, this young lady is capably holding her own as a screen star, finalising arrangements to take over a newspaper, and being the perfect wife and mother, respectively, to husband Arthur Sheekman and baby daughter Sylvia.

GLORIA STUART started out in life to be a newspaper woman. She was editor of her high school paper; worked on the Santa Monica, Cal., "Outlook"; was a reporter on her college paper, "The Daily Californian," at Berkeley; reported for the "Carmelite" of Carmel, Cal., and then went on the staff of the Monterey "Herald."

In fact Gloria Stuart and her husband, Arthur Sheekman, noted 20th Century-Fox writer, are right at this moment negotiating to purchase a Northern California newspaper. They held many conferences on the matter while she was working with Freddie Bartholomew and Victor McLaglen in the 20th Century-Fox picture, "Professional Soldier."

Stage Training

DURING her newspaper work at Berkeley, however, Gloria became interested in the little theatre movement. That's where she switched off from the newspaper main-line and gradually gravitated towards Hollywood.

From Berkeley Gloria went to Carmel-by-the-Sea, the artists' and writers' colony, on the Monterey Peninsula. At Carmel she played leads in "Gods of the Lightning," "Kendal Trayne," "Second Man," "Karl and Anna," "See Naples and Die," and played Masha in "The Sea Gull."

Returning to her home in Southern California, Gloria was given parts in "Twelfth Night" and "The Sea Gull" with the Pasadena Playhouse Company. While in "The Sea Gull" Gloria was approached by a Universal studio casting



A STAR NEW-RISEN: Gloria Stuart, versatile 20th Century-Fox player, who can find time for three full-time jobs.

director who suggested that she come to Universal for a screen test.

That was nearly four years ago, in February, 1932. After seeing the screen test, Carl Laemmle, Jun., gave Miss Stuart a contract. However, her first picture, with Kay Francis in, "Street of Women," was made at Warners, to which company she was loaned.

Baby Sylvia

MISS STUART met her husband, Arthur Sheekman, while working in an Eddie Cantor picture on which he was one of the authors. They were married eighteen months ago, and now have a little girl named Sylvia.

"Professional Soldier" is the first picture Gloria Stuart has made since the birth of her child. Upon conclusion of filming she and her husband will take the baby to Chicago, where Grandma and

Grandpa Sheekman live. They have not seen the baby yet.

Gloria Stuart is what George M. Cohan would have described as a "Yankee Doodle Dandy," having been born on a Fourth of July. In her years of college, newspaper, theatrical and studio training she has acquired a poise and culture which reflects in her screen work.

Gloria is an up-to-the-minute proof that the best way to get into motion pictures is to acquire the best possible education, acquire all the little theatre, community player, and amateur stage experience possible, and then step right in the path of a studio scout.

"Professional Soldier" in which she played the feminine lead to little Freddie Bartholomew and Victor McLaglen, was Gloria Stuart's first picture under a new long-term contract given her by Darryl F. Zanuck, production head of 20th Century-Fox.

With "THOROUGHbred" on LOCATION

The racing and outdoor sequences of the Australian film, "Thoroughbred," were made at Baroona station, Singleton, during the week. Baroona, the property of Mr. R. R. Dangar and the home of Peter Pan, is one of the show properties of Australia, and film star Helen Twelvrees was entranced with her first experience of Australian station-life.

"THE panoramas were wonderful," she said, "and the visibility enables one to see for miles and miles."

"Your birds, too, I love them. Wasn't there a pair of yours who said something about 'centless, bright flowers, and songless, bright birds.' Well, all I can say

about him is that he was just a bad publicity agent."

"Outside my window every morning the magpies awakened me with their cackles. Bright, friendly birds, I felt as though they had turned on a special welcome for me."

Miss Twelvrees said that Singleton turned out to be a man—and woman—to welcome the folkie unit, but as the break up of a dry spell coincided with the



Returning from the "shoot," Helen Twelvrees and Frank Loughran on the piazza at Baroona station, Singleton, where the outdoor sequences of the Australian film "Thoroughbred," were taken during the week. The picture shows a glimpse of Mr. R. R. Dangar's famous "show" property.

Fly-veil Vogue

"ANOTHER thing I've discovered," said the star, "and that is where most of the 'fics go in the summer-time.' They literally swarmed on us like so many bees. Fly-veils were the most popular 'property' on the set. The natives did not appear to be worried by them, but what they did to our make-up was a shame. Even on horseback I found them almost unbearable."

I've an unforgettable memory of the party, however, and that was producer George Parker almost enveloped in a huge fly-veil, with a hole cut in it for the inevitable cigar. Director Ken Hall's veil was of tatted rope, and it was more foolish than the flies. Someone said 'We would only get by if you were now and we could make another 'selection'."

"The horses were marvellous. I enjoyed my horseback riding immensely. I only fell off twice. I couldn't help it. That was in the script."

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Sheila Sullivan and fiancé, Leslie Stephen, are both keen tennis players? Couple to be seen at Royal Sydney Golf Club courts all fine Sundays.

Summer Meeting

GORGEOUS weather did not attract unusually large crowds to summer race meeting. Vice-Regal guests from Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. L. Little, Baroness Burton, and husband Major Melles, thoroughly enjoyed day's sport at Randwick. Patterned frock of navy and white worn with navy coat by Mrs. E. J. Watt, who did best to pick winners for her sister, Mrs. Cavaye. Una Bell, of Queensland, Mrs. Cliff Kitchen all in grey, and Lady McKelvey all had jolly day.

New Wing Completed

HENRY CHARLES OSBORNE couple rejoice that new wing of country home was finished in time for Christmas house-party. Mrs. Osborne has found furnishing most intriguing pastime. Arms have been full of carpet and curtain patterns as she dashed hither and thither for months past. "No bother, just lots of fun," said Mrs. Osborne, but polo-playing husband quite delighted shopping bout is at end.

Rosemary Shepherd recovered from tonsil operation just in time for Christmas parties. Not long now before she sails for India.

Perfect Service

PROFESSOR AND MRS. DAKIN sent New Year greetings from New Zealand. Rain has been continuous since leaving Sydney, and Mrs. Dakin had serious doubts about shore-going party at Auckland. Influenza, which attacked her before leaving, not yet thing of past. Travellers find Monterey less like sea-going vessel than any ships previously experienced. No ship's bells, no morning bugles, no steward appears at dawn with tea. All service comes in answer to telephone from cabin.

Chain Parties

IT is no small thing for Mrs. Hugh Poate to promise family Christmas party. In answer to innumerable invitations, nurses, with fluffily-attired charges, arrived at Mrs. Poate's Bellevue Hill home for afternoon festivities. On playing of National Anthem times departed to make room for guests of slightly older generation. Candles lit and curtains drawn, and the elders of the Poate family had their jollification.

Fairylike Friends

MRS. JACK CAMPBELL seldom seen without bevy of fairylike children. Some are grandchildren and some friends of family. Six little girls accompanied "Gran" to first matinee performance of "Mikado." During G. and S. holiday performances one of Sydney's too rare genuine blondes graced box. Mrs. Byrne, Sue Other Gee and Norman Greig couple were quartered at last night of "Iolanthe."

Menuhin Retires

HIS month Yehudi Menuhin and sister Hephzibah give final recital at Queen's Hall, London, before retiring for two years. Yehudi has grown fair moustache since Australian tour and looks forward to long holiday on family estate ten miles from San Francisco. Plans evolved by brilliant negro architect being finalised in Paris. A wall round estate to ensure privacy, three-mile avenue, and swimming pool are highlights of arcadian retreat.

Home to Toowoomba

GODSALL family staged a Christmas reunion at Toowoomba home. First gathering of clan for two years. Dr. John Godsall just returned from Europe in time. Clair brought newly-acquired husband, Bill Sheldon, into family circle. Only one missing was Joyce, at present sharing flat in London with linguistic girl friend, whose mother is Swiss and father Russian. Visitors having jolliest time, so naturally don't care about inclement weather.

Complete with new surfing kit and surf-board under arm, Mrs. Airlie Keep left town for Palm Beach holiday.

So Very Young

IMMEDIATELY after wedding of daughter My in India this month, Mrs. Henry, whose name is also My, returns to Sydney. After short honeymoon, young couple also sail for Australia. Will stay several months before going to England to live. Bridegroom is twenty-one and bride twenty.

Buried Cities

FAMOUS buried cities of Ceylon included in itinerary of Malsie Pratten and Beryl Bath on recent trip. Having arrived at destination they found Rest House did not live up to name. Comfort of Kandy more attractive, and they returned there in haste. Malsie now in India and Beryl back in town.



Sherry Party

IN three reception rooms furnished entirely with antiques and Persian rugs, Professor and Mrs. T. G. B. Osborn entertained over a hundred guests at holiday sherry party. Owing to absence of only son Peter in England, his contemporaries were conspicuous by absence. Dr. and Mrs. S. A. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Halse Rogers, and Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax among merry-makers.

After long stay in Australia as guest of sister, Mrs. Other Gee, Mrs. Byrnes now on high seas en route for Europe.

Moree Hosts

ROSS AND COLIN INGLE from Moree hit town in time for festivities. Brothers made straight for Randwick with somewhat disastrous results. In excitement of arrival backed wrong horses and forgot about "good things." Undeterred brothers entertained at Romano's in royal fashion. Special Christmassy decorations added glamor. Sister Betty, in brown velvet with wide blue ruching at neckline, acted hostess.

Friendships Renewed

OLD friendships being renewed in London by Harry Tighe. In between house-hunting bouts Harry dined with Marie Tempest's son Norman, who manages for Cochrane, lunched with Nettie Syrett, well-known novelist, and had news of Esther Berringer, one of England's finest Shakespearean actresses, from sisters Eame and Vera Berringer. Lady Benson also entertained by traveller.



New Year Resolutions

MUCH New Year merriment for fourteen city dwellers. Party met at Ushers in time for pre-dinner cocktail with goose and black-currant jelly to follow. Next port of call to be Prince Edward Yacht Club, where resolutions will be made and broken within next few hours. Dr. and Mrs. John Maude, Frank Wade couple, Mr. and Mrs. Deric Deane, and Mr. and Mrs. "Bogie" Engelbach have accepted invitations.

Dr. and Mrs. Leslie Dunlop entertained at children's party at Point Piper home on Saturday. Conjuror was piece de resistance.

Moving House

DR. GEORGE WADDELL and daughter Joan spent agitated moments during holidays in moving furniture from one flat to other at Birtley Towers. A. E. Hughes couple, who have moved around considerably of late, now at Park Lane Mansions after stay at Garden Club. Laura home still let to Malcolm MacKellars, and lovely old Carthona now guest house.

Buffet supper will follow cocktail party given by Dan Carroll couple at lovely Palm Beach home this Tuesday.

Sunny Disposition

NOT spare luck in car which brought George Francis family from country home at Wellington to Manly for summer. Mrs. Francis' sister, Mrs. Eric Broughton, and two schoolboy sons sharing bungalow. Small Joan Francis had misfortune to break wrist just before holiday, and splints will prevent surfing for some time. Joan has sunny disposition, and paddles with all appearances of delight.

Douglas Doyle couple ensconced at White Beach bungalow for holidays. Little daughter Rosalind accompanies them.

Hot-Weather Leave

MRS. PHILLIP ROBERTSON treats trips to England with same nonchalance as journey to Manly. She just loves travelling. This time daughter Evelyn and diplomat husband, who live at Khartoum, provide excuse for faring forth. Hot weather leave will enable them to meet Mrs. Robertson in London early in year.

Lovely Laura Home

THE Vanderveld home at Leura to be one of Blue Mountain's loveliest. Instead of building house and then designing garden architects have reversed procedure. Garden already ablaze with flowers and winding drive lined with shrubs and trees wanders down to open-air swimming pool. Mr. and Mrs. Vanderveld are already camping in part of house already finished, and do best, by means of large notices, to keep out inquisitive sightseers.

Have You Noticed—

Struggles of Mrs. Doug Levy to retain extremely shallow-brimmed hat on head at Randwick? Also same racegoer's fondness for beribboned Glengarry chapeau.

Jane Lane



VISCOUNT AND VISCONTRESS BRIDFORD, who arrived by the Marcella last week, are spending ten days in Sydney before continuing their world-wide travels.

Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS GREAT SERIAL ARE

MANDRAKE: The Master Magician, who is hot on the trail of **SAKI:** The world's greatest thief. The task is a hard one, since no one, not even the members of the underworld whom he rules, has ever seen Saki's face. A master of disguise, the only trace he leaves is a small clay camel. Mandrake, with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, has come to the great Thieves' Market of Northern Arabia, spurred to the hunt by the fact that a beautiful friend of his,

PRINCESS NARDA: Has been robbed by Saki of her Crown Jewels. In the Thieves' Market Mandrake and Lothar are guided to the hidden Auction Room by **OLD KATE:** A charwoman, who then disappears. Lothar follows her, only to be tricked by the innocent-seeming old woman, knocked out, and put in a cellar to suffocate. Mandrake leaves the Auction Room to investigate, sees Old Kate, and follows her. Read on—

HE'LL BE ALONG IN A MINUTE, LOOKING FOR THE BIG FELLOW. HE'LL GET SOME OF THE SAME MEDICINE.

WAITING FOR SOMEONE, KATE?

Y--YES. SOMEBODY WAS FOLLOWING ME. WHAT THEY'D WANT WITH OLD KATE, I CAN'T SAY.

THAT WAS MY FRIEND. HE JUST CAME OUT FOR A LITTLE AIR WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

WANTED A LITTLE AIR, DID HE? I HOPE HE GETS IT. HE WENT THAT WAY. I'LL LEAD YOU TO HIM.

NEVER MIND THAT, KATE. THEY'RE CLOSING THE AUCTION.

CLOSING THE AUCTION! THEY CAN'T DO THAT! THEY MUST WAIT FOR OLD KATE!

IF NOBODY'S GOT ANYTHING BUT PIGS AND DUCKS TO SELL, THE AUCTION CLOSING NOW.

WAIT. DON'T CLOSE THE AUCTION.

I OFFER THESE TO THE AUCTION. THE BIDDING STARTS AT FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND!

OLD KATE! WHERE DID YOU GET---

NARDA'S CROWN JEWELS. I WAS RIGHT. OLD KATE IS--- SAKI!

JUST A MINUTE. OLD KATE HAS JEWELS FOR SALE. RIGHT, KATE?

YES, CROWN JEWELS. THE BIDDING STARTS AT FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

BEFORE I AUCTION THESE PRICELESS JEWELS, I WARN YOU ALL-- THERE IS A SPY HERE, A SPY WHOSE DEATH SAKI HIMSELF HAS ORDERED!

SAKI, THE CLAY CAMEL, WILL GIVE A FORTUNE FOR HIS HEAD! AND HERE HE IS! SILK-HAT! MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN!

HE'S SILK-HAT. DON'T CROWD, BOYS. SAKI OFFERS A FORTUNE TO THE MAN WHO KILLS HIM.

GET AWAY, YOU. HE'S MINE. I HAD HIM FIRST. I GET THE REWARD.

I TELL YOU HE'S MINE. LISTEN, YOU-- I HAD HIM FIRST!

YOU'RE BOTH CRAZY. HE'S MINE.

I SEEM TO BE IN DEMAND. GENTLEMEN, DON'T QUARREL. THERE'S ENOUGH OF ME TO GO AROUND. EACH OF YOU CAN HAVE A PIECE.

DON'T FIGHT AMONG YOURSELVES, BOYS. SAKI WILL REWARD ALL OF YOU.

JUST A MINUTE, FRIENDS. DO ANY OF YOU KNOW SAKI? HAVE ANY OF YOU EVER SEEN HIM? NO!

HE IS YOUR LEADER, YET HE IS AS MUCH OF A MYSTERY TO YOU AS TO THE POLICE. YOU'RE ALL AFRAID OF HIM. HE'S ROBBED ALL OF YOU A DOZEN TIMES.

THIEVES AND MURDERERS. MAY I PRESENT YOUR LEADER, SAKI, THE CLAY CAMEL!

To be Continued.

A SURE FRIEND IN UNCERTAIN TIMES



Sunshine, even in RESPONSIBILITY

THE young wife with a brood of babes has her responsibility at any time. The responsibility is enormously increased should her husband die. BUT IT NEED NOT BE OVERWHELMING. There can be sunshine even in so great a responsibility if she have a stout heart, and the A.M.P. to lean upon.

Recently there died suddenly, in what seemed the prime of his life, a young husband who had early learned the comfort and security of A.M.P. membership. He had invested wisely in two policies and, though he had paid only a few years' premiums, his widow was able to draw well over £3,000. Not a fortune, to be sure, but what a comfort! What a guarantee of well-being, at least, until her family grows up!

Every young husband should consult with one of the A.M.P.'s expert advisers and learn just what he can do to ensure this sunshine in his widow's life; eye, and in his own life, for nothing gives a man a better feeling than the knowledge that he has made the future safe for himself and his family.

Write to-day. Even to-morrow may be too late.

A.M.P. SOCIETY

C. A. ELLIOTT, F.I.A.
Actuary.

A. W. SNEDDON, F.I.A.
General Manager.

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Your Child's EYES

THERE is nothing you can do to insure the happiness of your children more than to be certain that their eyes are cared for. We have organised a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London. This means that you do not have to wait at the overcrowded public hospitals for attention, and it saves you the alternative of having to pay the usual specialists' fees now charged. We have spared no effort to give you, at a moderate fee, this Medical Eye Service, which is conducted at their rooms, 379 Pitt Street, right opposite Anthony Hordern's.

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And at NEWCASTLE

The FAMILY ALBUM

Continued from Page 6

"AFTER I was married!" Her mother looked across in surprise. "Men don't, Sally."

"No, I mean—after—after—"

"Oh!" She thought for a moment. "Who knows what has happened to the people we knew in the last twenty years, Sally? The war has a lot to answer for, you know."

Sally went back to her room and found Flossie waiting to help her dress.

Her red face brightened at Sally's entry.

"I thought you was never coming. Miss, and I've got so much to do to-night."

"But I told you not to bother, Flossie."

Flossie fussed round her.

"Ah, but I did want to see you look your best, Miss. Just for the New Year. It's so nice. I think, to see everybody looking their best at this season of the year. My old mother always used to say—"

She wandered easily into reminiscence, and Sally lost the voice in the intensity of her own dreams and longings.

"If only she could find Harry Trevist, or get some news of him that she could take to her mother. If only she could discover what had happened to him during all these years."

"Awful to be lonely at this time of the year, I always think," Flossie was saying garrulously. "There's my sister what's serving for a real lonely—"

"He lives all on his own, this girl, down Queen's Gate way," Flossie practised on, busy with Sally's dress.

"An awful sad case, Miss. Lost his memory in the war, the gent did."

"Yes, a sad case, I say. I'm always sorry for Major Trevist."

Sally Antrim was jerked back to life at the mention of the name.

"What did you say?" she demanded, so sharply that for a moment Flossie lost her breath. "What did you say?"

"I was just telling you about my sister, Miss."

"Your sister? But you mentioned a name!"

"Oh, yes, Miss. Major Trevist—the poor gentleman that she looks after down at Queen's Gate."

"What about him?"

"I told you, Miss. He lost his memory since the war. Shell-shock or something nasty like that. Doesn't remember a thing, the poor gentleman doesn't."

"Doesn't remember a thing?" repeated Sally slowly. "What's his Christian name, Flossie? Quick!"

"No, not Quick, Miss; Harry, I think."

Sally was too excited to laugh. "Harry!" she breathed. And then in a flash of inspiration: "It's he! I'm certain it is!"

Flossie was becoming as excited as the girl.

"Do you know him, Miss?"

"No, but I think my mother does, Flossie. What she is he?"

Flossie pondered the question. "I've seen him often, Miss, but he's difficult to place. I'd say about forty!"

"Forty! And her mother was thirty-eight. And his name was Harry Trevist, and he had lost his memory to the war. Oh, it was he! It was he! It must be!"

"You say he's there at Queen's Gate, Flossie? And he's dining all alone there to-night?"

Flossie nodded placidly. "Yes, Miss. I know he is particularly. 'Cos I did want my sister to come over here and have a look at all your lovely old costumes. My sister did so want to see them all again."

"Get me the telephone book, Flossie."

lonely dinner—if I'd forgotten your invitation much longer!"

She laughed happily. It was Harry Trevist! She was positive.

"It was for seven-thirty, Major," she reminded him.

"Was it, by Jove! Then I must be getting a move on. I suppose—hate to ask it, and all that sort of thing—but I suppose you wouldn't really mind telling me your address again. I missed it last night. Stress of modern life, you know?"

She laughed, and there was laughter in her heart. She told him, and he thanked her.

"Good of you reminding me," he said. "I'll be along in about ten minutes."

It might really have been twenty years before, with the war an untimely calamity of the future, as that queerly-dressed crowd of people chattered together before going into dinner.

It was 1913 again, with a sentimental German waltz being played by an orchestra without saxophones.

"By gad!" muttered old Sedgewick to his wife, "look at Sally!"

It was Mrs. Antrim he meant. She was chatting with the latest arrivals, dressed like a hostess from an old picture, and the sight of her brought back the past to two of those who had shared it with her.

"Isn't she beautiful?" his wife whispered.

"Reminds you of that night when she came home and told us she was

light in her eyes, then she switched back to the tall, soldierly figure rooted in the doorway.

His eyes roamed the gathering, seeking, searching for something that had come back into his life. He glanced down at his well-cut clothes, stared intently at the other people of twenty years before, and passed a trembling hand across his white forehead.

Then his eyes met the eyes of Sally's mother.

There was a stillness in the room, an electric current of expectancy, as he walked slowly toward her.

"Hello, Harry," she said quietly, offering her hand. "It's so good to see you again."

"They waited, hearts stilled, to hear his answer."

"I know you," he said shakily. "I've seen you before somewhere!"

She patted his hand gently. "Why, of course you have, Harry. And some of these other people, too, Mr. Sedgewick, for instance. Don't you remember?"

Old Sedgewick and his wife came forward eagerly, and Marston and his sister, and Joe Whiting.

"It's coming back!" he whispered. "I don't know what's wrong with me, but I seem to be home again somewhere! I know all that I've seen all this before!"

The elder Sally Antrim looked deeply into his eyes.

"And you!" he murmured. "Aren't you the girl—oh, I don't know. But you look like the girl who—"

And then in a flash it came, and



THE TOCSIN sounded the call of the beaches over the holidays, and these typical Australians are obviously in real holiday mood.

going to be married. Remember? I've always wondered what happened to that other young fellow eye was—ad, listen to that tune! Where have I heard it before?"

Young Sally had arranged that the music and everything else should fit in with the period. Even the younger bobbed and shingled girls had purchased wigs to lend color to the deception.

"Ye gods, Sal! Tom whispered to his sister, "who'd have thought it would go with a bang like this? You know, these old tips might look pretty good, but there's something to be said for the old pointers, eh?"

She nodded absently, her eyes glued to the door watching, waiting.

"Good show," she said briefly. "Better than I thought. But look out for sensations soon, Tommy!"

"Sensations? What d'you mean? There weren't any sensations in 1913, Sal!"

BUT he was wrong. In Sally's recreated 1913 there was one almost breaking at that moment, and as she heard the remembrance of it in the corridor she moved quickly across to her mother.

"Darling," she said, "don't be annoyed, please, but I took the liberty of inviting another guest here to-night."

Her mother turned. "Why, Sally—"

"He's here now, if I'm not mistaken," Sally said quickly. "His name's Trevist, mother. Major Harry Trevist!"

"Trevist!" Her hand clutched at the empty air for a moment.

"Yes. And here he is!"

They turned. "Major Trevist!" announced the butler.

Instead of advancing towards his hostess, he stood in the doorway and stared at the company as though living in a dream. His modernness seemed strangely out of place, but it was the wild look on the man's face that provided the sensation.

Sally shot one quick look at her mother, and thrilled as she saw the

he was quivering in front of them with the excitement and the realization of it.

"Why, you're Sally Granger!"

He stared at her, frightened.

"You're the one thing that's always been with me," he said thickly. "Funny, that."

"Not so funny, Harry, seeing that I loved you once."

"And I loved you!" He had said it before he knew what he was saying, "That's something I know. I loved you. But something happened. We didn't love any more. And so I went away."

The room was becoming unbearable. The simplicity of the declarations was putting too great a strain on the crowd.

Sally slipped easily into the conversation.

"And I'm the girl who played you to-night, Major Trevist," she said. "And you're taking me in to dinner."

For the first time the tension was broken. He smiled. But he did not take Sally into dinner. He went in with her mother.

THE orchestra played old waltzes later on, and in their ancient dresses the party whirled to happiness and dreams.

Young Sally danced often with young Waterhouse.

"Aren't you wonderful!" he murmured as often.

She liked him.

"Look at mother and Major Trevist," she breathed, and he looked.

They were waiting together, and they had eyes only for each other. The boy brought his eyes back to Sally.

"Did I say a minute ago that you were wonderful?" he asked.

"Yes, I think you mentioned it," the girl smiled.

"Then I say it again," young Harry Waterhouse insisted. "You're the most wonderful girl in the world, Sally! And that's why I said so in the note that I handed in to Flossie this afternoon to give it to you."

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

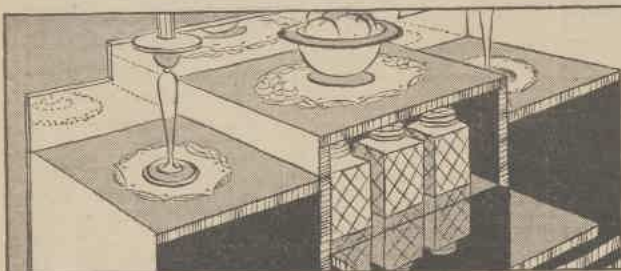
January 4, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

25

LILY LOVELINESS for Your Needle

Home-lovers... needle-lovers... those who purpose entering exquisite needle-craft designs in Autumn shows will not be able to resist this 3-piece set



YOUR SIDEBOARD will take on regal charm with this set.

OUR fragrant white lilies have bloomed and gone again for another year. They are with us for such a short time that you will love the permanent beauty of this little lily set with its stately flowers, long buds, and graceful leaves.

For your country show entries, what could be better than this design, so simple that it can be done in time for an autumn or late summer date, so impressive that it is sure to attract the judge's eye? Stitch it carefully—and then enter it, either as a set of three mats, or an oval centre only.

DO you remember the Sargent picture, "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," with the children amongst the flowers? Only one example of the immortality of these glorious queens of the garden; in story, song and picture lilies have received their meed of praise since time began, for even the mighty Solomon was as nothing to their beauty.

In decorative art they are superb, their long lines and simplicity possessing

a restful charm which is fascinating to the craft worker and homemaker.

There is a handful of lilies arranged in four pieces of house linen for your sideboard, your dressing-table, an odd table-centre or small tray-cloth; it will not take you long to make. Don't let your needle grow rusty, do a little every day or every week-end; you will be surprised at the end of the year, and delighted, too.

Everyone can make use of a small set of three pieces like this, and here are the materials in which these mats are procurable, nicely stamped for this easy work:—

Three-piece set in white or cream linen, or in blue, primrose, pink or green linen. Price, 2/6. 12 x 16 inch centre may be purchased separately. Price, 2/-.

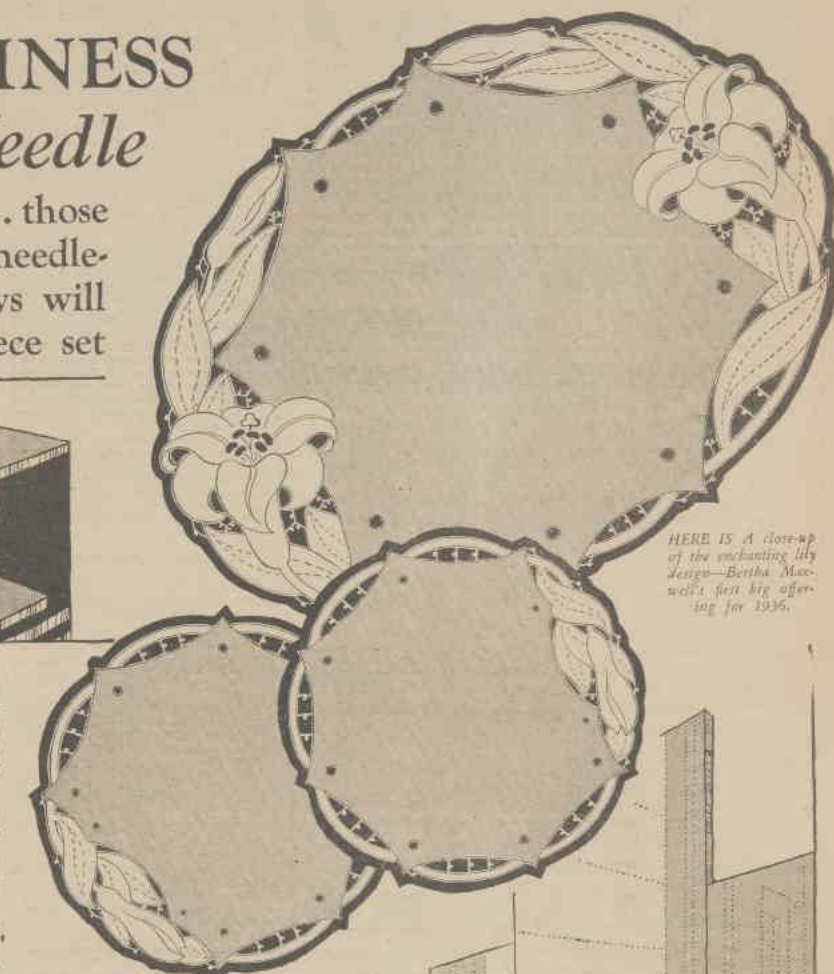
8 x 8 inch mats. Price, 1/- each.

Color Suggestions

WE always think of lilies as being purely white, with yellow stamens and dark green leaves—the poor, sad flowers of the city shops always have their stamens cut out, because, forsooth, they shed a little of their golden pollen beneath their vase; but lilies of similar shape grow in a great variety of colors, yellow, and orange, their powdery stamens adding lovely color tones of gold, brown, or black. The flowers in our design may be expressed in any of the colors mentioned, with golden yellow stamens.

White lilies on green material, cream or yellow on blue or green, all white all cream, or natural shades on cream—these are combinations which should suit everyone and every color scheme in the home. The leaves are always a good deep green, and so are the stems.

The triangular petals in the centre of the flower is usually pale green; the stamens a rich golden-yellow or brown; notice the veins in the leaves, very faint and all running the one way, for the true lily in all its kinds belongs to a great division of the plant world whose leaves are designated "straight-veined," quite different from shrubby leaves.



HERE IS A close-up of the enchanting lily design—Bertha Maxwell's first big offering for 1936.

BUTTONHOLING will carry out this design very handsomely. It is an easy stitch and a kind one to the new worker. Lay a running thread round all the leaves, petals and stems, but not all at once unless you wish. Keep two needles going, one threaded with the foundation runner and the other with the buttonhole thread. Run in the under-stitch two or three inches ahead of where you are working.

Follow up with the buttonhole, and so keep the work all going together. But if you prefer any other system, use the one which suits you best.

The Bars

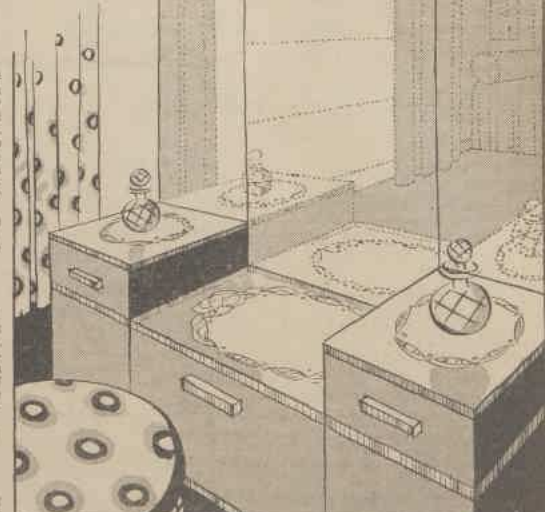
LAY in three threads for the longest ones, one thread for the very short ones, and then buttonhole firmly. They are all short, and have been omitted wherever possible; but the few which remain will lighten the appearance of the work and add that inimitable touch of lace belonging so radiantly to cut-work.

Add the petals if you like them, they are rich and decorative.

Flowers and Buds

PUT extra work into them by taking the buttonholing a little more deeply than in the leaves, so that they are accentuated. Satin-stitch the central parts of the flowers, and satin-stitch also the double lines radiating through the three petals.

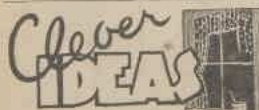
The veins in the leaves should be put in as lightly as possible with very fine outlining, or more running stitches.



BEAUTY ON THE DRESSING-TABLE—Bertha Maxwell's three-piece set. You can get this set in white, cream, or colorful linen stamped in readiness for swift, lovely stitching. Price, 3/6.

hands every time you take it up for stitching, especially with a sprinkle of talc to keep your fingers smooth. Even if you do gardening or rough work, take will work wonders in your needlework. If you do your embroidery in the rain, or cannot wash your hands very often, try working the design on cream linen or a good, firm, colored material.

If you are very pleased with your work when it is finished, why not cover it on your sideboard or dressing-table with a sheet of glass? It saves all laundry problems, spots and damage.



EGG ECONOMY: When you have broken the eggs for omelette into a basin, add a little cold water before whisking up. They will beat up more easily and lightly, and the water really makes one egg do the work of two.

PEELING APPLES: Before you peel apples, pour boiling water over them. This makes the skin come off very easily, and prevents any waste of apple.

WEAVING TABLECLOTHS: When tablecloths begin to show signs of wear, make the fold of the cloth come in a different place by cutting off about four inches from one side and one end, and re-hemming the sides. The folds now come in a different place, and the new folds take the wear.

INK ON LINEN: Have you thought to try tomato for removing ink stains on household linen? Rub the actual pulp of a ripe tomato on the stain until it disappears. Wash the linen then in lukewarm water which has no soda in it.

EVERYBODY Loves ICE-CREAM

Contrary to general belief, ices are easy to make at home; no elaborate equipment required to work the magic

DELICIOUS ice-creams and water-ices are so easy and inexpensive to make at home that it is surprising that housewives do not attempt these healthy, cooling summer sweets more often. The modern refrigerator, which is steadily invading our homes, simplifies ice-cream-making, but wherever ice is procurable the vacuum freezer or the bucket-type freezer serves the purpose admirably.

I AM not going to weary you with a long rignarole on freezing—full directions are supplied with freezers. I am giving, however, a few hints and suggestions before the recipes, which, I am sure, you will be longing to try.

When freezing in a churn, scald well and plunge into cold water before using. If freezing in refrigerator, scald tray and plunge into cold water before using. After using, always wash the cream compartment in hot water and carb. soda. Remove and thoroughly wash and dry rubber rings and cover. Rinse all traces of salt from freezing compartment with hot water. Dry thoroughly. Do not leave covers on when storing freezer.

Store in cold dry place.
For smooth, fine-textured cream use 1 cup salt to 3 cups ice.
For granular or coarse-grained cream use equal quantities of salt and ice.

One teaspoon of gelatine is excellent for producing rich, smooth cream. It also allows you to economise on eggs and cream. Cornflour may be used instead.

SERVING

VARIOUS flavorings and colorings can be added to ice-cream.

1. A favorite method of serving is to place a pink layer on a white one and finish with yellow—a very effective tri-color dish.
2. Serve ice-cream between 2 water biscuits for children's parties.
3. Put a large spoonful of ice-cream into a sundae glass; then pour over hot chocolate, strawberry, vanilla, maple, marshmallow, butterscotch, or fudge sauce, allowing 2 tablespoons sauce to each serving. Then sprinkle with chopped walnuts, grated chocolate, chopped browned almonds, coconut, or carmalum with tinned peaches, apricots, fresh cherries or strawberries.
4. Make cups from orange skins, and use for serving ice-creams. Stand on plate with paper doilies.

SIMPLE ICE-CREAM

One quart milk, 1 cup sugar, essence, 2 tablespoons cornflour, yolks 2 eggs, pinch salt.

Blend cornflour with little milk. Beat yolks and sugar well together. Put on the hot milk, add salt, return all to double saucepan or jug, and stir over boiling water till it coats the spoon. Remove from water, stand in cold water, and stir occasionally to prevent scum rising. Chill, add essence, and strain into freezer and freeze.

RICH CUSTARD FOR ICE-CREAM
One pint milk, yolks 5 eggs, 2 tablespoons sugar, flavoring.

Beat yolks and sugar well, pour over hot milk gradually, return all to double



saucepan or jug, stir over boiling water till mixture coats the spoon, and remove from hot water at once. Stand in cold water, stir to prevent scum rising, and add flavoring when cold. Leave in chest till chilled. Strain into freezer and freeze.

CREAM CUSTARD FOR ICE-CREAM
One pint milk, 1 cup cream, flavoring, 2 egg yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Beat yolks and sugar and pour on hot milk. Return to double saucepan or jug. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly till mixture coats the spoon. Stand in cold water, and when quite cold add essence and whipped cream. Freeze in usual way.

ICE-CREAM (With Condensed Milk)

Dissolve 1 tin condensed milk in 1 pint water. Blend 1 tablespoon cornflour to smooth paste with cold water, add 2 beaten yolks, and pour on the milk. Stir over boiling water till it coats the spoon. When cold, add essence. Chill, then freeze.

JUNKET ICE-CREAM
One pint milk, 1 junket tablet, 1 teaspoon cold water, 1 cup sugar, flavoring.

Dissolve the tablet in the cold water. Warm the milk with sugar and flavoring. Pour on to the dissolved tablet. Stir till well mixed. Allow to stand without moving till firm. Pour carefully into freezer and freeze in usual way.

GINGER ICE-CREAM
One cup hot water, 3 cups cream, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 cup chopped ginger, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 4 tablespoons ginger syrup.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Chill.

By **RUTH FURST** Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



Whip cream, add sugar, ginger, ginger syrup, and dissolved gelatine. Pour into freezer and freeze.

NET ICE-CREAM

One and a half cups milk, 2 cups cream, 2 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Beat eggs well, add sugar. Beat. Add cream, milk and nuts. Freeze in usual way. Serve with hot sauce if liked.

CARAMEL ICE-CREAM
One cup milk, 1 cup cream, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 yolks, 1 cup brown sugar, vanilla.

Mix a paste with the milk, cornflour, sugar, and yolks. Chill. Add essence and whipped cream. Pour into freezer and freeze.

MALTED MILK ICE-CREAM
Half a cup malted milk, 2 cups water, 2 cups cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon nutmeg.

Make smooth paste with malted milk and water, add sugar, cream, and nutmeg. Freeze in usual way.

FROZEN FRUIT AND CREAM
One tin fruit, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup cream.

Whip cream slightly, add fruit and sugar. Pour in trays and freeze for 3 hours in refrigerator.

Peaches, apricots, raspberries, fruit salad, strawberries, pineapples, cherries, etc., can all be used in the above recipe.

All these recipes have been tested in our kitchens.

SYRUP FOR WATER-ICES

Three-quarters of a pound loaf sugar, 1 pint water, juice 1 lemon, thirty-peeled rind 1 lemon.

Dissolve the sugar in the water, add the lemon rind, then boil for 10 minutes. Add lemon juice, and strain. Any kind of water-ice can be made with this syrup by adding the different fruit juices, such as strawberry, raspberry, loganberry, etc. The usual proportions are 1 pint fruit juice to 1 pint of the syrup.

FRUIT ICES

Make a thickener mixture in the usual way. Add to it the strained juice of any fruit in season. Color if necessary, add a few drops of lemon juice. Allow to become thoroughly chilled, then beat well before placing into the freezer.

CREAM ICE-CREAM

Two pints cream, 1 cup sugar, vanilla essence.

Heat one cup of the cream, add the sugar, and stir till thoroughly dissolved. Cool. Add the essence and the remainder of the cream. Place in freezing can or refrigerator and freeze in usual way.

LEMON ICE

One and a half cups water, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup lemon juice.

Boil water and sugar 5 minutes; add juice and cool. Strain into freezer and freeze.

ORANGE ICE

One cup sugar, 2 cups water, 2 cups orange juice, 1 teaspoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons lemon juice.

Boil sugar and water for 5 minutes. Add dissolved gelatine and fruit juices. Pour into trays, freeze, stirring well during process. When almost frozen, turn



ICE-CREAM pudding served whole as it comes from the vacuum freezer—with wafers.



A PLEASANT SURPRISE for the family: ice-cream with cherries, peaches (or any fruit) served in sundae glasses, garnished with whipped cream and nuts, or, perhaps, chocolate or butterscotch sauce poured over—delicious. (Left): The contents of a pineapple added to ice-cream mixture, frozen, and then returned to the pineapple would be a delicious treat.

into a basin and beat. Then return to refrigerator to finish freezing.

ORANGE ICE-CREAM

Three cups orange juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup thick cream, 2 cups milk.

Mix sugar and juice. Add milk and cream, and freeze thoroughly in refrigerator, or add milk only to sugar and juice. Freeze to a mush, add whipped cream, and then continue freezing.

HOT CHOCOLATE SAUCE

(To Be Served With Ice-cream)
Melt 1 lb. milk chocolate in a double

saucepan or in basin over hot water, stirring all the time. Then add gradually 6 tablespoons of boiling milk. Mix well. Place the mound of ice-cream in the dish, pour over the sauce, and serve at once.

BUTTERSCOTCH SAUCE

One cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 cup cold water, 1 teaspoon vinegar.

Boil all together to 240 degrees Fahrenheit or till it forms a soft ball when a small quantity is dropped into cold water. Use at once.

Something New in Junkets



real fresh fruit flavours

Your family have always liked junket—you've always known it was good for them. Now you can make Junkets that are different—more delicious, more attractive, more tempting! Use Hansen's Essence for Making Fruit Junkets—it comes in light delightful fresh fruit flavours, and it's so easy to use, too! Just mix the required amount with Johanna sweetened milk, let set, and your dessert is made! Hansen's Essence never fails!

Order some Hansen's Fruit Junket Essence today from your grocer, and try these delicious sweets right away.

• If you prefer plain junket, Hansen's well-known Junket Tablets can be found at all grocers.

HANSEN'S
Essence for making
FRUIT JUNKETS
ORANGE—LEMON
RASPBERRY—VANILLA

The goodness of sun-ripened tomatoes in a delicious

Tomato Sauce

Rosella Tomato Sauce has a flavor that none can imitate, no preservatives, no coloring, just rich goodness of ripe red tomatoes, delicately spiced. Particularly delicious with cold meat, grills, chops, or roasts, this delightful Tomato Sauce is a firm favorite with Australian housewives, who look with confidence to the Rosella label when purchasing Quality Food Products.

SAUCES	
TOMATO	WOLFCRUTTERSHIRE
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FRUIT MANGO	TOMATO APRICOT

Rosella

TIRED NERVES

Genuine Vincent's A.P.C. soothes tired nerves — assures restful slumber. Recommended by Medical Profession for safe relief from pain. Will not affect the heart — contains no opiates. Powders and Tablets: 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

All chemists and druggists, or direct from Vincent's Chemical Company Limited, 78-79, Liverpool Street, Sydney.



REDUCE SAFELY



A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 9 stone 2 1/2 lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6; six weeks' treatment, 10/6; at all Chemists, or post free, from NOEL F. FORD, M.P.S., (Sydney, N.S.W.), Chemist, 217 King Street, Newtown. Tel. L112.

WHAT the STARS FORETELL for 1936 in AUSTRALIA

Mr. Lyons Must Watch His Health

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society of Australia.

Mutual good-will is essential to national, as well as individual, well-being, so let us acknowledge our dependence on friendships of every kind, but particularly our friendship with the Mother Country.

Starry indications for Australia and England are auspicious in this respect during 1936. A closer co-operation and understanding will develop between these two countries. There is a likelihood of much "talk" regarding defensive measures, and of tariffs and mutual trade advantages.

This year may prove momentous for the Government of Australia. Its popularity is endangered on questions of land taxation, foreign policies, and defensive tariffs, unless the rival political parties "get together" for their own and Australia's benefit. In which case improved political conditions should come into being as the year grows old.

THE Prime Minister, Mr. Lyons, needs to exercise care in all matters this year, particularly regarding his health and political oppositions.

Australia itself, however, should enjoy a rather fortunate year. We can look forward to a considerable wave of prosperity, especially as the year ages.

Jupiter (planet of Good Fortune) will be in the Zodiacal Sign Sagittarius, bringing much general prosperity and

goodwill, plus a tendency toward extravagance and expansion.

Sagittarius is immensely strong in the horoscope of Australia, a fact which amazes by its truth when we reflect that Sagittarius produces thinkers, debaters, sportsmen, lovers of animals, travel and an out-of-door life; and people who, despite a seeming lack of orthodox religious principles, are inherently religious in their own particular way.

Australia can look forward to improved conditions regarding home trade during 1936. Also to big developments of in-

In the Looking-glass

SCORPIO people should search in the mirror for the following facial characteristics... they will usually find them reflected. Firstly, hunt for a mole (or several moles), or perhaps a small wart or two, on the face. Generally on the side of the cheek. Next look at your eyebrows, which are usually rather massive and dark, and can give a lowering effect to the expression if you are not careful. The forehead is usually high or broad, and should be appreciated, not despised, for those reasons. The nose is sometimes the most pronounced feature, and in exceptional cases can so predominate that it spoils other pretensions to good looks. It is a face full of character and power.



THIS BLACK tulle gown, which enhances the beauty of Carole Lombard, Paramount player, is designed by Travis Banton. The waistline is normal and the full tiers of the skirt are reflected in the cape which ties about the shoulders. Huge but fragile pink roses outline the neck and must be worn as close as possible to the face.

The Daily Guide

THE individual horoscope may show a need for slight variations, but, failing one, the following information will be found well worth a trial.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): January 1 and 2 belong to you, which is fitting, seeing that Aries is the first sign of the Zodiac. As January is not a good month for you, however, avoid over-confidence.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Early January favors you, especially the 3rd, 4th, and to 4 p.m. on the 5th. Splendid for new ventures. Get busy.

GEMINI (May 21 to June 21): The late 5th, all 6th, and all 7th fair.

CANCER (June 21 to July 21): Live cautiously for some weeks; especially January 1 and 2.

LEO (July 21 to August 21): January 1 and 2 fair for small matters.

VIRGO (August 21 to September 21): The planets favor you for some weeks. Plan new enterprises, etc.; begin some on the 3rd, 4th, and before noon of the 5th, but be careful on the 6th and 7th.

LIBRA (September 21 to October 21): Not a good week; 6th and 7th a poor bet.

SCORPIO (October 21 to November 21): Generally fair, but live quietly on the 3rd, 4th, and most of the 5th. Avoid losses, opposition, partings.

SAGITTARIUS (November 21 to December 21): Fair on the 1st, 2nd, and early 3rd.

CAPRICORN (December 21 to January 21): Get busy. The planets favor you, especially on the 3rd, 4th, and early 5th of the month. Plan ahead.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Fair after 4 p.m. on 5th to late on 7th.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Nothing to rave about. Plan for next week.

From a whisper...

TO CONCERT HALL VOLUME!

WIDE TONAL RANGE

Such as you've never heard before!



From the sweet high trill of the piccolo to the rich deep boom of the bass — every note is faithfully reproduced in this marvellous new "out-size" Stromberg-Carlson.

Tune it down to a whisper or increase its volume to concert hall strength... in every note of the tonal range you enjoy that same delightful richness, purity and fullness. Truly a versatile instrument is the Stromberg-Carlson Console Grand.

And the overseas reception is equally amazing—London—Paris—New York—all are heard as perfectly as local stations.

Here are some of the marvellous features of this wonder set—

7 valves. Short Wave covers 16-51 metre bands (which includes 5 short wave reception channels). Broadcast covers 194-555 (all Australian Stations).

Wide range reproduction from a whisper to concert hall volume. Tone compensation. 6 Watt undistorted power output. Specially designed speaker. Tone Control. Cabinet weighs 88% heavier than average. World wide range. Mammoth Chassis. Selector-dial revolutionizes tuning. 3 way isolation switch (broadcast, short wave and pick-up). New Non-microphonic condenser. Full Automatic Volume Control.



World-Wide Reception

The illustration does not do justice to this magnificent, modern-styled cabinet—it stands 33 inches high, 33 inches wide and is 88% heavier than the ordinary cabinet.

See and hear this "miracle" receiver for yourself at your local dealers or in your own home. You'll find instant pleasure and the promise of enduring radio-satisfaction in its tone, its appearance and its remarkable performance.

PRICE ONLY 39 GUINEAS

AUTHORISED DEALERS IN EVERY COUNTRY TOWN

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S.A. Davery's Piano Ltd., 29 Rundle Street, Adelaide. Radio Wholesalers, James Place, Adelaide. Victoria: Wadsworth Frank (Melb.) Ltd., 380-382 Bourke Street, Melbourne. M. Brash & Co. Pty. Ltd., Elizabeth Street, Melbourne; 146 Rye Street, Geelong. Vesta Pty. Ltd., 243-245 Swanston Street, Melbourne.

Tasmania: Pindlers Pty. Ltd., 80 Elizabeth Street, Hobart. George Street, Launceston. Wills & Co. Pty. Ltd., 1 The Quadrant, Launceston. Dudley & Wills Pty. Ltd., Devonport. W.A.: Musgrave Limited, Lyric House, Murray Street, Perth. N.Z.: Gough, Gough & Hamer Ltd., Christchurch.

WHERE WOMEN Work Like MEN

Continued from Page 3

CHILD-BEARING is not a hardship to these big, healthy Russian women. There is a system of regular medical attention associated with every factory and industry, and women are assured of proper care and attention. They are given a specified time off prior to the birth of the baby, and also several weeks after. They receive full pay during this period and free clinical attention.

When the mother is able to resume her duties the baby is cared for in a nursery. I saw a number of nurseries and the children in them all looked healthy enough, with ample food, equipment and nursing staff.

I have eventually come to the conclusion that these nurseries express in themselves the profound difference between the conception of life as we know it in Australia and as it is being developed in Russia.

Our tradition in Australia is that everything revolves round the home—a man, his wife, and his children.

Everything else, businesses, industries, governments, exists merely for the welfare and protection of the homes that make up the nation.

Life is personal and individual. We like separate houses, to live in and garden of our own.

In Russia this is not the case at all. The important thing is the nation. This is also the case of course, in Italy and Germany. The home, and individual men, women and children, are in the position of soldiers in a regiment. They exist for the benefit of the nation—to create wealth, to provide soldiers, and to develop its resources.

This means that the government has got to take a direct kind of interest in every individual in the nation, just as a general has to take an interest in and look after the health, food, and welfare

of even the most humble soldier in his ranks. Which is all to the good—but it has the disadvantage of carrying with it that all-pervading atmosphere of control and organisation that is so objectionable to the average Australian or Englishman.

It is very nice to have a certainty of work, of food, clothes, theatre tickets, libraries, public parks and gardens, children's playgrounds and sports grounds. But not one of these can be obtained by ordinary men and women just when they like, where they like, and how they like.

Pocket Money

EVEN if the standard existing in Russia was much higher, the Australian worker would probably prefer to have less, and be able to spend his money how he liked and on what he liked.

Big apartment houses, community restaurants, public nurseries—these represent a way of living so totally different as to be hard to understand without seeing them.

The Russians certainly realise that the red-tape way of running things can be carried too far, and that is why they have reintroduced a wages system and are setting up shops and restaurants, where people can have an opportunity of spending to their individual taste. So far, however, the variety available is very limited.

It must be remembered, of course, that I came to Moscow direct from the three richest cities of the world, New York, London and Paris. The wealth and comfort and care-free ease of those cities contrasted abruptly with the circumstances and somewhat threadbare life of Moscow.

How women and children fare in the community life of Russia, their homelife, their clothes, their food and their amusements, I will describe next week.

MRS. DIONNE Tells of HER WOOING and WEDDING

Courtship as Brief as it was Sweet

In this, the fourth instalment of the story of her life and motherhood, Mrs. Dionne tells, in her own words, her simple love story.

At sixteen, after a three-months' courtship, the then Elzire Legros received her marriage proposal from Oliva Dionne. She accepted, but her father insisted the couple wait two years, declaring that Elzire was only a child. But she overcame his objections, and two weeks later was a bride. Mrs. Dionne also tells of her recent visits to her quintuplet babies, who are now beginning to walk and talk.

I WAS just sixteen when the "supreme moment" came, the blissfully romantic moment of Oliva's proposal, which surprised, yet didn't surprise me either, after a three months' courtship under the strictest chaperonage imaginable.

Of course, I'd known Oliva Dionne all my life. At church I'd seen him innumerable times. We'd also met at New Year parties, wedding celebrations, and parties. And when I was ten, a very tomboyish and impish ten, and Oliva was a chivalrous and indignant sixteen, I'd pelted him with snowballs.

Only yesterday, on our visit to the hospital, he recalled to me those pellings. "Little did I imagine," he said, "what you bearded me with snowballs that one day you and I would be going into a hospital to see five babies of ours. Five one-year-old girls known far and wide by the high-sounding title, 'wards of the Crown'."

Every time you came from Corbett that memorable winter, for a visit with your Uncle Alex and your Aunt Edouida Legros, you made a regular snowball target out of me."

Likes and Opposites

YOU shouldn't have been so good-natured. You were 16." I recalled to Oliva, "and I was 10. Oh, no, you didn't have to submit to my childish punishment."

"The punishment," my husband, who has smiled to oblivion during the past year, smiled reminiscently, "was a pleasure. I like to see kids have their fun. Childhood is so soon over, isn't it?"

A man's heavy tread on the other side of the second gate, the sound of a key in a lock, and my mind was back to the matter of the moment, reunion with my babies.

For just a second I stood off admiring my little daughters in their white sun suits with red piping about neck and shoulders. Customed like that, arms extended, eyes and hands becoming, they were all so irresistible. But because Marie is the smallest I, as usual, rushed first to her bed.

By that time Oliva had Cecile, who for some reason seems to show him more affection than do her little sisters, affectionate as they are, tightly to his arm.

"I think she's quite crazy about her papa," I said.

"So do I, but there was something else I was thinking, Elzire, how much Cecile resembles you."

I thanked Oliva for the compliment, took Cecile from him, and carried her over to Annette—these two quintuplets look more alike than do any of the others—just to see how Baby Annette would receive her.

Likes Jewels

FROM Annette I hurried to Emile who had the coziest come-on wave, with which she tried to attract me while I was holding her sister. She's very individualistic, this baby, and in appearance she is so different from the others I don't see how anyone could ever mistake her identity.

The other four resemble my mother, while Emile is all Elzire. Or rather she looks like her father, who looks like his mother.

But little Yvonne, I haven't told about her yet, have I? To our parental delight, she voluntarily turned entertainer. For five full minutes she danced in a corner of her play-pen. I timed the show-off performance by my wrist-watch, and Baby Yvonne, following my eyes, discovered the watch and promptly tried to appropriate it.

About a week ago the same young lady went after my wedding ring, so I ask myself if she will not perhaps have a weakness for jewellery. If she does, Yvonne won't take after her own mother, but after her Grandmother Legros. Yvonne, like her infant sisters, already has such a collection of jewellery, if she only knew it, golden and jewelled presents from here, there and everywhere.



DR. ROY A. DAFOR and two of the nurses were in care for the Dionne babies. This picture of two of the infants shows how tiny the quintuplets were when their parents were confronted with the choice of signing away custody or giving up Dr. Dajet's services and Rod Crisp did.

(At Left): YVONNE, who is already displaying a weakness for jewellery.

Our visit ended all too soon, and after we'd thrown good-bye kisses to the babies and they'd thrown good-bye kisses to us, Oliva and I passed once again out of the two gates, threading our way through the mob of people crowded around the outer fence for a possible glimpse of the babies.

People come here by the thousands, you see. One Sunday afternoon, in August, between three and five, between those two hours only, almost counted 550 cars speeding past our house en route to the hospital.

Not do all these tourists pass on unimpaired. Scores and scores of them every single day, in warm weather any hour, come knocking on our doors, tapping on our windows, pursuing, hounding us if we won't deign to show our faces outside the house.

Victims of the fame that has been forced upon us as well as of those documents I've already referred to, that's what we are—the parents, the brothers and sisters of the quintuplets!

We've had countless propositions made to us, too, some of astonishing character.

Inventors, with all sorts of inventions, new automobile gadgets, airplane devices, have solicited money for patents. Solicitations for contributions to charities, orphanages, or I'd rather say, are conspicuous in our mail. And there have been at least a dozen S.O.B. calls from impoverished expectant mothers, some deserted by their husbands, for financial aid and for layettes for their soon-to-be-born babies.

But, of course, the people who ask me for money, either for investment or for charity, are evidently under the misapprehension that we, the parents of the quintuplets, have access to their fast-growing fortune.

Nothing could be further from the truth. The little ones' present guardians, Government-appointed, cool and administering that fortune, out of which the doctor, the nurses, the babies' maintenance bills and all hospital expenses are paid.

Until this year, 1935, we received no money from the babies' fund, but in January the guardians sent us a cheque for \$15; in March another cheque for the same amount, and in April, May and June they forwarded us cheques at the rate of \$20 a month.

I mention this only that those persons in distress who have appealed to us, especially the expectant mothers, may understand why we haven't responded to their requests.

One incident in my brief courtship I shall always remember. We were at the dinner-table, the whole family, and as guests we had Oliva and his sister Alma.

Behind to put on her hat, Oliva did declare his love. Emphatically.

And, in the very next breath, he made "the great request," to use the expression we French-Canadians always use for marriage proposals. To show you his constancy—because, thus was at such a premium, no doubt—Oliva asked me if I loved him enough to marry him "without any unnecessary delay."

I did, and said so with a whispered "Yes."

That same afternoon, on our return from the trip, my self-appointed General took Papa aside and asked him for my hand and his consent to an immediate wedding.

But, though I had said "Yes," Papa said, "no," so far as a speedy marriage was concerned.

"Honestly as I approve of you as a husband," my father told Oliva, "Elzire is too young to marry. At sixteen she's little more than a child. Wait for two years and I'll give you both my blessing."

And to me Papa argued, after Oliva had gone:

"Day before yesterday I caught you playing hop-scotch with your 11-year-old brother Henri. Do you think a girl who plays a game as childish as that is mature enough to assume the duties

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Sun and Happiness

PAPA wound up by giving me the same chance, and two weeks later, on September 19, 1933, Oliva and I were married in the Catholic Church at Corbett.

I can see myself now in my white silk wedding gown with the corsage of orange blossoms pinned on the left shoulder. I can see Oliva, too, with his orange blossom boutonniere.

I can also hear him saying a few minutes later, just before we got to this old Dionne farmhouse, where guests were already assembled for our wedding reception:

"My little wife, are you happy?" Then he quoted the English proverb: "Happy is the bride the sun shines on," and added: "If there's any truth in that you should be happy, Elzire, for the sun is now beaming down on you in all its splendour, isn't it?"

My gold wedding ring flashed in the beaming sunlight. I looked at the ring and I looked at Oliva as we motored along in his car. "If there hadn't been a ray of sun to-day," I assured him, "I still would be the happiest bride in the world."

Next week Elzire Dionne will tell of her honeymoon in Ottawa. She will also give thrilling reminiscences of her childhood in the wilds of Ontario.



MR. AND MRS. DIONNE photographed a month before they were married in 1925. Mrs. Dionne was then 16 years old.

Liberty

DAILY AT 10.45 AM 2.15 PM 8 PM (NOT CONTINUOUS)

MARGARET SULLIVAN

HERBERT MARSHALL FRANK MORGAN

THE GOOD FAIRY

MA 6068

Includes Latest Motion Pictures of the Dionne Quintuplets

ENTERTAINING Big Families Is Their HAPPY TASK Women Work from Dawn to Dark for Outback Children

How would you like to entertain a family of up to 170 children for a month and cook for them 1600lbs. of meat, 2600lbs. fish, 4320 eggs (at two minutes each), 40 bushels of peas, and 15cwt. potatoes?

Garnish the menu with greens for salads, 610 loaves of bread for toast and sandwiches, ice-cream and sweets, and you have some idea of the vast amount of work behind the organisation of one of the many Christmas seaside camps arranged for children living in our far outback districts.

EVERY year hundreds of young Australians from the far outback are given their first seaside holiday through the work of a number of welfare organisations. The bracing change of environment, the careful arrangement of diet, and the medical attention they receive enable them to return to their homes happier and healthier Australians, better prepared to carry on the big job of life that lies before them.

The "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe" with her big family, might have gained inspiration from the manner in which these "holiday families" are cared

for. A review of what is being done at present is illuminating.

Lucky Thirteen

TO one hundred and seventy N.S.W. country children No. 13 will be regarded as a lucky Christmas number, for as members of the 13th annual camp of the Rev. D. H. Drummond's Far West Children's Health Scheme, they are spending almost a month at Manly—a seaside holiday that is absolutely a new experience for them.

Scores of voluntary women workers are assisting in caring for the children, providing their meals and organising entertainments and trips for them while they remain in Sydney. The children are accommodated at Manly Public School.

These voluntary workers are divided



MANY HANDS make right work of the big task of preparing meals at the Country Children's seaside camp. This scene, taken at Manly, N.S.W., is typical of the enthusiasm with which the voluntary workers assisting the camps in the various States go about their work.

Play Father Christmas In a Big Way

THE holiday-for-country-children movement has developed in an amazing fashion in recent years. In every State there is an organisation, the most recent having been founded in Brisbane with the formation of the Bush Children's Health Association.

into teams, comprising a general convener and ten helpers each day. They start work at 6 a.m., and continue until 7 or 8 p.m.

The cook, Mr. Tom Blackland, of Charingwood, has a heavy task ahead, providing daily for these 170 healthy young appetites. Turkeys and puddings were on the menu for Christmas Day, and the total quantities of food required for the camp are: 1600lbs. of meat, 400 gallons of milk, 360 dozen eggs, 130 cases fruit, 40 bushels of peas, 35 cases of potatoes, 15cwt. of potatoes, 610 loaves of bread, 2600lb. fish.

From Alice Springs

FROM the far corners of South Australia, Rev. P. H. Patterson chose 20 boys and girls between the ages of 10 and 14 to attend the Australian Inland Mission Camp at Glenelg, by way of a Christmas treat.

Through a number of organisations are doing excellent work in providing holidays and medical care for country and city children, Victoria has no scheme on such a comprehensive scale as the Bush Children's Health Association.

Holidays are available for country mothers and children at the C.W.A. Holiday Home, and in some cases a holiday is provided free.

The largest holiday scheme for Victorian children is conducted by the Ministering Children's League, which has maintained the "Cottage by the Sea" for 45 years. Between six and seven hundred children spend a holiday at the cottage every year—a month or more for country children, and a fortnight or more for city children. The cottage is maintained solely on voluntary contributions.

The newly-formed Bush Children's Health Association of Queensland will have as its objective the bringing of bush children to the coast, principally to the seaside resorts, so that they may enjoy some of the pleasures of civilisation, and receive such medical attention as they require before returning to the "backblocks".

And as far as Tasmania is concerned, children from outlying parts will receive from four to six weeks at the seaside under the supervision of a matron and a doctor.



A BATH is generally a soothing prelude to a good night's rest, especially if your child enjoys it as much as this bonny baby.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS Children Should Not Fear Their Bedtime

By MARY TRUBY KING

Bedtime too often resolves into a pitched battle between mother and child, and even when ultimately peace reigns the mother is an exhausted, nervous wreck.

This state of affairs is too common, and not at all necessary.

I RECEIVE numerous letters on this subject. They vary only in detail, and one I received the other day is typical of them all.

"My small son, aged five, has lately taken a great dislike to going to bed. At the mention of it he begins to argue, fight, and finally scream. I have the feeling that it is not all temper, but that there is something at the back of these nightly tantrums, for, up to a month ago, he was perfectly good about bedtime. He has his evening meal at 5 p.m., and bath at 5.30. Do you think 9 p.m. is too early for him to be in bed? He is usually awake by 5 a.m., but plays by himself quite contentedly till Daddy gets up at 6. Another question: I have difficulty in getting him to say his prayers nightly, and have recently given it up as a hopeless job as it is so wearying to have these evening bouts, which leave us both quite worn out."

It is not at all clear, from the above letter, just what has caused the recent pronounced reaction to the mention of the word "bed," so I can but give various possible reasons in the hope that this mother, and others who are similarly troubled, may find among them the solution to their own problems.

Be Prepared

A CHILD should always be given a warning of the approach of bedtime, for most healthy youngsters dislike going to bed as it spells the end of a happy day. Bedtime to them is a regrettable ending. Just as we grown-ups sometimes feel disappointed when the curtain drops on the final act of an enjoyable play. Perhaps this particular child suffered rather an abrupt ending to an absorbing game and feels resentful about it. It is wise, about 10 minutes before bedtime, to say quietly, "It is nearly time for bed, so finish up that game, because when the long hand of the clock gets round to here" (pointing to the hour) "it means off to bed."

The bath should not be given till one hour after the child has finished tea. In the above case it is being given too early, and is likely to cause indignation and sleeplessness. I would suggest that as the child wakes early, he be bathed and put to bed just a little later—say, evening meal, 5.30 p.m.; bath, 6.40 p.m.; and in bed, 7 p.m.

No food should be given to children after their evening tea. Supper is a mistake. Give a drink of water at bedtime if the child is thirsty after the bath.

It is surprising how many mothers insist on their children cleaning their teeth before going to bed, and then, when the children are all tucked up, give them biscuits or a drink of milk, or some sweets!

Do they forget that during the night the natural cleaners of the teeth, viz., the tongue and saliva, are not active, and that therefore bits of cake, biscuits and chocolate cling around the crevices, sleep.

encouraging, don't? If a doctor has prescribed for a particular child a supper of milk or gruel after he or she has been put to bed, what is to prevent the child having a mug and toothbrush, etc., brought in from the bathroom so that he may go to sleep with a clean mouth? Salt and water is a good disinfectant.

Don't Vacillate

PARENTS should be quite definite in their own minds about the bedtime hour and not discuss it before their children in this wise:

Mother: "Time for bed, John."
John: "Aw, Mum, can't I just . . ."
Father: "Let him stay up a bit. It isn't dark yet."
Mother: "No, you must come along now."
John: "But Daddy said I needn't."

This type of conversation is liable to go on for half an hour and end in utter confusion. The parents' verdicts should be unanimous—at least, before the child. It only causes endless trouble to say, weakly, "Well, just one more story," or "This must really be the very last game," because the child feels that by tattling wheedling he can get round you to give in to him time and again.

Mothers of children who seem to have an abnormal horror of going to bed, and not merely a healthy dislike for it, should ask themselves these questions:

Is he afraid of the dark?
If so, a cheap night light should be provided.
Has anyone knowingly or unknowingly frightened him?
Are his pyjamas cool enough for him these hot nights, and are they big enough to be comfortable?
Is his bed uncomfortable?

Avoid Excitement

HAS he to go upstairs or through dark passages alone?
Has he been ill recently, and so in need of extra comfort at bedtime?
Are his days too long and strenuous for him, so that he becomes really over-tired, nervous, and irritable by evening?

Is he allowed to play in rowdy and over-stimulating games before bedtime?
Is he allowed to listen to wireless thrillers which excite and disturb him?

Try to find out the cause of the trouble and remedy it.

Many children become all strung-up after tea on account of indulging in over-active games, and listening to bloodcurdling episodes over the air which soon reduce them to the tearful stage. The remedy for this is to give a very simple evening meal and allow only quiet games afterwards. Story-reading and story-telling (of the right kind) are mental preparations for sleep.

PERSONALITIES behind the DIALS

How the Domain Dwellers Got Their Christmas Fare

Who will be Britain's first woman television announcer?

Since the B.B.C. announced that a woman announcer would be used in the broadcast of television programmes, applications for the job have come from all parts of the world. Cablegrams were sent seeking the job from women in Australia, Canada, South Africa, and India. One woman even sent a formal application complete with "I am honest, industrious, diligent, etc.," amounting to 300 words, and paid full cable rates for it.

THE B.B.C. has narrowed the list of applicants down, and it is believed that a B.B.C. employee will get the much-sought position.

Television is all the talk in the broadcasting studios, and Albert Russell, 303 entertainers, is one of the few who have met Mr. Baird, the inventor of the Baird system of television.

The announcer and the inventor were introduced last Christmas on board the Adriatic, while crossing from New York to Liverpool. "A gloomy, almost melancholy man," is Russell's idea of the inventor.

Baird hoped television would be perfected in a year, and the delay had changed his whole personality. Still, those who got to know him found a charming manner behind the harsh crust of a brusque exterior.

IT is difficult to keep George Bernard Shaw out of the news—he seems to be that himself. He was the first dramatist to use television in one of his plays, al-

though only in a humorous aside, pointing out that it would break down privacy.

A scene in his play shows a man going to the television-telephone cabinet to converse with a lady friend. He switches the key, and the television plate on the machine shows a picture of a lady getting into her bath, the door being open. Then comes the querulous voice of the lady, "Hang it! I forgot to switch my vision off."

"Christmas Hand-Out"

JACK DAVEY, of 2GB, gave a novel Christmas party the other day when he entertained the Domain "dwellers."

Besides the habitually, he found that many decent fellows had been forced through circumstances to sleep in the wide-open spaces of Sydney's parks, and when he put an appeal over the air for funds to feed 100 of the homeless the idea was taken up enthusiastically by listeners.

The result was a real Christmas hand-out in the heart of the city. Poultry,



CYRIL JAMES, the popular baritone who is heard from 2GB week by week in long presentations, as well as announcing.

plum pudding, and fruit were on the menu, and a packet of cigarettes for each man present.

Change from "Bully"

CYRIL JAMES, the popular baritone and announcer, who lent a hand at Jack Davey's Christmas dinner for the homeless, says that the best piece of Christmas pudding he ever tasted was back in the war days. The battalion had been subsisting on bully beef for weeks, when some kind person sent out a number of tins of Christmas pudding.

Each man received a slice, and although there were no treasuries like it in James' view that Christmas pudding was the most wonderful, delicious, and delicious ever holed in any kitchen since the beginning of the Christian era.

Our FASHION SERVICE & Free Pattern

SHIRT AND KNICKERS

WW1032.—This cute little outfit, shirt and knickers, tailored just like dad's, is excellent for a small boy. Sizes, 2 to 8 years. Material required: 13 yards, 36 inches wide for blouse; 1 to 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide for knickers. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

WW1032



WW1033

DEMURE!

WW1033.—The demurest dress imaginable for a little girl. Make the sweet youthful collar of contrast. Sizes, 1 to 6 years. Material required: 13 yards to 21 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

WW1035



DAINTY UNDIES

WW1035.—For the lass who likes to make her personal undies, this delightful, beautifully cool scanties and bralette set. You will love them for evening wear particularly. For scanties are slim-fitting and bralette has the necessary dainty low line. Sizes, 22 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 11 yards, with 1 yard lace trimming, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.



WW1040

EVENING GOWN

WW1040.—This model elegantly portrays the figure-line, with reminiscences of the Early Victorian period. Note draped effect, pleasing and very dignified. Tulle or lace is suggested. Sizes, 22 to 36-inch bust. Material required: 6 1/2 to 7 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

OUR FREE PATTERN

THIS week's three-in-one free pattern is to fit a lass 15-18 years. All three styles provided for are simple and youthfully becoming, cut on smart lines, and with careful attention to detail. To obtain pattern, one coupon at right of page.

Material required:
No. 1 frock: 4 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide.
No. 2 frock: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide.
No. 3 frock: 1 yard, 36 inches wide, 11 yards, 3 inches wide French pleating.

NOTE SHIRRED CAPE

WW1034.—This frock, with its attractive loose cape that features shirred panels over the arms, is very distinctive and new. Cape ties with a bow. Sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 41 to 54 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

SPORTY DRESS

WW1036.—Here's a simple, smart, straight frock for general or sports wear, on tailored lines with popular button-up front. Sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



WW1036

WW1037

FOR WORK AND PLAY

WW1037.—Particularly suitable for tennis and sports wear, sleeveless, with a charming collar in cravat style. Note the slimming pleats. Sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required: 34 1/2 to 34 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

NEW-STYLE SAILOR

WW1039.—If you want a hint to match a frock, why not make it yourself? This becoming style is new, and smart, and snappy—and very easily made. Sizes, 21 to 23 1/2-inch head. Material required: 1 yard, 36 inches wide; 1 yard canvas. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

WW1039



WW1038

VIENNESE ENSEMBLE
WW1038.—Vienna called us this style, the last word in fashion from overseas. Sleeves are new, skirt and blouse treatment new, and the complete ensemble spells finished chic. Sizes, 22 to 36 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 6 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

PLEASE NOTE:

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns, ordered by post, you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated at left, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Patterns Dept.," to any of the following addresses. A PUNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of 1d. per coupon will be made for Free Patterns over one month after.

ADELAIDE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3884, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BRIARHILL—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 8897, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4132X, G.P.O., Sydney.
TAMMARA—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mathers and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-113 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE
Pattern Coupon, 4/1/36.

Why I Use A Non-absorbent Face Powder by a Bond Street Beauty Specialist

Ordinary face powders only prevent oily shine for a few minutes. Then the powder itself becomes shiny. This is because ordinary powders absorb the skin's natural moisture and form a glistening paste like wet flour. Chemists have devoted years of study to finding a non-absorbent face powder. They succeeded finally by blending with the powder a new ingredient called Mousse de Cream. This process has now been patented by Tokalon.



Poudre Tokalon, because it contains Mousse de Cream, cannot soak up the skin's moisture. Poudre Tokalon avoids all caking and patchiness. It gives an even smooth "dull finish"—just like the bloom on a fresh peach. The Mousse de Cream in Poudre Tokalon prevents it from drying up the natural oils of the skin, causing it to become rough and dry-like ordinary powders do. Poudre Tokalon stays on five times as long as ordinary powders. It clings to the skin in all weathers and while dancing for hours in the hottest room. It is the one powder that prevents ugly skin shine all day long but itself never becomes shiny. Price 1/6 a box (including Sales Tax).

Poudre Tokalon
Mousse de Cream Face Powder.

Forget Sunburn —but remember OATINE CREAM

Let soothing Oatine Cream banish the heat and pain of sunburn... and the redness, too. Take a tube of Oatine Cream with you to the beach, and keep a jar at home.

You'll find that Oatine Cream—which is famous as a cleansing cream for night use—is delightful to use, as well as healing and curative. Men like it after shaving.

OATINE CREAM is sold in 3/6 and 4/6 jars and 1/- tubes by chemists and stores, or from Oatine (Aust.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2478MM, Sydney. 3/11.45.



What would You Mother Say?
Pay 2/- for the Cure, or 3/- for a Cure—
Cure Nothing!

If You Suffer From

BLOOD PRESSURE

Get the Only Right Remedy—

ARTERIAL TABLETS

Dr. Neuhart's Genuine German Remedy.
Give them a fair trial, and if you do not feel a new man or woman afterwards your money will be refunded. Nothing can be more generous. I have hundreds and hundreds of substantiated testimonials.
No more Depression, Oldness, Pains in the Head, Trembling, Lack of Energy, Cerebralness in Walking, Loss of Hearing, Weak Eyesight, Hot Flashes, Exhaustion, Failing Memory, No more fear of a stroke or cardiac death.
Your blood pressure has gone and gone for ever.
Price: 1/-, 3 weeks, 2/-, 10 weeks (full course); trial supply, 5/-.
Obtainable at leading Chemists or direct from C. WENDEL, 43 Wellington Street, New, S.A. Victoria.***

TWO hours later the dark-haired girl entered the lounge. Unfortunately, the lounge was empty except for the inevitable Red Head idly smoking a cigarette. But Eliza Bazan was not entirely disconcerted. She conjured a charming smile for his particular benefit. Red Head smiled back encouragingly.

"I understand you're in pictures?" said Red Head.

"That's right," she nodded. "We're doing a thrilling drama of the desert and the Red Sea."

"You couldn't have chosen a better spot," ventured Red Head.

"Why do you know Port Sudan?" she asked.

"I think I know it fairly thoroughly," he modestly admitted.

"Oh, then you must tell me all about it," she smiled eagerly, a little too eagerly.

Red Head shrugged his shoulders.

"For a charming young lady like yourself, Port Sudan possesses little of interest."

"Oh, I should like to see it. Won't you take me to-morrow?"

Red Head laughed.

"I'll see what I can do," he promised.

Still in shorts and khaki shirt, the powerfully-built man whom Red Head had seen climbing the steps of the hotel now entered the lounge.

"Zyg!" called the girl. "Come over here. This nice gentleman says he is going to show me over the fort to-morrow."

Zyg Karinsky's cruel mouth let forth a chuckle.

"You and your fort," he chaffed the girl. He nodded affably to Red Head.

"She's crazy about the darned things. What she sees in 'em beats me."

Eliza Bazan tinkled with laughter.

She turned to Red Head.

"This is Zyg Karinsky," she began

formally. "I—I don't think you mentioned your name."

Red Head smiled.

"I must apologise," he bowed. "I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Karinsky. My name is Paul Rocher."

ELIZA BAZAN was thunderstruck.

"Mon Dieu!" she ejaculated.

Zyg Karinsky gave her a swift, lowering look.

"This is indeed a surprise, Mr. Rocher," began the film director. "I had no idea that—"

"I was telling the gentlemen—er, Mr. Rocher," broke in the girl hurriedly, "that we were filming a story of the desert, one of the adventures of Red Head of the Red Sea."

"Why, yes," smiled Karinsky, a little uneasily.

"That's so, Mr. Rocher. Your adventures are not unknown in Hollywood. No, sir. And the public admire a character such as you. A man with a flair for adventure, eh?"

"You flatter me. This is really very embarrassing," said Red Head quietly.

"Not at all, sir. You deserve it," went on Karinsky boldly, feeling that he was managing the situation magnificently. "This is really great, Mr. Rocher. Fancy us meeting the real Red Head of the Red Sea. I must tell the boys. You will dine with us to-night. Of course you'll dine with us?"

"Of course I will," chuckled Red Head.

"That's settled, then," said Karinsky, rubbing his hands together. "At eight o'clock?"

"Eight o'clock," agreed Red Head and slowly rose out of his chair.

"Going for a stroll, Mr. Rocher?" asked the film director, still in a forced, jovial mood.

Red Head nodded.

"Yes, I thought I would walk as far as the wireless station and chat with a few friends there." He turned to the girl. "There is a wireless station, you know, as well as a fort."

"Is there?" faltered the girl.

The dinner was hardly a success. Meeting their hero in the flesh seemed to have damped the whole party of Oriental Productions, Inc.

Yet Paul Rocher enjoyed it. He was the only one who appeared perfectly at ease.

FOUR GUESTS

Continued from Page 7

The dark-haired Eliza Bazan rose from her chair at a little after nine o'clock and begged to be excused. Zyg Karinsky dismissed her with a benevolent wave of a paw.

"O.K. Eliza. Don't forget I want you on location at eight o'clock sharp in the morning."

She nodded and hurried away with an obvious sigh of relief.

"Lisa makes friends wherever she happens to land," explained Karinsky, with an attempt at a jovial smile.

"So I've observed," said Red Head dryly.

There followed a grunt from Joe Peretz, the cameraman.

It was Zyg Karinsky who kept the conversation going, his voice shouting across the dining-room.

Only once did Red Head's politely interested expression change, and that was when the Arab porter, Kamel, passed behind his chair with a whisper in Arabic.

"Master, I will be in your room at ten o'clock, if Allah permits it."

"What's that nigger grunting about?" asked Karinsky quickly.

"I didn't hear," replied Red Head carelessly. "But possibly he was murmuring a prayer from the Koran as he worked. It is the hour of the fifth prayer, you know."

Karinsky's eyes had narrowed suspiciously, but the incident passed.

At five minutes to ten, Red Head vaguely suggested retiring.

"Nonsense, Rocher," shouted Karinsky. "The evening's young. I don't meet an interesting fellow like yourself every day. Now, come on, let's hear some of your adventures."



Asking FATHER

"Why do they always speak of the 'holy' state of matrimony, Dad?"

"Because that is where all the martyrs are to be found, son!"

"There are really none to tell," replied Red Head modestly. "Just dull days in the desert."

"I don't believe it," insisted the persistent Karinsky. "I just don't believe it. Now, what about that fellow who sold beds in the desert. Let me see, wasn't his name Talala—Josef Talala?"

"Quite right," nodded Red Head. He turned his keen grey eyes towards the film director.

"Did you by chance meet him during your wanderings in the Red Sea, Mr. Karinsky?"

Karinsky's cruel mouth stretched into a grin.

"Not me. Does he exist?"

"Oh, yes, he exists," nodded Red Head, grimly.

His gaze sought the clock. It was exactly ten o'clock.

"Talala must be a tough guy," mused the film director.

"He is very tough," agreed Red Head. "Some day we shall meet again—"

Somewhere in the distant corridors of the hotel a shot rang out. Red Head instinctively leaped to his feet.

At the sound of that shot the excitable Syrian manager scuttled from his office and began a rapid fire of questioning in Arabic to the servants.

There came an echo of frightened replies from the corridor. A chance phrase reached Red Head. He strode towards the portly Syrian and gripped him by the arm.

"Where is he?" he asked abruptly.

The Syrian rabbled.

"The sound came from number four. The servants say they can taste powder."

"Number four is my room," said Red Head.

He raced along the concrete corridor. His door was locked, but in a few seconds he had inserted the key and entered the room. A crumpled heap of yellowish white garments was in the centre of the room, and from that heap trickled a thin red stream.

Quickly Red Head stretched out a hand and raised the heap of garments. He found himself staring at the sagging head of Kamel, the Arab porter. The eyes were already glazed, the brown face lifeless.

With an exclamation of bitter disappointment Red Head let the bundle sink back to the floor. His grey eyes

glanced to the open window that led to the balcony outside the room. By that way Kamel had entered the room. From that same window, out of the darkness beyond, the Arab had been shot.

"Cosh! This looks serious," shouted a voice.

Karinsky had entered the room, followed by the fat Syrian.

"It's damned serious," said Red Head. He turned to the Syrian. "Telephone the police, and ask Captain Manners to come over at once," he commanded.

"This is terrible," moaned the Syrian. "Why do these things happen in the most respectable hotel?"

Still moaning and protesting, he hurried away to the telephone. Red Head and Karinsky were left alone, staring at that dead bundle.

"Well, I guess this looks like a real desert feud," hazarded the film director. "You know, Rocher, I always thought that nigger had something on his mind. I suppose some fellow has been on his trail for months. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, eh?"

Red Head narrowed his grey eyes and faced Karinsky squarely.

"It was nothing of the kind," he said quietly. "I call it cold-blooded murder."

THE Chief of Police had come and gone. The body had been removed. A search in the darkness outside had revealed nothing. No footprints in the sand. No sign of a prowling Arab.

An examination of the body revealed that Kamel had been shot from behind, the bullet passing through his heart. Death had been practically instantaneous. To the inquiries as to why Kamel should have been in his room, Red Head replied with a shrug of his shoulders. He said nothing.

Yet now, at one o'clock in the morning, as he lay on his bed in the darkness, he pondered the problem. He knew from that whisper at the dinner-table that Kamel had come to his room with a message. And someone else knew it. Because of that Kamel had been murdered.

The message must have been of deadly importance.

Zyg Karinsky had been voluble but not very helpful in the questioning by Captain Manners. He had picked up the Arab from among a crowd in Aden. He claimed to know the desert, and Karinsky had imagined that he would be useful for occasional film work.

"The nigger looks picturesque, but I always thought he had something on his mind," he reiterated.

And there, for the moment, the matter had ended. Asked by the Syrian manager if he desired to change his room, Paul Rocher shook his head. He had retired, stretched himself on the bed, and lay in the darkness, re-voicing the problem in his mind.

A strange film expedition this, which arrived out of the base of the Red Sea. Three men, a girl, and two Arabs. And now one of the Arabs was dead murdered at the moment when he was bringing an important message to Red Head. Why—why—why? The question impressed itself on Red Head's mind with the rhythmic tread of heavy feet.

Crunch—crunch—crunch! It was the real tread of a white man, somewhere outside on the verandah. Red Head slipped from the bed and moved quickly to the window. His grey eyes peered into the darkness. He discerned a big, heavy form moving away from the hotel.

Red Head was used to this queer darkness of the desert. He realised that the big form crunching heavily through the sand was the film director, Zyg Karinsky. And he carried with him into the darkness two cameras. He was moving in the direction of the harbor works, laboring under the heavy burden of the cameras.

Red Head's first thought was that Karinsky was making a bolt for it. With this idea in his mind he turned his back upon the window, opened the door, moved quietly along the corridor, and in less than a minute had entered Karinsky's room.

But the room presented an ordered appearance. There were no indications of an immediate flight by the film director.

Red Head's attention was attracted by a little group of books on a table by the bed. One of them in red binding was a familiar volume. He picked it up. "The Red Sea and Gulf of Aden Pilot." British Admiralty charts and soundings and directions for sailors. Some of the maps were marked in pencil. He whistled softly to himself as he examined them. The other books were Government handbooks to the Red Sea region. An official Italian chart to Eritrea. A French map of Abyssinia. Notes about Djibouti. Obviously Zyg Karinsky was tremendously interested in the topography of this region.

Please turn to Page 38

UNSIGHTLY HAIRS...



... Kill Romance

Nothing destroys a woman's charm in the eyes of a man so much as ugly superfluous hair. Yet no woman dare use a razor, because it simply makes the hair grow faster, and all depilatory pastes hitherto known have been evil smelling and dangerous. Now Science has discovered a perfected toilet cream called New Veet which ends unwanted hair in 3 minutes. You just apply it from the tube and then wash off with water. The hair simply falls away, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. No ugly dark patch like the razor leaves. Because the hair is removed below the skin surface, New Veet is just like a sweetly scented toilet cream, and as easy and pleasant to use. Success—guaranteed or money refunded.

By special arrangement with the publishers, every woman reader of this paper can obtain a package of NEW VEET ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send 4/- in stamps in cover of postage, packing and other expenses. Address: P.O. Box 3079 SS (Dept. 387), H. J. Sydney, N.S.W.



PUT IT ON WITH A CLOTH

JOHNSON'S GLO-COAT POLISHES ITSELF

By the makers of Johnson's Polishing Wax, Automobile Wax, and Cleaner.

GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE

GET HOLD OF THAT COLD! Don't let it get hold of you, for it may lead to a more serious illness. GREATHEAD'S MIXTURE taken in accordance with the directions, will immediately relieve the worst of colds and prevent further trouble.

Mixed with Honey, Children will take it Freely. OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food is not digested. It just decays in the bowels. When bile is not flowing, you get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sore, tired and weary and the worst liver bile. Laxatives are only uncleanliness. A more powerful movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes the good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, and absolutely reliable. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes only: 1/3 and 2/- boxes. Return a substitute.***

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Sunning Your Way to Loveliness

Once again, a word of warning—It is wise to go slowly at the outset. Too long exposure to the sun when you "go down to the sea" may have undesirable consequences

By
EVELYN



NEVER can understand why it is that so many reasonably sane people rush sun-bathing and thoroughly over-cook themselves in their hurried efforts to acquire satiny-bronze beauty. Why, oh why, do they not hasten slowly?

DON'T for a moment think that because some people can stand a lot of strong sunlight without blistering you can set out in a heat-wave and come home golden-hued. You'll most likely come home with a painfully burnt lobster-hued skin and suffer agonies for a week.

Is it worth it?

I saw a girl in evening dress last night and I pitied her. Her back and shoulders were blotched, seared-looking in spots, and her skin will look more like old leather than the hoped-for tanned loveliness.

Forewarned—Forearmed

No, even if sun-baking is sheer delight, curb your desire to over-do it. Start with just a few blissful minutes at a time, and gradually increase the time until you can sun-bathe happily for hours without any unpleasant results to your skin.

And before you take your sun-bath you must provide your skin with artificial oil to take the place of the natural oil that is going to

be dried out of it by sun and salt air. The best and cheapest oil for this is coconut oil. You can, however, use olive oil.

Spend five minutes at least on rubbing the oil into the skin that is going to be exposed, paying particular attention to your shoulder joints, the neck and back, and that little V-shaped piece in the front of the neck, which is apt to go such a nasty lobster-like red.

And, after all, if you find that the sun-tan which you longed for so much is not the affair of beauty which you expected it to be, here is an easy and beneficial way of removing it. Take the juice of half a dozen tomatoes and mix it well with its own volume of rose-water. It is both an astringent and bleach which is kind to the most sensitive skin.

When the Surf Calls

BEFORE surfing, rub your arms, legs, neck and face with a protecting cream—any cold cream or good emollient will do for this.

A home-made recipe—a simple and easy one to make, too—can be prepared, bottled, and made ready in a short time to take with you. Here it is:

Slice half a cucumber—don't peel it—into a saucepan. Add a small cup of milk, and simmer for an hour. When cool, press out the juice, and strain. To this add an equal quantity of almond oil and glycerine and rose-water.

The latter you can buy ready-mixed. Bottle and shake well before using. This is an excellent lotion, and will keep the skin soft and pliable despite wind and salt water.

If you wish, you can powder over this



BEAUTY FACES THE SUN—a lovely study of Rochelle Hudson, Fox star. . . Remember, sun and salt water, if taken with common sense discretion, are the best of beauty tonics. Don't overdo sunbathing and don't over-expose yourself to hot, blazing sun if you, too, would acquire radiant freshness and bronzed loveliness.

lotion, for it makes an excellent powder base.

And a tip in the interests of hair beauty: If you should get your hair wet, wash it at the very first opportunity. Salt water bleaches it and makes it sticky, brittle, and difficult to manage, besides being bad for the permanent wave.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: The members of your profession seem to think that teeth are the cause of about ninety per cent. of ill-health. Is this just a fad, or rather something that has a reason, or is it quite true? My son had what seemed to me to be perfectly good teeth, yet, acting under doctor's instructions, he had four extracted. Are you in agreement with this sort of thing?

BY A DOCTOR

ALTHOUGH the idea may shock you, it is, nevertheless, an incontrovertible fact that the mouth is probably the body's most prolific breeding-place of viruses and dangerous germs. It is astonishing to note the number and variety to be found in this area.

Small wonder then that when our resistance is lowered we so readily develop disease. The tonsils may be the breeding-places of germs. Many people have tonsils which, like a sieve, continually pass poisonous products into the system. Although not all tonsils need be removed, enlarged, inflamed and diseased tonsils should invariably be taken out. Tonsils of no use to you are merely sources of trouble. Particles of food become lodged between the teeth, decay, and produce poisons. Often the toothbrush does not clean well in the tooth spaces. Dental floss should be employed by all persons whose teeth are separated.

People whose teeth accumulate tartar rapidly should have their teeth scraped and cleaned by a dentist as often as once every three months. No one should go longer than six months without dental care.

WE have, as another germ source, root abscesses. We must not heedlessly pull out every tooth that has formed a pus-pocket at the end. Often such disease pockets can be treated and cured, saving the tooth. But it is not always possible, or advisable. In any case, occasional X-ray pictures of all

the teeth should be made, and the dentist consulted as to the best course of procedure.

The gums are also very important in the preservation of the maximum health of the mouth cavity. You all know how common pyorrhea is and how stubbornly it may resist treatment. This is usually because the body had not been built up sufficiently. You must make the gums healthy by sending rich, pure blood into them. Local treatment cannot, therefore, always accomplish the desired results.

Coated tongue is another harbinger of the mouth. Scrub it well every day when you do your teeth, but watch your diet and bowels. Trying to clean the tongue without attention to food intake and elimination is working from the wrong end. If your stomach and intestines are working as they should, the tongue will take care of itself.

SMOKING often produces bad breath. There is also the danger from smoking, especially the pipe, that the frequent stream of heat on a certain place in the mouth may cause a degree of irritation that later may develop into cancer. Smokers should also guard against gumbeils, or other sore places on the inside of the cheeks or tongue, and for the same reason. And everybody should get rid of jagged teeth edges and should have rough teeth polished smooth.

Mouth washes and antiseptics help to keep the mouth sweet and clean, but don't get the idea that a gargle or two a day will kill all the germs. Everything considered, the mouth probably needs more constant attention than any other part of the body.

Compacts

EYEBROW-PLUCKING.

If you want to trim shaggy eyebrows here's a tip to find the stragglers easily: Brush the eyebrows straight up towards your forehead, draw a comb along the top edge; then the stragglers are quite apparent. Pluck these out with small tweezers, and also any stray hairs underneath the brows which spoil the line.

DRINK WATER.

The best beauty tip in the world is to drink a minimum of eight glasses of water every day. This will cleanse your body internally, keep your skin fresh and unblemished, your eyes bright and sparkling.

WEAR YOUR GLASSES.

A word to those who should wear spectacles, but who try to do without them. You are encouraging a healthy batch of wrinkles and lines which detract far more from the appearance than any spectacles.

CLEANSING THE SKIN.

Move with great gentleness when cleansing the skin around the eyes. It is easily stretched, and so must be handled delicately.

FOR BRITTLE NAILS.

If your nails are brittle, and won't grow long, rub some cream all over the nails at night. Remove all varnish first, or the cream won't do its work.

SUMMER FRECKLES.

Here's a bleach for summer freckles. Mix some freshly-grated horseradish with pure cider-vinegar, and bathe the face with it once a day.

NOTES BY A LADY OF FASHION

Monday.
Had lovely letters of thanks for my Xmas gifts. Everybody was very pleased with my choice. Am not surprised because I gave Lustre Stockings to my girl friends and Lustre always gives satisfaction.

Lustre
full fashioned
Stockings

Lustre full fashioned stockings are to be had in every fashionable shade at prices from 4/11 to 12/11

From Smart Stores Everywhere



Today Your Lipstich Must Match Your Nail Polish...

Be one of the first to follow this new make-up vogue!

Cutex Lipsticks are creamy, but not greasy. Easy to spread, they won't dry your lips. Reasonably priced, you can buy one of each shade, and be ready for every occasion.

Cutex gives you Ruby Lipstick to match your Cutex Ruby Polish; Coral Lipstick for Cutex Coral Polish; Coral Lipstick for Cutex Coral Polish; Natural Lipstick to go with Cutex Natural, Rose or Mauve Polish.



CUTEX

Prices: Liquid Polish 1/- and 2/-; Lipstick 1/6 everywhere.



Neuralgia used to drive me crazy

but now I never let it get beyond the first twinges. I just take a 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder and in a few minutes the pain disappears. If you have never tried 'Bayer' A.P.C. a revelation in quick relief awaits you. The exceptional purity of the 'Bayer' ingredients accounts for the wonderful curative efficacy of 'Bayer' A.P.C. Powder in relieving Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness and those prostrating periods to which many women are liable. To doctors and chemists the world over the name 'BAYER' on any remedy is the Hall Mark of reliability, and it is your best guarantee of quick relief from pain.

Box of 12 powders, 1/6; Box of 24 powders, 2/6; 6/- all chemists.

'BAYER' A.P.C.

QUICK-SURE-SAFE



NO CAT SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT!

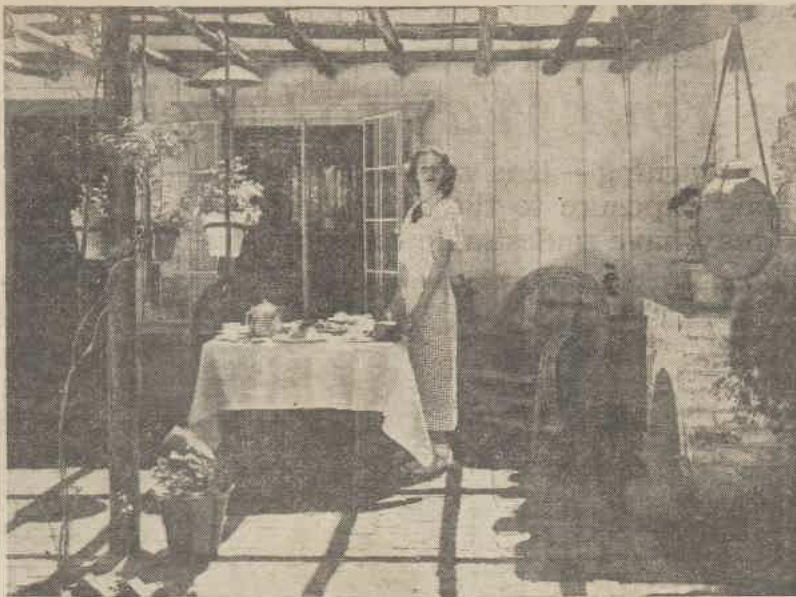
Pulvex keeps cats free from fleas and lice. It kills parasites dead, and prevents re-infestation. Dose: one, two, or three drops, once a week, and give them a pet-free skin. Unlike other powders Pulvex does not make a cat sick from licking itself. Pulvex costs no more than a few drops of liniment. Get Pulvex at all chemists and druggists—1/2 the bottle size, 1/2.



Wholesale Distributors: WILLIAM COOPER & NEPHEWS (Aust.) Ltd., 4 O'Connell Street, Sydney.

PULVEX

KILLS PLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF



A RUSTIC AND ALTOGETHER delightful setting for outdoor meals. Note the fireplace, quite a feature of many up-to-date American houses. Potted plants decorate the rustic mantelpiece and plants and climbers thrive alongside! Observe, too, the type of simple support for the roof and the gay china pots holding attractive plants. Breakfast would be a pleasant affair in this sunny, picturesque spot.

—Photo by courtesy Warner Bros.

First New Year Planting!

GROW STOCKS—Colorful, fragrant, trustworthy—no garden can be dull with them

—Says the Old Gardener!

You who read these columns, when January 1 dawns, make your New Year's resolution out in the garden—with a trowel, and a hose, and a pair of ready hands! Make a resolution never to neglect your beautiful garden, and to make it more beautiful than ever.

Start the year by planting stocks to hold the fort after the lovely summer display has disappeared, says the Old Gardener. Stocks are beautiful, colorful, trustworthy flowers and should be planted now.

At the close of another year, we look back over one year's work and one year's hard experience, note our mistakes, our failures—but think about and remember our successes. For if 1936 is to be worth while we must start afresh and happy, and then put forward our best efforts to make it a year of success and prosperity.

Particularly must we make a New Year resolution to make our gardens bigger, better, and more beautiful.

Our gardens are now looking their best, are gay with color, flowering with stocks, phlox, petunias, snapdragons, etc., all the result of our own happy efforts. But now we are at a new year, and must plan and work for its successful garden, and plant out anew the flowers that are to take the place of the disappearing summer display.

Let us turn our attention to stocks: These plants always give a gorgeous display in late winter and early spring. They are favorites with everyone, and usually burst into flower when the whole of the garden is otherwise dull and uninteresting.

Plant them early. Get the seed in at once. Make a bed in a cool, semi-shaded spot in the garden. Poor soil will do. Dig and weed it well. Mark off into sections. Press the soil firm with a piece of flat board, sprinkle the seed over the surface, cover lightly, give a good watering.

In a few days the plants will be through. Keep them on the move, water sparingly for stocks do not like too much water.

When about an inch high, prick them out into boxes, planting them out about an inch apart. They can then be easily transplanted without receiving shock on moving.

Prepare For Them

While the young plants are growing, turn your attention to preparing the beds for the transplantation. The main thing is to select a good, sunny,

well-drained position. The soil must be deep, well worked with a good, free, open base to allow for the draining away of all excess water.

Once the plants are checked in their growth by bad drainage and excessively wet conditions, they become diseased and will not come to maturity. I have also seen beautiful beds of stocks ruined by over-watering. Some gardeners allow



HERE'S A REALLY excellent way of making roses and other cut flowers with woody stems last longer. With a sharp knife peel off the outside of the stem for about six inches from the end. Slip up the stem for the same distance. Then put the flowers in water, which will soak up into the flowers and keep them fresh.

the sprinkler to remain on a bed for hours, day after day. This is absolutely unnecessary—one good soaking each week is quite sufficient. Mulching between the rows with any suitable material will imprison the moisture in the soil, or if no such material is avail-

able, continued working of the soil to break up the capillary action will do more good than all this constant watering with a sprinkler.

Liquid manure from time to time during the growing period will force them along.

They Love Potash

REMEMBER stocks love potash, so add all the wood ash from the house or from any fire of rubbish from the incinerator. Sulphate of potash can be purchased very reasonably from seed or produce merchants. One teaspoonful to every gallon of water poured around the plant or between the rows—one gallon to every twenty plants is sufficient. Do this once a week, for it will be well worth your trouble.

When purchasing stock seed always buy the very best strain. The little extra expense is made up for because you will get a larger percentage of double flowers. Cheap seed gives nearly all single bloom. And in transplanting, one can mostly select the double variety by choosing the strong, robust, and healthy plants.

Stock seed can be obtained in about eighteen separate colors and, of course, in mixed colors as well. Sowing and planting the colors separately will produce a wonderful display.

Here are some excellent varieties: Abundance (white), Salmon King (salmon), Crimson King (brilliant crimson), Lloyd George (fine red), President Wilson (blue), Parma Violet (blue), Light Blue (very fine blue), Summer Night (dark blue), Almond Blossom (white shaded carmine), Rose of Noce (rose mauve). A selection of all these will give a glorious display.

BRIGHTER GARDENS

With This Magic Fertiliser

A FERTILISER that can be applied in soluble form as well as in the ordinary way, and can be relied upon to give new life and vigor, and color gaiety to your garden.

One of the finest garden fertilizers is made up of the following:
5 parts of superphosphate.
6 parts bonedust.
2 parts sulphate potash.
2 parts sulphate ammonia.

This mixture can be applied with safety at the rate of 4oz. to the square yard. Lightly fork in.

This fertilizer can also be applied in soluble form. Omit, however, the five parts of bonedust quoted above. Use one teaspoonful of the fertilizer (which has been thoroughly mixed) to one gallon of water. Stir well. A small quantity of this should be poured round the base of the plants. Do not allow the solution to touch the foliage. Remove the "rose" from the watering-can for this purpose. It is as well to hose afterwards just in case some of the fertilizer has inadvertently touched the foliage.

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of Skin Preparation.



From Actual Photo. (Unretouched).
Mrs. Helen Dagmar, Bondi Road, aged 57. Taken on July 1934.



From Actual Photo. (Unretouched).
Mrs. Helen Dagmar, Bondi Road, taken on July 23rd, 1934, after 4 applications of New Plasmic.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes.

NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Improves permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG. YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG. BLEMISHED SKIN MADE PERFECT. THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION, or Large Tube, containing full instructions, posted free to any address for \$1.00. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them (with full instructions) for postal note of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN ARBAT, Radio House, 236 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Drink habit soon banished

FOR OVER 20 YEARS CHICAGO has won unbroken success as a complete remedy for the drink habit. May we give security or false ally? Guaranteed harmless. No cure, thousands of voluntary testimonials showing success in completely banishing the habit. Call or write today for Free Sample, Brochure, Testimonials, Civil Service, Case B. THE EUCRASY CO., 237 Elizabeth St. Sydney.

filthy FLIES CAN KILL...

Flies are born and bred in filth. They contaminate all they touch, and spread disease. Protect yourself from flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches and all other insects, with genuine Fly-Tox—before all substitutes.

FLY-TOX

MAN WORKED OVER-TIME WHILE LEG HEALED

"Three treatment has been quite successful on that bad leg of mine—a miracle, in fact. To try would be would be too completely and I never lost an hour's work from the first day. In fact, I have been working overtime on it three days a week. I have not failed to tell people of your simple and cheap cure." Write to-day for free Varns Bandage, Brochure, History, Physiochemical Chart, Vasey Ltd., 3rd Floor, Dymally's Building, 245 George Street, Sydney; 925 Collins St., Melbourne.***

CESARINE

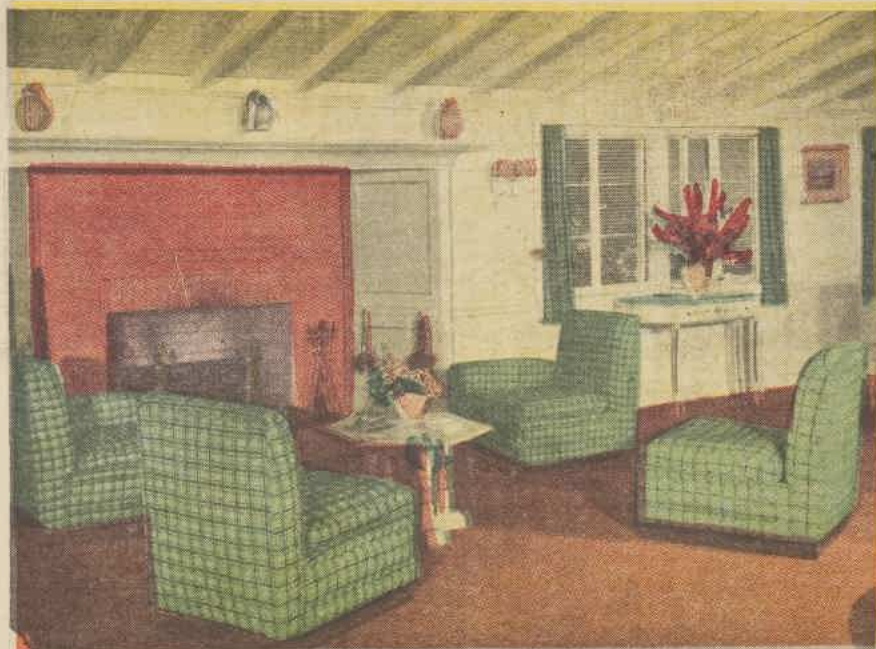
The Wonder Cloth
—a word that covers a lot



64 shades
36ins Wide
1 1/2 yd

REST is the Sweet Sauce of Labor!

By . . .
OUR HOME
DECORATOR



THE COLORFUL ROOM above, so simply yet charmingly furnished, features the new unit chairs, which may be grouped together if desired. Note the sketch at bottom right. —Photos by courtesy Fox Films.

Let us make our homes of 1936 comfortable, inviting sanctuaries

ABOVE all things a home must be a place of relaxation. I think that to live in a beautifully-furnished house which is not comfortable would be like living in a museum. To live in a house where one would be afraid of dropping into an armchair for fear of damaging the springs or being admonished for leaning against an elaborate cushion would be worse.

I HAVE in mind as I write several houses of this type—one could not, honestly, call them homes. Here, the weary worker on returning home at eventide knows not rest, the sweet sauce



FRINGE, quite a favored trimming on modern chairs and divans, may be seen on the self-toned upholstered lounge above. The circular cushions match.



AN INVITING GLIMPSE of an attractive room, which features deep rich cream walls, taupe colored floor coverings—contrasting beautifully with the old rose chintz and oyster figured lounge.

of labor, the utter comfort and complete relaxation to be derived from sinking into a cushioned lounge and for a little while letting the whole world go



HAPPY INVITATION to rest . . . the rose-and-blue divan in the nursery of small Irving Thalberg, son of Norma Shearer, famous M.-G.-M. star. The walls of this room are soft ivory; the furniture is enamelled cream; and a dull blue rag covers the floor.

by. . . Tiny bodies so tired from play have never known the joy of climbing up on to the "big, lovely chair," snuggling down into its cushioned depths and slipping blissfully off to sleep-land.

All this may sound strange to the real home-maker, whose one aim it is to make her home into a comfortable, restful, inviting centre. In other words, a place where the whole family can move about with comfort, can sink into chairs without fear of breaking the springs or of spoiling the upholstery.

Choose Wisely

With such a wealth of fabrics at hand for the covering of chairs and lounges, it should not be at all difficult for the housewife to choose fabrics that will stand up to wear, and face the tub with equanimity. Delicate colors should not be considered. There are many fadeless linens, cretonnes, chintzes, and the like that will tone in beautifully with any scheme and which, as loose covers, rejuvenate shabby articles of furniture as well as protect, when required, new, upholstered furniture.

Plaid homespun-looking mat-



BILLIE ANDREASSEN, lovely young Australian, and "stand-in" for Helen Twelvetrees in "The Thoroughbred," the film now in the making, finds it is one of life's luxuries to sink into a comfortable lounge and rest awhile between calls.

cessfully to upholstering. It is a more comfortable-to-the-feel material than hessian.

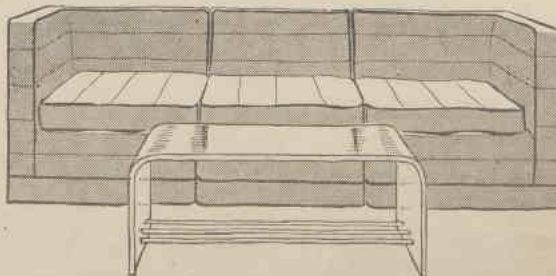
I saw it used with splendid effect in an off-white living-room. The chairs were upholstered in a beige-toned burlap; walls deep cream, with just a hint of saffron in the cream; floors covered in a beige felt and rugs of beige and soft blue. Curtains were made of oatmeal cloth, lined with a sateen-like material in the same shade. Colorful prints on the walls, brightly-hued bowls filled with flowers created further charm. A magic-like spaciousness was achieved in this manner.

Keeping Them Immaculate

MY only objection to the whole scheme was the too-light color of lounge and chairs, but the young housewife tells me that she keeps them immaculate with bran. Soil marks are well rubbed with hot bran; sticky spots with careful sponging with soap and water; greasy spots with petrol. These cleansing agents could also be applied to any type of coarse-weave upholstery. So keep them in mind.

To those who purpose furnishing or redecorating their home, the main colorful illustration on this page should be inspiring. The chairs you see placed singly may be grouped together to form a lounge. The sketch below gives you one combination, though a number of combinations are possible. This is quite a new idea in what is termed unit furnishing. Any manufacturer should be competent enough to carry out the making of these chair units which are not only smart, but decidedly practical, to my way of thinking.

Some of London's most up-to-date flats, too, are featuring this type of unit chair, upholstered in fabrics to match the color scheme of the rooms. —E.E.G.



THIS MODERN LOUNGE is ideal for the small home, for it is made up of three units, each a chair in itself (note the same type of chairs placed singly in the colorful illustration.) A number of combinations are possible.

JAZZ PIANO

I can teach YOU!

No matter where you live, by means of my wonderful Personal Postal Course. Beginners learn right away. Those who already play piano, learn the trick effects and stunts used by leading radio and recording pianists. Convert all the latest songs into snappy, rhythmic syncopation, and win a warm welcome wherever you go.

YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!
Send 2/6 (P.N. or stamps) for my handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and a surprise enclosure, a really unique musical novelty!

TEDDIE GARRATT
Studio W., Box 2847, G.P.O., Sydney

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"I can look forward to Summer—thanks to FLYWIRE"

"For years I dreaded the arrival of summer, with its flies that would change my peaceful kitchen into a place of turmoil. Mosquitoes buzz buzzing. Moths flitting about the lights. Then my daughter-in-law suggested flywire screens. Doors, windows, sleep-out, verandah, even the chimneys—I had them all covered. The change was remarkable. Kitchen windows wide open, yet not a fly in sight. Meals eaten in peace. Evenings on the verandah something to look forward to. It seems hard to imagine that thousands of other women still put up with awful summers because they just haven't thought of flywire."

Cyclone

"Cyclone" Flywire is made in three grades: GOLDEN BRONZE—most suitable for seaside and the tropics. ZINCOID (Electro Galvanised)—standard weight in widths from 10 in. to 48 in. HEAVY GALVANISED—much heavier—much stronger.

Obtainable at all Hardware Stores.



Don't feel old too soon!

The kidneys, if properly cared for, should perform their function until ripe old age.

DON'T REGARD BACKACHE, urinary disorders, getting up at night, dizzy attacks and rheumatic pains as necessary discomforts of advancing years. These symptoms of kidney weakness can be overcome by strengthening the kidneys with Doans Backache Kidney Pills. When the kidneys are actively at work filtering away excess uric acid and other poisons, that feeling of premature old age will quickly disappear.

CONVINCING PROOF

Mrs. Morrill, 102 Broom Avenue, Darlington, Sydney, says: "For some time my health was far from good, due to the fact that my kidneys were very disordered. When I first began to feel off colour I did not bother about it, but that is where I made a mistake, the pain in my back got worse and worse and by the time Doan's Backache Kidney Pills were recommended to me I was suffering terribly. After taking this remedy for a few days my health began to improve and by the time I had used five bottles I was completely cured."

Eight years later, Mrs. Morrill, says: "I am still well and have had no return of backache since Doan's Backache Kidney Pills cured me."

Refuse inferior substitutes. Insist upon

DOANS
Backache Kidney Pills

The genuine package bears the Leaf Trade Mark.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Something New and Very Smart

This little idea will be happily hailed by hundreds of my readers—a smart bag and comfy seat all in one. Just think! You can carry your surfing needs in this smart-looking little affair, and then on the beach "zip" it open and, behold! you have a cushioned seat.

THEN again, when you lie to the bush, you'll find it spacious enough for a thermos, sandwiches, or some magazines, your own copy of The Australian Women's Weekly, and, perhaps, holiday needlework.

You'll find it, too, a comfortable seat, with one flap against a tree or rock (see illustration) making a luxury back-rest. Moreover, if the ground is inclined to be damp you needn't worry, the oil baize prevents the moisture from penetrating.

The original, which artist Petrov has sketched for you, was carried out in check oil baize lined with an attractive two-toned linen. Another pretty one was carried out in pale blue oil baize decorated with a dainty floral design in soft pink and lined with blue linen.

Seeing that you can buy, to-day, oil baize in a happy variety of colors and designs at most stores, you can choose.

Garden Cushions

SHABBY cushions from the home if covered with gaily-colored waterproof fabric make splendid cushions for the garden. A loop should be added to one side of the cover, so that the cushion can be hung on the back of your chair. It will not then slide about. Again, waterproof covers may be made to fit your good indoor cushions. These can be slipped over them before being taken to the garden and so keep them in perfect condition.

any design that appeals most to your taste. And you can line it with cotton, burlap, dyed hessian—anything strong yet attractive.

Materials required: Half yard oil baize, 1 yard linen, 3 zip fasteners 12 inches in length, and a small amount of kapok.

How To Make It

CUT out the oil baize and linen 15 inches by 27 inches, then cut two strips of baize, 3 inches by 14 inches, for the handles.

Place the linen and baize together wrong sides facing; stitch down both sides one inch from the edge, leaving the top and bottom open.

Place the kapok in position—only a

For the Hiking Girl, the Beach Girl and those who go A-Picnicking!

All-in-one Cushion-Bag swiftly made, easily made from patterned oil baize



DON'T YOU THINK this oil baize cushion-bag worth making? It carries your picnic and surfing needs smartly, and lol when you wish to sit you simply "zip" the bag open and it becomes a comfy seat. And no need to worry if the ground is damp, for the oil baize prevents the moisture from penetrating.

little is required—stitch top and bottom, leaving sufficient space for the handles to be inserted.

Take the two strips for handles, turn them in lengthwise, stitch slip in position in bag, and stitch firmly.

Now place a zip fastener in between

the one-inch edge at side of bag (turn the bag up, diagram shows bag open and zippers in position), turn in edges, and stitch. Treat the remaining zipper in the same manner.

When it is required as a cushion, merely "zip" open the sides.

Colorful, Woollen Beads

Make This Charming Novel Necklet

If You Like Necklets, Try Your Hand—the Cost Is Negligible.

Gay and colorful beads add charm and distinction to any frock, and the unusual necklet pictured here offers a splendid suggestion for using up odd skeins of wool.

A **STRIKING** combination in red and black has been chosen for the color scheme, but other shades may be substituted if desired to harmonize or contrast with your frocking.

The necklet is 16 inches long, and to make it 18 large red beads and 19 small black ones are required. They are made of ordinary 4-ply wool on a cardboard foundation (thin ivory board is excellent for the purpose).

For each red bead, cut a strip of cardboard (or thick paper) 11 inches

long and 4-inch wide; also cut two lengths of red wool 33 inches and 15 inches respectively. Take a No. 8 knitting needle and a strip of cardboard and roll it round the needle as shown

in Fig. 1. Wind the 15-inch length of wool firmly round it, commencing at the centre and working towards the edges (Fig. 2) till the wool is used up and the bead is a good shape. Thread a wool needle with the 33-inch strand, secure the end in the padding, then proceed to cover it, passing the wool through the bead as shown in Fig. 3. When the padding is entirely covered, end off neatly.

For the small, black beads cut strips of cardboard 11 inches by 1 inch, and 15-inch lengths of black wool. The bead is made in the same way as the red



HERE IS A PICTURE of the novel necklet made from wool, directions for the making of which are given here. With a little experimenting unusual color schemes can be evolved. If you like necklets, try making one for yourself.

LEFT: Diagrams show the woollen beads in the making. See article.

ones, twisting the wool only 4 or 5 times round the foundation; then cover with the remainder of the wool.

When the desired number of beads has been made, thread them on a length of wool commencing and ending with a black bead and finishing off with a clasp.

Many other ideas will suggest themselves, and with a little experimenting many striking and unusual color schemes can be devised. For instance, odd lengths of wool can be used to advantage by dividing the bead into sections and using various colors for each part. This gives a novel striped effect which is most attractive.

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These include:—
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There is no need to leave home to prepare! Stott's can train you—SUCCESSFULLY—in the privacy of your own home. Without obligation, see the Coupon!

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—Mail This Coupon: Cut Here—

To STOTT'S Correspondence College.

I should like particulars of your Courses.

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GIVE YOUR CHILD SAFE Teething Powders

Ashton & Parsons

world-renowned

Infants' Powders

may be given to

any child with the

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that they will in

no way upset the

little system.

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KILL KIDNEY ACIDS



Win Back Vigour,
Clear Your Skin,
Look Younger.

Women Need Help More Often Than Men

When acids and poisons accumulate in your blood you lose your vitality and your skin becomes coarse and cloudy—you actually feel and look years older than you are. And what is worse, functional kidney disorders may cause more serious ailments, such as Getting Old, Bright, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Headaches, Indigestion, Pains, Dizziness, Dark Urine, Under Eyes, Headaches, Frequent Colds, Burning, Smarting, Itching and Aching.

The only way your body can clean out the acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood is through the function of 9 million tiny, delicate tubes or filters in your kidneys. When your kidneys get tired, so slow down because of functional disorders, the acids and poisons accumulate and this causes much trouble. Fortunately, it is now easy to help stimulate the efficient action of the kidneys with a Doctor's prescription, Cystex (patented) Bio-Tex which is available at all chemists.

Doctors Praise Cystex

Doctor T. J. Russell, famous Doctor, Surgeon, and Scientist, of London, says: "Cystex is one of the most remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any Doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional kidney and bladder disorders. It is a safe and harmless remedy." And Dr. C. J. Russell, another widely known Physician and Medical Examiner of San Francisco, recently said: "I have the kidneys purified the blood, the colon subject in these organs and must be promptly treated."



Dr. T. J. Russell.

from the system, otherwise they re-enter the blood stream and create a toxic condition. I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex."

World-Wide Success

Cystex is not an experiment, but is a proven success in 22 countries throughout the world. It is prepared with scientific accuracy and in accordance with the strict requirements of the British Pharmacopoeia, and as it is intended especially for functional kidney and bladder disorders, it is swift, safe, and sure in action.

Guaranteed To Work

Cystex is infused to all sufferers from functional kidney and bladder disorders under an unlimited guarantee. Just fit to the test. See what it can do in your own particular case. It must bring you a new feeling of energy and vitality in 48 hours—it must make you look and feel years younger and work in your entire satisfaction in 6 days or you merely return the empty package and your money is refunded in full. You are the sole and final judge of your own satisfaction. Cystex costs only a small sum per dose at all chemists, and as the guarantee protects you fully, you should not take chances with cheap, inferior, or irritating drugs or with neglect. Ask your chemist for guaranteed Cystex (patented) Bio-Tex today.

If your Chemist cannot supply, write R. Schaffer & Co., 441-443 Collins Street, Melbourne.



RED HEAD fumbled for a cigarette in the pocket of the dressing gown he wore. He lit one, and then calmly settled down in a chair to read one of the volumes. He must have sat and smoked for nearly half an hour before the curtain was thrust aside, and Zyg Karinsky, holding the two cameras in his huge paws, entered the room.

"What the hell—" began the film director.

Red Head smiled. He did not rise from his comfortable position.

"Put the cameras down, Karinsky, and take a chair."

"This is my room, eh?"

"It is, and very interesting, too. I've found out a good deal about you, Mr. Zyg Karinsky, since I first saw you step ashore to-day."

"Is that so?"

"I wirelessed in California this afternoon, and, as I guessed, Hollywood has not even heard of you."

"Bunk!"

"I've also discovered, after a little search of your room, that like your very attractive girl friend, Eliza Bagan, you are interested in facts and guns."

"Go on!" said Karinsky dangerously.

"I will," nodded Red Head. "Just what is your game, Karinsky? You're a Pole, spying on French, Italian, and British fortifications in the Red Sea."

Your desert film is a fake. You use your cameras for a much more deadly purpose than filming a romance about my humble self. Well, come on, to whom are you selling this film? Or is it a question of the highest bidder among the interested nations?"

Karinsky puffed his cigar unconcernedly.

"Wouldn't you just like to know?" he sneered.

"I will know," said Red Head sternly, "or else—"

"Or else, what?"

"I'll have you arrested for the murder of that poor devil of an Arab, Karl, who came to my room to whisper a warning of your game."

Red Head was watching the face of the man in front of him closely. Just for a second he imagined he saw a gleam of satisfaction in the dark eyes as they gazed over and beyond his shoulder.

He half-turned, suspecting that another person had entered the room. But he was too late. The blow of a metal instrument came crashing to his head. With a groan, he slid forward from his chair and collapsed.

"Good work, Joe," nodded Karinsky.

FOUR GUESTS

Continued from Page 32

to the gorilla-like cameraman, who had entered from behind the curtains.

"You just come in time. This red-headed skunk had discovered the whole game."

"Better finish him off, then," growled Joe Peretz, raising the steel bar again.

"No, Joe," Karinsky rose from the chair and flicked the cigar ash from his knees. "No, we can't have another murder in this desert shack. Shooting that Arab was quite enough for one night. They'll sure suspect something if this fellow is found dead."

Joe spat contemptuously.

"You're not going to nurse him back to health and ask his forgiveness, are you, Zyg?"

The film director shook his head.

Then an idea came into his swarthy face. He turned round, twisted into a grin.

"We said we'd make a film of Red Head of the Red Sea—and so we will. We'll take a private, unassuming film: 'How Red Head Died in the Desert,' eh? Doesn't that appeal to you, Joe?"

He chuckled.

"What's bitten you?" growled the cameraman.

"An idea, Joe. An idea. Did you hire that motor-truck with the mesh covering?"

"Sure. It's parked outside now. The driver's asleep over the wheel."

"Good. Well, knock me down this boob inside the truck and then go and wake the company. Bring cameras and a couple of guns. We're going on location, Joe."

"Right now?"

"Right now!"

Within twenty minutes the business was done. The prone body of Red Head, covered with a heap of sand, lay on the floor of the truck. The members of Orient Film Productions, Inc., seated themselves in proximity, and with a grinding of gears the motor truck lurched away towards the desert.

In the scorching heat of the morning desert wind, the truck stopped. Zyg Karinsky, a bottle at his lips, smacked satisfaction. He looked out on a wilderness of sand with a few rocks justing out of the brown sea, and nodded.

"I guess this will do."

A groan came from the prone figure in the truck.

"Water... water."

"Give the man a drink, Zyg," pleaded Eliza Bagan. "It can't do any harm."

Karinsky chuckled, and turned the bottle upside down.

"There isn't a drink for anybody until we reach Port Sudan again. Then I'll stand you all a bottle of the best. Now, tumble out the cargo, Joe."

Without any apparent effort the gorilla-like cameraman raised the bundle that was Red Head and dumped it in the sand.

"Now get to your camera, Joe," commanded Karinsky.

The cruel smile was stretched across his face. He was perched on a stool in the truck, a revolver on his lap. At his side knelt Joe Peretz, who, with professional skill, was focusing a film camera.

"All set!" he growled.

The little group in the truck watched and waited until the bundle in the sand showed signs of life. With a groan Red Head raised himself to a kneeling posture. Clotted blood stained his hair where the ugly wound was revealed. In a spasm of pain he closed his eyes. Then he opened them again, his gaze fixed on the caller, grinning Karinsky, seated at the side of the camera.

"Want a drink, eh?" chuckled the film director.

Slowly, Red Head nodded.

"Well, here it is," smiled Karinsky, balancing the empty bottle on the edge of the truck. "Come and get it."

In another spasm of pain Red Head roused himself to a standing position. He swayed. In dressing-gown and pyjamas he looked an incongruous object in the desert waste.

Groaning with the effort, Red Head made a step forward towards the truck.

"Camera!" commanded Karinsky. The whirr of the mechanism began. At the same time Karinsky turned and nodded to the Arab driver.

The engine of the truck came to life and just as Red Head stretched out a weak hand for the bottle the truck lurched forward.

"Roo, you red-headed boob!" chuckled Karinsky.

Swaying, stumbling, Red Head waded through the sand after the slowly-moving truck. The camera whirled continuously. Those seated in the truck could see the desperate agony in the grey eyes, the tortured throat working convulsively at the thought of the precious drink.

"Stop it, you devil!" shrieked the girl. "Put him out of his misery."

But the film director only laughed

and toppled the empty bottle into the sand. Red Head glared at it desperately and squatted in the sand. The expression on his face as he discovered it was empty was too much for Eliza Bagan. She covered her face with her hands.

Karinsky glanced sideways at the cameraman.

"Got enough, Joe?"

"Sure."

"O.K." He levelled the revolver and fired. A spout of sand came from the feet of Red Head.

Another shot, and the bottle smashed to atoms.

At that moment the Arab driver shouted and pointed to the distant horizon. What appeared to be a black wall was moving swiftly across the desert.

"A sandstorm!" shrieked the girl.

"Step on it!" ordered Karinsky to the driver, and as the truck lurched forward he levelled the revolver and fired.

The figure in the dressing-gown pitched forward and sprawled in the desert.

"Well, folks, we've had three days here, and done good work. At midnight a chow will take us to the good ship Lobato, waiting outside the harbor."

Zyg Karinsky filled each of the glasses in his room from the bottle of champagne that he held in his huge paw.

"More dies, but I shall not be sorry to see the last of this Port Sudan," muttered the dark-haired Eliza.

"You folks all packed?" Zyg hiccupped.

They nodded.

"Well, the Red Sea adventure is finished," he announced. "I think we can say that we've taken a film of international importance." The cruel smile was stretching across his face again.

"But I'm going to give you a brief run-through of our last great adventure."

"And that is?" inquired Georges Raymond.

"The death of Red Head of the Red Sea," chuckled Karinsky.

"No, no. This is too much," cried Eliza.

Karinsky gave her a commanding glance.

"You stay here, my girl!" he warned. Then, turning to Raymond, he said: "Switch out the lights, boy."

The room was in darkness. Joe Peretz bent over a small projector. It spouted with light. He focused on the blank, white wall of the room. The film began to flick through.

In the darkness came a chuckle from Karinsky. The whole drama of that morning in the desert was repeated. The feeble plunging of the desperate man through the heavy sand after the moving truck, the clanking at the bottom, and, finally, the moment when he pitched prone in the sand.

"And that's the end of Red Head of the Red Sea," chuckled Karinsky.

"Not entirely," came the sharp re-echo of a familiar voice. "Put up your hands!"

Simultaneously, the light in the room clicked on, and the little group saw the figure that a moment ago was on the white wall now standing there with an automatic pistol leveled at them. The familiar red hair was swathed in a bandage, the features blackened by the sun still wore that humorous, ironic expression. And with him were three khaki-clad figures, similarly armed with revolvers.

"This is the little bunch, Manners," nodded Red Head. "Take particular care of Mr. Zyg Karinsky and his cameraman, Joe Peretz. I shan't be happy until I can see them both hanged for the murder of the Arab, Karl."

"What about the girl, sir?" asked one of the khaki-clad figures.

"She'll be all right," nodded Red Head. He turned towards her. "I'm afraid you won't be able to dance with your naval friends on the sloop Tajura to-night. I should imagine they're just boarding that mysterious steamer, Lobato, now."

"Well, for a guy with nine lives..." sighed Karinsky.

Red Head nodded.

"You forget, Karinsky, that the desert is not entirely a wilderness. A tribe of Bedouins found me more dead than alive, but they pulled me through. I should have hated to die without seeing you once again."

Then he indicated the packed cameras and the books.

"Take care of that pile, Manners," he ordered. "It's worth many thousands of roubles to our Russian friends who are out there in the steamer waiting for it. Incidentally, it contains much useful information for our own Intelligence Service."

"What about this film in the projector, sir?" asked one of the khaki-clad men.

Red Head stretched out a hand. "Thanks. I think I'll claim that for myself. It might amuse me in the evenings."

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By JOYCE WEST

CHAPTER I

1930



"THREE a half!"

"Four!"

There was no reply from the barking voice. A stir like the ripple of a breaking wave ran through the crowded gallery.

"The golden fleece . . .," said a man with a Service badge in the lapel of his shabby coat. He laughed blankly.

"Lot 56 in the catalogue . . .," chanted the auctioneer, "S.D. in circle . . ."

The buyers' voices rapped back and forth.

"Five!"

"A quarter!"

"A half!"

"Sixpence!"

The gallery contributed a faint round of applause. Its tone was ironic.

"Sixpence . . .," said a weatherbeaten mutt. "Sixpence a pound. Worth sweating for, eh?"

The buyers from every nation were there: smooth-faced, alert, bland-eyed. They moved decisive hands. Flicked catalogue pages, raised barked-out bids.

THE gallery sat and watched. One sensed, in contrast, a slowness in these men, a fatalism, a vague slump of the earth. They had brought their toil to market . . . days of burning and ploughing and sowing; wet, night-watches and the lambing ewes; the heat and sweat and strain of shearing days, and the long, long mustering on the hills. The small farmer was there, his throat brown against his careful linen, his brown hands deeply toll-marked, his shoulders a little stooped. The business man whose interests are in the soil was there . . . shrewd-eyed, his pencil trembling a little in his fingers as he jotted . . . jotted. You saw the big woolgrower, impassive, a gambler who casually stakes his whole fortune while his next-hand neighbor sweats and shivers watching his insignificant stakes lie on the wheel.

The buyer with the insistent voice was barking again.

"Buntaway . . ." suggested a mild, thoughtful voice, "We're the mob . . . they're the pack!"

"Fivapence!" jerked a foreign bidder, thickly, finally.

"Who's the bloke in front of us?" murmured a man with his arm in a sling. He came from the West Coast; he had been involved in a bad smash in a surfboat on the rocks, getting his wool out to the steamer. Now he had watched those same bales sell for fourpence a pound. He eyed his neighbors listlessly, as a man who must find some diversion.

Someone followed his line of glance.

"The dark fellow? Don't you know him? That's King . . . Stafford King . . . the Enderby man."

There was a flicker of interest in the coast man's eyes . . . interest and bitterness.

"What's the good of him sitting there? What's it matter to him whether he gets sixpence or a shilling?"

"More than to most of us!" said someone, drily. There was a general subdued laugh.

The buyers were bidding again, and the man from Enderby shifted his position.

He was an alertly-built man, youthful-

looking, yet not young. Beneath his conventional city garb you suspected an athlete's fineness of muscle. His hands betrayed the horseman, brown, sensitive, sinewy hands. He sat watching the ring of buyers with a shrewd, unsmiling glance.

To the right of him, the man with the Service badge was exchanging cautious remarks with his neighbor.

"They say Enderby will be in the soup as bad as any . . ."

"I don't believe it!"

The other woolgrower shrugged his shoulders.

"Look at the overhead costs on a place like that! And look at rates and wage-taxes and emergency taxes! And the Kings . . . the Sheep Kings, as they call them . . . have never lived slowly. The land's too good for sheep . . . there's cropping farms elbowing him all around. It's too big! The day of the feudal system is dead! The day of the old-style run's dead!"

"The day of all sheep is dead!" murmured the returned soldier.

They jerked out a laugh.

"Lot 89!" shouted the auctioneer, "marked Enderby . . ."

King laughed silently.

"Not bad for a busy specialist! Wha; are you going to do about Hugh?"

Valentine's definite eyebrows arched.

"Do about Hugh?"

"Don't be innocent, Valentine. It doesn't suit your type. Are you going to marry Hugh?"

"Don't be a fool, Stafford!" advised his daughter unflinchingly. "It most emphatically does not suit your type."

King had swung the car around, and they were sliding into the dimness and petrol-scented coolness of the interior of the garage.

"Yes, Mr. King? Lights? Just a minute . . . I'll send a mechanic."

There was a distinct advantage in being known as Stafford King, of Enderby.

"Hullo!" said King in mild surprise, "Whom have we here?"

Valentine brought her gaze from detached contemplation of an electric-blue sedan.

"Well . . ." murmured King, "I wonder what could possibly have brought our Cliff to town . . ."

Valentine swung round in her seat, and then turned back again with a fine show of indifference, but there was a flash of color beneath her flawless golden tan.

A man was standing not fifteen feet from them, talking to a salesman with a notebook . . . a big young man, immaculately-clad, his fair head bare.

"He's got a new suit!" said King, with bright interest.

He snapped his fingers, and the fair-headed young man, seeing him, excused himself, and crossed the garage.

"How are you, Mr. King? How do you do, Miss King?"

He stood casually beside the car, with one foot on the running-board. Seen at close quarters he was rather good-looking in a squarish, broad-browed, very definite fashion. He was powerfully-built, and brown, and his fair hair was sunbleached.

"And what brings such a busy person as yourself to town?" King wanted to know.

"Business . . ." said the man he had called Cliff, eying him shrewdly. "I'm

reached for the gear lever, and the long, grey car began to slide into motion.

"Cleaned up!" he said expressively.

Valentine laid her white envelope bag and her fading sheaf of rose-mauve carnations in her lap.

"When do you want to go home?" she said thoughtfully.

The grey car was weaving expertly through the slower road traffic.

"When you like," King returned negligently. "I've still business to do, and you may as well get a few decent clothes to go broke in."

"You look sick!" said Valentine, without preamble.

King swung the grey car between a blue roadster and a laboring truck.

"It's been a long day. I'll run in to the garage; you'll want the lights put right if you're going out at all to-night."

"I thought we might go just for a run after dinner," Valentine said restlessly.

King indicated, with an inquiring lift of his eyebrow, the carnations in her lap.

"Hughie," said Valentine. "He took me to lunch. Anyone else would have given me scarlet ones, to scream against my color scheme."

King laughed silently.

"Not bad for a busy specialist! Wha; are you going to do about Hugh?"

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"And what brings such a busy person as yourself to town?" King wanted to know.

"Business . . ." said the man he had called Cliff, eying him shrewdly. "I'm

carrying too much cream. I'm paying in my old bus on a heavier truck."

"Well, the day of sheep is apparently dead . . ." smiled Stafford King.

"Apparently," agreed Cliff McLeod, after a minute.

An overalled mechanic came and dived in the grey car's engine. It was growing dark, and the garage blazed with overhead lights. A clock chimed the half-hour.

"What are you doing to-night, Miss King?"

"Father and I are going for a drive after dinner," said Valentine firmly and frigidly.

"You can count me out," said Stafford King. "I feel particularly lazy, and I am going to bed. If you must go out to-night, you will have to put up with Cliff's company."

"Good!" said Cliff untroubled. "I'm at your service, Miss King."

"I don't particularly wish to go out to-night," said Valentine coldly. She became once more extremely interested in the blue sedan car.

Stafford King looked at Cliff with a smile in his eyes. The mechanic had closed the bonnet of the grey car, and was gathering up his tools. A man in a dark suit came in, and engaged the salesman in low-toned conversation.

"Hop in!" said King, leaning back, and opening the door. "Run back to the hotel. And have dinner with us. I beg your pardon, Val!" He interrupted himself with exaggerated courtesy. "This car is really yours. Have you any objections to Cliff's riding in it?"

"Don't be ridiculous," said Valentine, savagely. She jerked a scented rose-mauve carnation from its stem, and ripped it into fragments.

At the hotel, King went straight upstairs.

"Excuse me . . . dinner'll be half an hour yet . . ."

Valentine lingered a few minutes in the lighted lobby.

"Your father looks ill, Miss King," Cliff said, without preamble.

"He's not himself," Valentine said anxiously, more gently than she had yet spoken to him. "He's such a fool . . . he won't take things easily . . ."

"I would make him see a doctor," Cliff said.

Valentine eyed him with a sort of anger, as though he could be held responsible.

"You're not very comforting, are you?"

"It doesn't much matter what I say to you," Cliff said calmly. "It's sure to be the wrong thing."

"Oh, don't talk to me!" raged Valentine King.

SHE went out of the lobby, and left him standing there, and he crossed to the desk, and asked the girl for the number of Stafford King's room. He ran up the carpeted stairs, and knocked at the door. There was no answer, and, after a second, he turned the handle abruptly and walked in.

Stafford King was lying across the bed in an attitude of curious inertness. Cliff took two strides across the room, and bent over him.

In the subdued light of the bedside lamp, King's hands were outflung, gripping the embroidered silk of the coverlet. His eyes were curiously glazed. His face grey, and running with sweat.

"What shall I do?" Cliff said tersely.

"Tell me, Brandy?"

"Don't go . . ." King jerked. "No . . . I've taken brandy . . . no good. Stay here!"

His tense, shaking, wet hands closed on Cliff's strong young shoulders, and Cliff held him, sitting there silent, impotent, shaken with the other man's agony.

Then suddenly outside the door an imperious voice was raised.

"May I come in?"

Cliff stiffened, and King managed a painful gesture of dissent.

"No!" said Cliff bluntly.

"What are you doing there?" Valentine demanded. "What is wrong? Let me in at once!"

There was both urgency and fear in her voice. Cliff did not move.

"You can't come in just this minute, Miss King."

"Tell me what's wrong!" Valentine ordered, out of fury and panic. "Is my father ill? Let me in this minute, or I'll go and call someone . . ."

"The door is not locked," Cliff said.

The door swung open, and Valentine King was in the room.

"Your father is ill," Cliff stated expressionlessly. "He didn't want you to get a fright."

VALENTINE stood, growing white to the very lips. King gave her a travesty of a smile. For an instant Cliff thought she was going to faint. Then she pulled herself together.

"What shall I do?" she said, very low.

"Ring a doctor," Cliff said.

She was out of the room in a second, and Cliff unfastened King's belt, and jerked his sweat-limp collar loose at his fine brown throat. With the starched and embroidered pillow-case, very gently, he wiped the rolling drops from King's death-like face.

"It's passing off . . ." King said weakly.

"I've had . . . something like it before . . ."

Valentine came back white-lipped, shaking.

"I can't get Dr. Lang . . ." she whispered unevenly. "He's out. I don't know anyone else . . . whom shall I ring?"

"Nobody," said King, from the bed, weakly. "I'm all right, Val. Don't look so ghostlike . . ."

He managed to smile, shakenly.

"Talk about a sensation . . ."

Valentine came and knelt down beside the bed, so that her arm was across Cliff's knees.

"My dear!" she said passionately. "I was talking down there . . . and didn't know you were ill . . ."

She was smoothing his wet hair back from his face with a gesture that was more of the lover than the daughter.

"Oh, Cliff was here . . ." King said drowsily, exhaustedly.

Valentine was holding his hands.

"Just rest . . ." she soothed him. "If you could sleep . . . and to-morrow you can see Hughie, and he'll give you something . . . and I'll make a beautiful nurse for you . . ."

"Shall I go?" said Cliff, without moving.

Valentine did not speak, but she caught his hand in a quick, damp, panicky grip.

King's racked face was peaceful. He was falling asleep through sheer exhaustion.

Valentine was still leaning across Cliff's knees. The shaded light of the lamp cast shadows beneath her cheekbones at the clean-cut angle of her jaw, in the little hollow of her temples.

The post office clock chimed the hour, and the headlights of the cars flashed in the street below. Somebody, somewhere, switched on a wireless loud-speaker, and a voice rose above the myriad muffled traffic noises.

" . . . the wool sales at the Town Hall to-day opened disastrously. A fall of 50 per cent in prices means ruin to many woolgrowers . . ."

"Oh, damn it all!" said Valentine. "What do I care?"

Cliff shifted his position and put an arm around her, and she allowed her weight to rest on him.



CHAPTER 2
1840

STAFFORD KING was killed in the hunting field.

"Six feet at the last, anyway . . ." he said, laughing, and choking a little, before he died. "They can't get that away from me, by God! . . . though they've got most else . . ."

His head rested imperiously on a rolled and muddled scarlet coat; his eyes never left his son's face. Young Stafford King knelt silent, his riding-crop clutched in twitching hands, his recklessly handsome face white as death.

Stafford King's face was terribly drawn, but his eyes were indomitable.

"Leave you to it, Staff . . ." he gasped.

"I haven't told you how bad it is . . . everything's gone . . ." there was lingering regret in his pain-racked voice . . . "King land since Cromwell . . . some of the grandest covers in England . . ."

The boy still gripped his riding-crop in tense hands; his knuckles were white. He was on his knees unheeding in the soft earth; the white buckskin of his hunting-breeches was muddled and stained. He was hatless, his dark hair blown back from his dark, wild, reckless face.

"It's all right, sir! Why didn't you tell me?"

Stafford King's grey lips twisted in a faint smile.

"Didn't like to confess myself a fool. You'll have to turn your hand . . . to a bit of honest work now, Staff . . ."

The great chestnut horse shook his head, and his bit-chain rang on a silver note.

The dying man shifted his glance painfully.

"Poor old Belmont. It wasn't your fault . . . too big a fence . . . no more fences for us, old boy . . ."

The men had taken a gate from its hinges, and bare-headed and sad they bore the body of the Master back to the grey mansion of Enderby.

King land since Cromwell!

Young Stafford King grimly laid aside his hunting scarlet and his racing colors, and faced the creditors.

"Most regrettable . . ." said Smythe, his father's lawyer, shaking his grey old head solemnly. "Wild speculating, wild! Your father must have been crazy . . ."

Young Stafford King's imperious mouth curled.

"You swine! You licked my father's boots while he was here, and directly he's dead you call him crazy! What do I care, anyway? What do I care, tell me!"

After which Smythe was only too anxious to describe his late client's son to anyone who would listen to him!

"A wild boy, wild. Thoroughly reckless. In fact he's crazy. Of course one must make allowances for a lad as spoiled as he's been, but still . . ."

"I intend to emigrate," Stafford told him coolly.

"Emigrate?" said the lawyer fustily.

"Abroad! Canada? Australia?"

"New Zealand!" said Stafford, recklessly, because Smythe had not mentioned it.

"Aburd!" said Smythe. "Simply ridiculous! Here I have some influence. I might be able to get you a place in a bank . . . if you would settle down . . . a clerk's job . . ."

"A place in a bank!" said Stafford King. "A clerk's job! The saints above!"

He went out laughing, and slammed the door, and the lawyer, much upset, collected his scattered papers.

IN such mood, Stafford King attended the sale of his horses.

King himself was famous, and there were buyers from half-a-dozen counties. Booted, and breeched, and spurred, his face impassive, Stafford King sharply watched the stableboys leading their blanketed charges around the flagged yard. Round and round slowly . . . snorting breath of horses on the frosty air, swish of alken tails, click of beautifully-shod hoofs on the flags.

King stood by the stable wall, and talked with the men who came constrainedly to talk with him. There were faces he knew intimately around him, familiar voices, well-known names and phrases. Disjointed scraps of conversation floated to his ears.

"They raised in Halley's Wood, and they went straight through stiff country, and he finished with the bounds" . . . "The day, remember, you and King went into the rough out with the Cotswolds" . . . "That's the mare that jumped Plover's Brook."

The grooms were rugging Belmont again now; they were moving the horses back; the auctioneer was gathering the crowd around him.

"I am here to-day, gentlemen, to offer you one of the finest lines of horses in England. Everybody knew our late friend, Stafford King; everybody knew his horses."

Young Stafford King leaned against the stable wall, with a sneer twisting his face, and watched him sell Cray Allen to a famous racing-stable owner, and the lovely grey, Mercury, to the new Hunt Master. Over the hunter, Black MacDonald, there was a rapid-fire duel between a certain Captain Seymour of the Light Hussars and a local horseman, Anderson, whose brag it was that he could ride the devil out of any horse that was ever foaled. Seymour fell back at last, ruefully, and Stafford King swore a terrible string of oaths, and went away into the quiet house to swallow whisky, neat, until the strange, dim sickness at his stomach was warmed and eased.

He stayed inside until the sale was over, and then dispersed whisky and soda to the chilled but still jovial auctioneer and his helpers.

"Who bought the chestnut, Belmont?" he forced himself to ask, coldly.

The auctioneer consulted his papers obligingly. It had been, on the whole, a good sale, and he was pleased with himself.

"A dealer," he said. "Joe Temple. He only buys to sell again. He paid a stiff price, too."

K

ING was silent. He had cherished a dim hope that Althea—Lady Althea Morley—might have sent one of their men to bid for the chestnut hunter. He decided to rise over after dinner, while the recklessness of the day's misery and the whisky he had drunk was still upon him, and put an end to the farce of their engagement once and for all. He had tried to see her before, but she had evaded him on the plea of illness. He did not blame her; she must have time to think things over.

King gave orders for a horse to be saddled, and drank another whisky and soda.

He rode Delight, the little skewbald hunter, who had been bought for a song by a local farmer.

He was admitted to the great lighted hall with its paneled oak, and dim Persian rugs, and slow-burning fire. A portrait of Althea hung above the mantelpiece, and the old, strange fascination began to creep over Stafford King. The perfume she used . . . lilac . . . the ruffled white satin of her bodice against the white satin of her shoulders . . . the silvery thimble-down gleam of her

ash-blond hair, and the curve of her faintly darker eyebrows, and the shadow of her lashes . . . the slow, possessive music of her voice, and the throb of her heart against his . . . in his arms . . .

King's pulses were beginning to hammer in his temples. There was a minute scrap of lace and silk lying on the table beside him. He picked it up. It was scented with lilac, and he crushed it to his face.

"Althea . . ." he whispered thickly. "Give me time to start again . . . I love you . . . I love you . . ."

The servant was coming down the stairs. King waited, standing upright, his hands hanging by his sides.

"Yes?" he said.

"The Lady Althea wishes to be excused. She has a headache."

Stafford King turned slowly, stiffly, to the door. After a second he spoke in a voice he did not recognise as his own.

"My compliments to the Lady Althea. Tell her I will come no more, but send a doctor."

A groom was walking Delight up and down the frosty drive. King mounted, and the little mare bounded into a gallop at the touch of his spurs. They were out on the high road, with the metal ringing hard. King turned at right angles, in the direction of home, and Delight cleared a hedge and a ditch. They were in a frosty meadow, and galloping, and King laughed and struck his spurs home.

The cold night air rushed up at him. Delight was over a bank, and over the farther fence. They were in a thicket, and there were thorns. King's face was slashed. His breeches ripped unheeding. The branches dealt him innumerable stinging blows. Still, Delight was galloping.

She leaped unseen logs and pitfalls. The ground seemed to fall away before them.

"Go on!" King shouted at her. "Hell! What do I care?"

The icy wind was blowing past him in a stream. They were going down a hillside, two bounds and one in the air. The mare fell ten feet, and recovered herself. The ice cracked under her hoofs. There was a dull gleam of water and she was jumping.

They were on the high road again, near home, a madman on a mad horse, galloping, sweat-drenched, foam-covered, splashed with blood and blind.

The tall spiked wrought-iron gates of Enderby were closed.

King drove his spurs home, and the mare rose to the jump. Up . . . up . . . the iron spikes sliding under her doubled knees, under her white-patched stomach, under her gathered hindquarters. Then she was over, and falling, slithering uncertainly on the frosty gravel, pitching King from the saddle in a jarring, chattering fall.

King shivered for a frightened groom, and staggered inside. He poured half a glass of whisky, and drank it neat. He had reached again for the bottle, but there was a deprecating and much-scared manservant in the room.

"I beg your pardon, sir. There is a lady waiting to see you."

King swung round, and stood swaying, with the glass in one hand, his riding clothes torn and ripped, and coated with mud and froth, his face haggard, his eyes bloodshot.

He swore.

A

T that minute the lady was in the room, a precisely-garbed little figure in a tailored black habit, and gloves, and boots, her round black hat tilted back from her blunt-featured little face.

"Lois!" exclaimed Stafford King, and the servant thankfully fled.

"How are you, Cousin Stafford?" said his visitor, holding out a gloved hand, and

ignoring, with the composure of a queen, his oath, and the whisky, the reek of sweat and mud, and his general dishevelment.

Stafford took her hand.

"Are you crazy, Lois? To come here alone . . . at this time of night . . . what would Stephen say?"

"Nothing I would fear," said Lois proudly. There was an odd dignity about her blunt-featured little face, and her upright figure, and her clear voice.

"It is none of Stephen's business that I come to see my cousin when he is in trouble. And I am not alone. My groom is outside. I was out riding, and was delayed, and came in to see you."

King threw the window open, and let in a rush of cold frosty air. He rang the bell, and shouted for hot coffee, and sandwiches, and dragged a chair up to the fire in the hearth.

"Sit down, my dear."

Lois sat down and stretched her sturdy little riding boots to the warmth. King threw on another log of wood.

"What are you going to do, cousin?" she said in matter-of-fact tones.

"I am going to emigrate. I am going to New Zealand," said King.

"So far away!" said Lois. "But perhaps it is best. I wish I was going! Is Althea going with you?"

"No!" said Stafford King. He was kneeling in the hearth, and his face was in the firelight. "The Lady Althea and I are finished with one another."

L

LOIS rested her steaming footsoles on the bar of the grate. A servant brought in a tray, and King dismissed him, and waited on his cousin. Lois looked at him meditatively over a cup of steaming coffee, and smiled with a gleam of mischief.

"I declare if it was not for Stephen I would go with you, Cousin Stafford, in her stead!"

"I declare if it was not for Stephen all the saints in the calendar would not keep me from carrying you off," said King, "but Stephen may have other plans . . ."

Lois laughed, shyly, and turned her boyishly-blunt profile, but not before King had caught the mistiness of proud tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Stephen . . ." she said, with an effort to be casual about him.

She gave her cup to King, and he set it on the hearth. She changed the subject.

"My father is giving a dinner to-morrow night to say good-bye to a friend who is leaving to go out to New Zealand. Will you come, and meet him?"

King hesitated.

"He is going to make a city or something," Lois enlarged. "My father says he is crazy. But I am sure you would like him."

King began to laugh naturally.

"Birds of a feather! Very well, my dear Lois, I will come."

She stood up to go.

"And . . . Cousin Stafford, I have a confession to make. I bought Belmont. I could not bear to think of a stranger riding him. I engaged a dealer to bid for me. Do you mind?"

"Mind?" said Stafford King. He choked a little. "My dear Lois, when I'm away from all this, the biggest consolation I can have is the thought of you, with old Belmont to mount you, on a good soft hunting morning. I know what you paid, and I know you'll go without new ball gowns for many a month for this."

He was holding her hands in his.

"My dear, I won't kiss you. I smell of whisky, and I've blasphemed God and

all his angels to-day. But I want you to know that God himself couldn't have been kinder to me than you have to-night."

Lots reached up her ungloved little hands suddenly, and locked them behind his neck, and drew down his face to hers and kissed him on the lips.

"Good-night, dear cousin!" she said.

She was crying when King put her up on her horse, for he felt her tears splash on his hands, and he cried himself as he went back to the house, slow, blessed, painful tears of healing.

It was at Lois' father's dinner that he met Lachlan McLachlan.

A grand site for a town . . . on the harbor, deepwater frontage, and the hills rising behind. We're building wharves, laying out the streets . . .

Lois found the two of them, when the others had gone to join the ladies, poring over ragged plans and maps spread on the dining-room table.

"Great Queen Street will run down here, you see . . . from St. George's Square . . . and the wharves just here . . ."

"Cousin Stafford!" said Lois, smiling, rebuking her blunt-featured little face flushed above her imposing hostess gown of black velvet, and Stephen's pearls. "What are you doing?"

"Going to New Zealand!" said Stafford King.

"Now?" demanded Lois, "on a magic carpet?"

"Next week!" said Stafford King, laughing. "On the Brilliant. To live in a city that isn't built yet."

The Brilliant left London on a grey day, towed out of the Thames in a December fog, with the sirens sounding, and the lights of the channel beacons dim and murky.

The voyage was a ten months' slow, strange dream, a year out of life, a year such as a man might be sentenced to in prison for a crime.

It was a year that strangely altered Stafford King. They were a week out from England when one of the crew was swept overboard and drowned, and King signed on as a seaman in his place. The long months of work and privation hardened his fine young body. His face grew leaner, sharper-angled, his eyes clearer, his mouth steeper, as though there had been also some subtle change within his spirit.

It was in October, ten months after the departure from England, that the Brilliant, like a storm-wracked ghost ship, dropped anchor in New Zealand waters.

Weak and sick from scurvy, McLachlan leaned on King's arm.

"The point there . . . see smoke rising? That's where we'll build the city of Cornwallis."

He held the creased and stained plan in trembling hands. His hollow eyes burned with a fever light.

Before them the green sweep of forest rose from the beach strip to the sky. The oval sweep of the harbor quivered in ripples of silver. Seagulls swept down, mewing and chattering. The silence was the silence of uncharted sea, of primeval forest, but in ten minutes the men from Cornwallis stood on the deck of the Brilliant. The first man to climb the swaying ladder from the little boat was the leader, Captain Symonds, himself.

"Thank God! We've given you up for lost. It seemed like a spiteful ship coming past the heads . . . thank God you're here!"

King was one of the crew that rowed the one remaining ship's boat to the shore. Symonds sat in the prow, and he held in his arms a child born on the long, long voyage from home.



CHAPTER 3
1841

A ROAD known as Great Queen Street ran through the site of Cornwallis. It was a track, roughly hacked out of the bush, blanketed already again in the swift-growing brown fern. The bullock waggons, going out of the clearing for logs, lurched along like ships in a heavy swell, crushing the fern, ploughing through the leaf-mould, jarring and bouncing over stumps and timber. The red-and-white bullocks plodded unhurriedly; the long hide whips cracked; the drivers shouted strange oaths. The clumsy wooden wheels slowly wore ruts that took on the semblance of a road.

At the waterfront, of necessity, the track ended. There was a low ridge of rock, and grey sand, and red-brown rushes, and then the water shading from shallow-green to emerald, and from emerald to deepest sapphire-blue.

Behind was the bush, miles of it, leagues of it.

The bush fascinated Stafford King.

A man hacked down a circle of trees, laboriously dragged them away. He cut the undergrowth, the ferns, the clinging vines, and he cleared the brown bush floor. Then he brought back logs and branches, and fashioned his house; his table was a stump sawn off; he sat, for a chair, on a section of a log; he built his chimney of a ring of unpeeled saplings. He chopped limbs of the dying timber, and built a fire to cook his food and warm his body.

In a fortnight the fern was brown in his tiny clearing. Under the fern carpet crept the tree seedlings, the swift, hardy second-growth. Stafford King looked ahead and saw it all . . . the thrusting tree ferns, and the swaying silver-leaved rangiers, the creeping, strangling vines. Under the second-growth, obedient to the immutable law of the bush, the timber trees were growing again.

He chose his section on the waterfront.

"Back in the bush is better soil," Captain Symonds advised him.

"I like the open better," King said.

Symonds threw back his handsome greying head and laughed. He stood with thumbs hooked in belt and stared back to the hills.

"The bush has got the secret we want, King. To demand its power from the soil. That's how we'll live in this country . . . not by factories and industrial workshops, and slum tenements. We'll live by the land."

It was when Stafford King had begun to build his house that he met Marae. He might have had help from the other men of the settlement; indeed, he was already on friendly terms with most of them . . . factory workers from the East End, and younger sons of titled families, farming men from the counties, and sailors retired from the sea, all swept together in a common impulse of adventure . . . but some stubborn independence kept him to work on his own.

MARAE came one evening in a canoe, propelling it with the effortless rhythm of the trained paddler. Stafford King thought her a boy until she turned and he saw her hair, not hanging free Maori fashion, but braided in a wrist-thick plait that hung to her hips. At first he did not think her pretty. She was golden, not brown, as were all Maoris he had seen, but a creamy, golden color that held the essence of the sun. Her hair was jet silken black, and straight.

Her features were fine and thin; her eyes were black and slightly hooded, like an Indian's; she was lean, like an athlete, or a very young lad.

She carried a woven flax basket filled with reddish-purple sweet potatoes which she laid in silence at his feet.

King was embarrassed. He had bartered before with the Maoris who brought fish and potatoes to the settlement, but with the aid of an interpreter. He did not know how to make himself understood.

He drew a silver coin from his pocket, and balanced it doubtfully on his palm.

The strange girl's hooded brows drew together.

"No!" she said sharply, in perfectly enunciated English. "You do not understand it is a gift. My father sent it."

King reddened.

"I'm very sorry. I didn't understand. I'm worried. I'm trying to build a house, and I've never done anything like that before."

The girl advanced a few steps, gravely, and surveyed the clumsily-laid foundations.

"That is bad," she said with absolute candor. "That house will fall upon your head."

Stafford King sat down upon a stump and gave himself up to laughter. After a moment the strange girl's gravity broke, and she laughed with him.

"Don't I know it!" King managed at last. "I'm not meant for a carpenter!"

"Any man can build a house," said the Maori girl calmly. "I can show you."

"Thank you," said King respectfully. "Would you mind telling me how you speak English so well?"

"I lived a long time with a missionary. Also I am half-white. My name is Marae."

King bowed.

"My name is Stafford King."

THE girl's eyes searched him. The southern sun had tanned King's skin darker than hers. He was a superb figure of a man, slim-hipped and supple and straight. He carried his head high.

"King . . ." she pronounced slowly. "That is good. You look like a king."

The man, through all his sun-bronze, blushed.

"I can show you how to build a house," Marae said again. "I mean a house of my people. You call it a whare. It will be cool in the summer-time, and keep you warm in winter. The rain cannot fall on you, and the sun cannot burn you."

"It sounds good," said Stafford King. "Show me."

"It is built of the mamaku, the black tree fern," said Marae. "Bring an axe, and I will show you."

They walked side by side up the rough track, and she led him into a damp, cool glade. Forty feet above him the black-barked tree ferns unfurled their great, green, lacy wave-crests.

"Cut it," commanded Marae.

King obediently laid axe to the rough black-sheathed bole. He swung with all the force of his strong young muscles, and the tall column awayed, creaked and splintered.

Marae laid a hand on his arm, and drew him back. There was a long sighing sound, and then the splintering and cracking of flying branches. Amid vines and crushed undergrowth the fern tree lay prostrate.

"Cut it," Marae directed. "Here . . . and here. It will make two posts. You will bury it in the earth . . . to here. You will stand them side by side. That is your wall. Do you understand?"

Stafford King did.

"It will be beautiful," he said seriously. "You continue cutting," ordered Marae. "I must go, but to-morrow I will come again and help you."

By evening King had a pile of the slender trunks felled and cut, and dragged out

to the waterfront. The next morning Marae came again, and she brought an axe and worked with him.

That evening, after she had gone, Captain Symonds strolled down. It was dusk, and some of the men were out on the tide flats after patiki, the delectable flat fish of the coastal waters. Their lanterns twinkled against the quivering water-like liquid stars. King could hear the low drum-beat of the surf.

"Building Maori fashion?" said Captain Symonds genially. "I believe it's a mighty cool and comfortable style."

"It fits in with the landscape anyway," King said. "In fact, somehow, all the houses do."

From where they stood, looking back, the split-slab shacks of the settlement seemed to blend strangely with the bush. They seemed green again, and growing. The sign of human habitation was blotted out. The primal silence of the bush reigned.

A pickle ran strangely from King's scalp down his spine. He had an odd conviction that he was looking into the future.

Symonds's voice dispelled the illusion. "She's a fine-looking girl, that Marae."

King felt vaguely uncomfortable.

"She told me she was half-white. Is she?"

"Yes, she's a half-caste. Blue-blooded on both sides, that's where she gets her dignity from. Her mother's a princess in her own rights, and married to a chief, and Marae's father came of a mighty good English family. . . . black sheep packed off to the colonies, you know the style. Marae's step-father is one of the chiefs from whom we bought this land. He doesn't know what he owns."

"She speaks English perfectly," King said. "Yes, she was partly brought up by one of the missionaries at Pahiia. Then the chief sent for her."

There was silence. King trimmed the end of a log. The beat of the surf was on the wind.

"Guess we're going to have rain," Symonds observed. "Wind looks like an easterly."

"I shouldn't be surprised," King agreed. Symonds got up to go. He hesitated.

"Don't mind my saying it, King. Look out for these Maori girls. . . . there's something about them. . . . and the sun runs in a man's blood."

King laughed, without constraint.

"Don't worry about me, Captain. I'm seasoned. I'm through with women anyway."

"That's good. . . ." there was relief that he had not offended in Symonds's voice, and King felt a sudden warmth toward him. "We'll get you a good wife one of these days, King, a neat housewife little girl, and we'll settle you down and make a quiet citizen out of you."

"Possibly!" said Stafford King.

In the afternoon of the third day Marae led King into the bush again.

"We must have nikau. It is for our roof."

THE nikau was a palm with a head of ripped, glossy green fronds spraying out of a smooth thick bole. From the frond head hung pendant bunches of green berries turning scarlet. It was a strangely colorful palm, seemingly more of the tropics than of the quieter, more southerly seas.

Marae showed the man how to strip the fifteen-foot fronds. She had brought flax, and she tied the fronds up in two great sheaves, and so laden, they struggled down through the bush.

"You cannot lace the leaves," Marae said, "your fingers are clumsy. You must only watch."

King sat and watched her slenderness, her almost incredible swiftness and deftness. He decided that she might not be pretty, but she was extremely attractive.

There was something strange about the sun-goldness of her, the turn of her throat, the flash from her hooded eyes.

"You had better make a bar to your door," Marae said gravely. "The Maori houses do not need a bar, but there are many pakehas here."

When the house was done, its interior was a place of green and gracious coolness. The air filtered gently through the chinks between the black fern poles; the subdued light sprayed through the green roof. The great fireplace was built of tree-fern trunks; Marae had laid a fire ready for the lighting. The floor was of hard-packed earth, clean and sweet and sandy; the open doorway gave on to the great shimmering shot-silk expanse of the tide-filled bay.

Marae checked him as he was about to light the fire.

"Not yet. Not till to-night. It will rain to-night."

He humored her, for after all, it was she who had built the house.

She went away in her canoe, and he cooked his tea by the fire outside. Marae had been right when she said that rain was coming. The wide harbour was grey, and the sun set, subdued, amid grey clouds. On the wind there was the westward-borne drum-note of the Pacific surf.

AT dusk Stafford King entered his house. There seemed a strange significance about the act. He was grave, though there seemed no occasion for gravity. He drew out his flint and steel to light the fire in the hearth, and then paused, thinking.

Suddenly, behind him, the door opened. He swung round.

Marae entered, and high in her arms she bore a burden of matting. She began to spread it on the floor, laying the exquisite and dimly-seen patterns carefully beneath her feet. A feather cloak, soft and warm and grey, she tossed in a heap on King's couch near the wall. Then she turned without a word, and went back out into the dusk again.

She came back bearing a torch kindled from the dying fire outside. King, crouched by the wall, could hardly believe it to be her. She was beautiful. Her braid of hair was unbound; it fell in a glistening rippling cascade, wet with raindrops, to below her hips. On her brow she wore a band in which were thrust two shining-tipped hula feathers.

"Kneel with me!" she said, very low.

They knelt at the hearth. She thrust in the smouldering torch, and the kindling blazed.

Marae prayed.

"O Lord Jesus, bless this house. Bless the man within it; cause him to sleep beneath its roof in love and peace. O Tane of the forest, bless this dwelling. Accept the offering of the first fire. Thou who caapest the birds to sleep within thy shelter, guard this man within thy green arms for ever. O Lord Jesus, for Thou art mightiest, give us love."

There was a long silence. King rose to his feet. His pulses were beginning to hammer in his temples. The door was open, and through the dim rain he heard the wind in the bush and the drum-note of the eastern surf.

He had seen a Maori dance once. . . . the swish of the women's skirts had sounded like the leaves of the forest rustling. . . . the rhythmic stamp of the men's feet had been the thunder of the sea. . . .

Marae was still on her knees, submissively. The falling shower of her hair hid her face.

"King of my life. . . . I built a house. Wouldn't thou close the door. . . . and I on the outside. . . . in the rain?"

The air was full of the whisperings of the leaves and the sound of the surf.

"No!" said Stafford King, and barred the door on the inside.



CHAPTER 4
1832

STAFFORD King reined in his half-bred mare at the slip-rails that marked the entrance to Enderby run. He was still half a mile from his front door, and the weary mare travelled slowly, and he fell into reverie.

Ten years had passed. . . . more than ten years. . . . since he had stood on the wet deck of the Brilliant coming down the Channel, and watched the things he had once known dropping behind him in the mist.

His marriage to Marae was celebrated four weeks from the first day he met her, with an English ceremony, and all the pomp and ritual and feasting of a Maori marriage of high degree.

The settlement was plunged in mourning for the death of Captain Symonds. He had gone generously, recklessly, in a storm, to the help of a sick woman across the bay, and his trail shell of a boat was never seen again.

And now Stafford King was to witness a strange thing. It was the dying of a settlement with a soul already dead.

Beyond the narrow portage, on the eastern harbour of Waitemata, the new English seat of government had been established. Families drifted there. A ship going back to Melbourne with a depleted crew claimed half-a-dozen men. The mill was turning out timber, but could not obtain money. The men went unpaid, and refused to work. There was no flour; there were no English stores. For a week at a time, the families who stayed existed upon kumaras and fern-roots, upon the fish that the men brought in from the bay.

Stafford King went doggedly on with his task of cultivating his section. He suffered no actual privation; there were potatoes and kumaras and taro in the garden, and Marae, versed in the cunning of her people, could bring in fish when the men of the settlement came home empty-handed.

"Here I am, and here I'll stay," said Stafford King.

That was before the strange fate that dogged Cornwallis struck its last blow.

The Maoris disputed the title to the land, and, at the end of the weary hearing of the case by the Native Land Claims Court set up in the new capital, the owners of Cornwallis were left with a tenth of the original holdings.

Outside the ruthless line of white surveyors' flags was Stafford King's section on the waterfront.

King accepted the decree a little dazedly. Marae tried to comfort him with some incomprehensible talk about the Maoris and more meetings about land, but he would not listen to her.

"Your people!" he said bitterly. "Your meetings! Land! I am tired of the word. All this damned country with millions of idle acres, and I ready to work my fingers to the bone, and not a square yard for me! There's a curse on me; I'll never own any. Like my father all I'll ever own is the six feet I'll be buried in!"

"And you won't be able to dig that!" retorted the incensed Marae, who possessed an uncomfortable gift of repartee.

So it came about that the whole thing was absolutely unexpected. Marae came in one morning, and informed him that her people had finished meeting, and had decided to give him a block of land lying many days' journey away down the eastern coast.

"What?" said Stafford King.

"It is the custom of my people," said

Marae. "When one marries, to give him land. It is nothing to my father; his acres are as many as the sand by the side of the sea. If you do not believe me, we will go to the pa this afternoon. They are going to have a big feast to say good-bye to the people who came to help my father decide about the land, and you are asked to come to the feast. They will have pig, and that will be good, for I am tired of fish."

In a strange daze King went with her. He found himself welcomed as the guest of honour. At the end of the day's feasting, the chief motioned him to stand with Maraë; he raised his arms in blessing.

"This is the joining of the vine and tree. And from the land only out the vine and tree draw sap to live. Go in peace my children!"

IT was many weary weeks later when Stafford King, with Maraë and with an armed escort of guides, stood at the head of White Water Valley, and looked his first on the acres that were to become the famous estate of Enderby.

It was a landscape of rhythmic hill-slopes and swinging valleys, barred across the sunset west by the mighty wall of the mountains. From a gap poured the great valley of Waluma River, widening, swinging, spreading, in a ten-mile flat of fern and shingle and flood-battered timber.

In the curve of the valley, where the swinging arm of the hills barred the wild east weather, Stafford King chose the site for his home.

After the first night Maraë began to dig a garden, and King, watching her squatting there in the brown fern, competently wielding an English trowel he had given her, thought, oddly enough, of the Lady Althea, and was constrained to laugh.

"What is funny?" said Maraë, a little wistfully, with a flash of the curiously hooded eyes.

"I was wondering . . . how some white women I used to know . . . would live here," said King.

"We can grow things," said Maraë practically. "Until then . . . there is the food the men brought . . . and fish in the sea, and eels in the river."

"Yes," said King. "We will eat, but what of your heart? It is left behind with your people. . . . I have taken you by a long road, my dear."

Maraë was silent a long while, digging, but King felt as though she was watching him.

Then she rose to her feet, dropped her trowel, and came over to him. She laid earthy hands on the lapels of his coat, and held him.

"You do not read your Bible!" she said accusingly. "When I was at the mission, I knew my Bible well. Jesus said a woman shall leave all, and cleave unto her husband. King of my life, where thou art . . . there is my heart."

King laid an arm across her shoulders, very gently.

"It is not the same with you!" said Maraë, with her strange acute perception. She leaned back, and her hooded eyes searched his face.

"With you it is the land. . . . always the land first, then the woman. It cannot be helped. Love is a small part of a man . . . of a woman. . . . all!"

THAT was ten years ago. King turned the mare loose, and carried his bride and saddle into the shed. The house was a comfortable structure of pit-sawn timber, with french windows, and shutters, and deep verandahs running along two sides. The garden was a riot of color and greenery. The care of loving hands was revealed everywhere. The doors stood open, and Stafford King

went in with his swinging, spur-jingling horseman's stride. Maraë was setting dishes on the table.

"Well, you're back," she said.

"I'm back," said King. He hung his hat, and looped his stockwhip behind the door.

"Smith, from the Landing, sent you some new kind of English bulbs. In this bag here. And there's another parcel for you; I got it at the trading store. A fellow ordered it from Home to give to his girl, and by the time it got here, the girl had gone away with another man. So Taylor was glad to get rid of it at any price."

Maraë's lean dexterous fingers jerked the knots loose, and she unfolded the stiff white paper. The thing she shook loose in a rippling shower was a Spanish shawl of rose-coloured silken stuff, with a twelve-inch fringe, and a broderie of birds in black and blue and shimmering gold.

"It is too fine for me," Maraë said. "A waste of money."

Her work-roughened hands smoothed the lovely silk; she folded the shawl and laid it in the paper, and folded the paper.

King had kicked off his heavy boots, and washed his hands, and he sat down at the table. Maraë served him, and then sat down herself to eat.

King regaled her with all the odds and ends of gossip he could call to mind.

"New people from Home are taking up land at the Cape. Taylors have got another baby."

Maraë flashed an odd glance from under her hooded brows.

"Always babies!" she jerked. "Babies like pup-litters to people who do not want them!"

Maraë washed the dishes and scrubbed the table, and then carried a great iron pot of hot water into the bathroom that opened off the verandah. Maraë was very proud of her bathroom, of her iron tub, of the makeshift shower that King had contrived. She was never happier than when washing herself, her floors, or her household goods. She revelled in hot water, in the scented soap that King brought her home from the stores, in the tallovy bars that she contrived herself from carefully-saved mutton-fat and soda.

KING finished his paper, wound the clock, and went out along the verandah to the bedroom.

On the threshold, he paused.

Candles in tall wooden sticks burned with a pale flame on the home-made kauri dressing-table. Kneeling on the flax matting beside the bed was Maraë, wrapped in the rose-colored shawl, her ebony-smooth hair catching the pale flickering light.

While he stood there, like a slender priestess of some mysterious rite, awaiting him, King advanced into the room.

Maraë had one hand clasped on an object that hung from a thread around her throat. She tried to hide it from him a moment, and then, with a pitiful little gesture of shame, opened her hand, and displayed the thing.

King surveyed it, plainly puzzled.

It was a small carving of a human figure of the conventional Maori type, clasping a conventional child.

"What is it?"

"It is a charm. . . ." Maraë said, after a minute. She sounded sullen.

King, with a jerk, snatched the slender threat, and Maraë stood, a little frightened, and looked submissively at the grotesque little object that lay in the palm of his hand. Her breast heaved in a sob beneath the rose-colored silk.

"It is a charm. . . . for a woman who has no children."

King stood and looked at her with keen eyes that were suddenly very soft.

"With my people," said Maraë, very low, "when a woman has no children a man

puts her away, and takes another wife. I know you are angry with me."

"Don't be a fool!" King said roughly. "I married you by Book and priest, and married to me you'll stay whether you have no children or a round dozen like Taylors at the Cape! I am angry with you because you are a fool, and wear charms, and talk nonsense."



CHAPTER 5
1853-1868

IN the autumn of 1853 a son was born to Stafford King.

King picked an armful of red roses from Maraë's garden and took them in to her, and sat obediently holding the baby.

"He is very ugly," said his father.

"He is beautiful, you fool!" said Maraë.

"He is strong; hear him cry."

"I do not want to," said Stafford King.

"He is like you," said Maraë with malicious satisfaction. "Old Sara, who has seen many dozens of new babies, says so."

King looked out of the open door across the dim bowl of the valley. The smoke of the burn-offs was rolling down from the hills; the sheep moved in a dim white mob across the haze.

A son! A child of his blood . . . born of the hill-country that was his . . . the youngest of the Stafford Kings. There was a strange deep content, like a harp-melody, within King's heart.

Over the naming of the child he and Maraë disagreed.

"He will be Stafford King, of course. All the first boys of my family are Stafford," Maraë objected.

"That is your name. I will not call this child by your name."

It was a deadlock. King compromised.

"Let us give him two names. You shall choose the other, and we will call him by that."

"We shall call him John," Maraë announced after long thought.

John Stafford King was christened when he was a year old by a travelling missionary.

He could never have been described as a good child. King sometimes pondered uneasily upon the meaning of original sin, and went as far as to wonder if all boys were as deliberately wicked as young Hoane. Nobody called him John; that severe English syllable had long been shortened to its softer Maori version of Hoane.

When Hoane was four years old Peter was born, and, a year later, Mary Lois. Peter was square and freckled and pugnacious; Mary Lois was dark and beautiful, and mysterious like her mother. After she was born, Maraë was ill for months, and the care of the delicate little baby fell upon her father. King bathed and dressed her, and put her to sleep, and prepared her bottles, and sang her English nursery rhymes. When she was old enough to get on her feet, she would stagger out after him, and he never content in the house when he was away.

She was an enchanting child, thin and grave and silent, with her mother's wonderful hooded eyes and sun-warmed skin.

As Hoane grew older he was a strange problem. The other children were childishly naughty; Mary Lois was passionate; Peter was mischievous and pugnacious. But John Stafford King was born a rebel. For nothing but fear would he obey. King thought of him always with a curious soreness at his heart.

Maraë was fond of all three children, but she slavishly adored Hoane;

It was the subject of concentrated bitter-

ness between mother and father, for King was inflexible in his dealings with his first-born son.

"You are cruel!" Marae would fling at him, interposing herself with the savagery of some mother animal between the two.

"It is you who are cruel," King would try to say calmly. "You are making it harder for me and the boy by taking his part when I have to punish him."

"He is only a small boy . . ." Marae would whisper, shaking. "Please!"

"Don't be a fool!" King would command, unmoved, but adamant, and Marae would creep away to cry most bitterly.

That was one point in Hoane's favour. He was hard and plucky. Also he was a wonderful horseman. He had the soul and hands of the hard-riding Kings, and a grace of bearing peculiarly his own.

"I'd give a year out of my life to see him lead the field home on Black MacDonald!" King said once, recklessly, and then laughed, for that great hunter, Black MacDonald, must have gone long since to the happy hunting-ground of horses, and it was all so long ago and far away that there was no one to ever understand his language.

At great expense and trouble, King imported an English governess. She came with a great stack of credentials and testimonials and text-books, and stayed a week.

She was a prim, pretty little thing, and she came to King in floods of hysterical tears.

"Mr. King! I cannot stay! I am going home this hour . . . this minute! I cannot bear it any longer . . . I had no idea it was like this! And the children . . . I have taught all sorts of children, but never any like these! They take no notice of me . . . the little girls laugh, the boys run away, and I cannot get on with your . . ."

"My wife," said King, with a gleam in his eyes. "She is my wife, in case you don't know it."

Miss Manners was terrified of King, and she hurried on with a gasp.

"I cannot get on with her, and the eldest boy . . . that eldest boy of yours is a devil!"

King, with infinite trouble, secured her a place in Auckland, and arranged an escort for her journey, and saw her, thankfully, out of the house.

"Well, she is gone!" said Marae, with a faint light of malicious triumph in her face.

King said nothing, and stood on the side verandah, and watched the children rolling and wrestling on the lawn.

"Three little savages," he said wearily. "The boys will have to be sent away to school. Marae will break her heart if Hoane goes . . ."

It was a lie of Hoane's that brought matters to a head, a brazen bare-faced lie told to shield himself, and throw the blame upon his brother.

King went away, and lay upon his bed, wrenched by a nausea that was physical.

"This is my son," a voice within him said.

He heard Marae's stealthy step on the verandah, and raised his voice:

"If you go near that boy, I'll come out, and thrash you, too!"

There was a long silence, and then Marae spoke slowly.

"You are a hard man."

It was dark when King got up, and came out, stiffly, with the step of a man who had suffered an illness.

"You had better get the boy's clothes ready. I am taking him next week to Auckland to school."

Marae's hands flew to her throat.

King turned on his heel.

"There's no good tiring yourself out arguing. I say he's going, and I mean it."

He remained adamant, and, at the end of the week, leaving a crushed and dull-

eyed Marae, he started for Auckland, with Hoane, jauntily-defiant.

In Auckland he attended the wool-sale, and saw Enderby wool sell for twenty pennies a pound.

He had been home three weeks, when he received a belated letter informing him that the headmaster and trustees of the school much regretted that John Stafford King had been expelled for insubordination.

On the heels of the letter came Hoane, a little subdued, but still jaunty, and Marae, who had taken to her bed with a mysterious malady, rose from it, joyously, and prepared a feast for the prodigal.

King forebore a word of reproach. "I expect it was hard . . . after running wild. But if school's no good to you, you must take to work."

To do Hoane justice, he did take to work on the run. Anything in the nature of a routine task he hated, but he was a master-hand with a horse, a good and tireless musterer, and splendid on the road.

HE was fifteen when the wave of panic of the 'TV Koot' outrages swept the countryside. At Enderby they took it very coolly; they were well off the beaten track, and Stafford King and his half-caste wife were no Maori's enemies.

In November King made a big drive of cattle down the coast, taking Hoane with him, and leaving McGregor, a half-caste Maori-Scot, in charge of the native shepherds.

Hoane and he made a leisurely trip home; their horses were good, but "agged," and the tracks were drying hard under the late spring sun.

They reached the gates of Enderby one evening, and the horses swung up the rise with quickening hooves. King had a bundle of greenery tied to his saddle; it was a collection of plants fastened up in damp sackings for Marae's garden.

It was Hoane who sensed it first.

"There's something wrong."

King turned startled eyes to him.

"No dogs barking . . ." said Hoane

strangely. . . "And quiet . . ."

King spurred his flagging mare to a gallop, and thundered up the slope to the yard. A grey shepherd dog lay on the length of his chain, panting feebly, his swollen tongue protruding from his jaws. Across the gateway of the split-slab bunk-house lay a man, his hat rolled from his head.

King turned him over. It was McGregor, a wound in his breast, his stiff hands locked on the barrel of King's shot gun.

In the kitchen up at the house they found the other three. . . Marae with her right arm inflexibly covering the dead Mary Lois, Peter lying face-downwards behind her.

In Marae's left hand was crumpled the oil-daub that was the sailor artist's portrait of Stafford King.



CHAPTER 6
1870.

"If she were a boy there would be nothing strange in this setting off upon a Jason-adventure in search of the Golden Fleece, and sometimes I think there is housed under all the frills and furbelows and flounces the spirit of the very wildest and most reckless of all the wild and reckless Kings. She says she wants Adventure! In our days, dear Cousin Stafford, no well-brought up and respectable young lady (and Elvie is respectable. . . as yet) admitted to a desire for Adven-

ture with a capital A. As well confess oneself disreputable and be done with it. (I feel sometimes that if I had not furtively hidden such impulses in my youth, they might have harmlessly evaporated, and not been multiplied a hundredfold in my eldest daughter.)

"I confess that Elvie is beyond me. I can manage Margery and the boys, but not Elvie. . . perhaps because I understand her too well. Perhaps if Stephen were alive he would know what to do."

"With one breath Elvie is embracing me tenderly, and declaring she can never bear to leave me; with the next she is planning a rose-coloured headgear, with bows, to wear upon the voyage. Anyway, the Stanfords leave for New Zealand at the end of the month, and nothing is surer than that Elvie, duly frocked and hatted and chaperoned, will leave with them."

"I said to her. . . 'If you wait, and get married, your husband may take you there for your honeymoon.' To which she replied, seriously, 'I should not enjoy that. I would not be free, then. I would rather go and see Cousin Stafford, and I will call him Uncle Stafford, because he always seems to me like your brother. I have no wish to marry.' What young lady of our day, Cousin Stafford, would make such a speech? She has not been disappointed in love, either, for she would not look at any man unless he was Columbus, or Vasco da Gama, or perhaps, Mr. Disraeli."

"I am not worrying too much for I know you will look after my girl, if for nothing else, for the sake of old times."

I remain, my dear Stafford,

Your affectionate cousin,

Lois Arden."

Stafford King sat by the blazing log fire, and held the letter in his hand. It was a voice from the past, a hand reached out of the mist, and the bitter-sweet memories were thronging him. Gallant little Lois in her muddy boots . . . the cool and remote Athene . . . Black MacDonald, and the bell-chorus of the pack. . . the moon behind the chestnut drive. . . all ghosts and figures of the past.

THE letter had been delayed in arriving. There was no time to find out dates and sailings. He left Enderby next morning for Gisborne. He had to wait a fortnight, but he was on the wharf when the boat anchored in the roadstead, and he went out on board the tender.

On the deck Stafford King and Lois's daughter faced one another.

She saw a big man, handsome, smiling, easy-moving, with silvered hair and sun-browned skin, and deep graven lines about his mouth.

He saw a little lady clad in the height of fashion, cool and unconcerned amid the bustle around her. She wore a large rose-coloured plush hat trimmed with many stiff-tied bows of white; her rose-coloured silk gown was modishly frilled and flounced and drawn fashionably tight about her knees; she carried a white plush muff trimmed with bars and bows of rose ribbon. A large silver locket swung on a chain around her throat; beneath the ridiculous hat her childish face was cool and clear-eyed and demure.

"What do you think of me, Uncle Stafford?"

"You are not like your mother," said King abruptly.

Elvie's clear skin flushed sensitively.

"Why not?"

King took a keener glance into the face under the plush hat, and smiled against his will.

"You are prettier," he said a little reluctantly.

There were dimples at the corners of the soft mouth.

"Oh, Uncle Stafford! You have not

changed, it seems, since the days when mother knew you."

King thought it over strangely. He had not changed. . . he was a different man.

HE had a livery-stable rig, and his own horses. The team, fresh from a fortnight's stable confinement, was almost unmanageable. From time to time King stole a glance at the unruffled face beside his shoulder. Elvira clung to the back of the seat to keep herself from being thrown out, but her laughter betrayed no hint of fear.

Perhaps, thought King to himself, she was not so very unlike her mother after all.

"Do you hunt?" he said abruptly. Elvira nodded.

"When I can get a mount," she said frankly. "We can't afford to keep our own horses."

"You'll get all kinds of riding but hunting here," King said. "Hoane is a great amateur sportsman rider."

"Hoane?" said Elvira on a note of interrogation.

"John Stafford. My son," said King.

"Hoane. . . " Elvira mused over the musical Maori syllables. "It is pretty."

They spent the night at the homestead of Lochiel. Their host, Andrew Lang, was a courteous and soft-spoken Highland gentleman; he had known King since he came to the coast, and their friendship had endured stormy days. He eyed Elvira with smiling appreciative glances.

"You are taking a great responsibility home with you, Stafford, my friend."

"I know it," Stafford said ruefully, and Elvira pealed with whole-hearted laughter.

"You'll have to ride to-morrow," King warned her as they parted for the night. "This is the end of the traffic road."

"Very well," said Elvira demurely.

She was up before him in the morning, and when he descended the stairs to the dimly-lighted entrance hall he found her waiting him. She stood beneath the hanging lantern, one hand gathering the skirts of her black serge habit, her little round black hat tilted back from her fair childish face.

"Why, Uncle Stafford, what is the matter?"

King was standing very still with one hand on the stair-rail, and his eyes looked strange. Then he moved and laughed.

"Nothing. Ready for the road, I see. . . but I'll feel sorry for your tailored habit by the end of the day."

He put her up on a side-saddle on the bay Farrington, and they rode out into the quiet, opal-coloured morning.

"Uncle Stafford," said Elvira intensely. "I know you think that I am mad. . . everyone thinks I am mad but Mother. But I want to do something. At home there is nothing to do but to dust the piano and put fresh flowers in the vases, and Margery does that. Surely you can give me some work to do, Uncle Stafford. . . "

"You can feed the pigs," said King dryly. He understood her perfectly, but was hard put to it to express himself.

To his surprise she took him up seriously.

"I should like that," she said, "and I think I could do it properly. Have you many pigs, Uncle Stafford?"

"Quite a drove," said King. "to kill for pork and winter bacon. But they mostly forage for themselves. I don't think we'll give you that job, Elvira. But never fear, you'll find plenty to do."

AT noon they halted, and ate lunch beside a swift brown-pebbled mountain stream.

"I couldn't imagine anything quieter than this," said Elvie, after a long moment.

The only sound was the murmur of the little river on the pebbles. In all the

sweep of unfurling hill and curving valley there was no sign of life but the hovering of a brown-winged hawk.

King saddled the horses again, and they rode on. Toward evening Elvie sat very stiff and straight; it was costing her an effort of will not to keep from drooping in her saddle. Her black tailored habit was thickly splashed with yellow mud; her little boots were coated. A vagrant thorn-branch had succeeded in ripping a long, jagged tear in her skirt. She took off her hard little hat and carried it, and the wrist-thick braid of her fair hair rolled down her back.

"Half-an-hour," King reassured her, "and we'll be at the house."

They were at a bend in the track, and the horses halted abruptly, with upstung heads. Elvira's ear caught the click of an iron-shod hoof striking stone. Beyond the narrow ledge of the track was a sheer drop, and King gestured to her to pull her horse in against the cliff to give the rider room.

He was a long-limbed, dark young man, handsome with a beauty of strongly-cut features, and keen, dark eyes, and reckless lips, and he rode a splendid horse. One glance and an odd smile he gave Stafford King, and then bowed, bare-headed, over his horse's mane-crow to the girl with the tumbled braid of hair.

He passed her so closely that his knee brushed her skirt, and then he was gone. "That was my son," said Stafford King.

"Oh," said Elvira on a long breath. "He has been working away in Glaborene," said King, still with that strange stiffness in his tones. "I did not know he was back near here."

"He does not live with you, then?" Elvira said after long hesitation.

"No," said King. "The run will be his one day, but meantime he may as well get out and learn to shift for himself, and not rely on being his father's son."

He dismounted and swung back a heavy wooden gate.

"However," he added, a little wryly. "I dare say you will see quite a lot of Hoane. He comes and goes as he pleases, and I wouldn't be surprised to see quite a lot of him this spring."

A broad, yellow, waggon track led on, past wire-fenced plantations of growing pines and eucalypts. Elvira kept twisting in her saddle to look back across the dim, smoky, curving bowl of the evening valley.

"It's like. . . " Elvira breathed. "Like the Psalms. . . the cattle on a thousand hills. . . the sheep on a thousand hills."

The homestead of Enderby was white and cool-green amidst its hedges and rioting greenery.

"Oh, Uncle Stafford!" Elvira said, "Oh, Uncle Stafford!"

She was too stiff to stand, and King lifted her from her saddle, and carried her in.

"Mrs. Tucker! Where are you? I've brought you a very weary little lady. . . "

In the doorway a spray of roses brushed Elvira's face, and the petals fell, in a shower, in her hair.

"It is a most odd thing, Uncle Stafford," Elvira whispered, "but I do somehow feel. . . as though I had come home."



CHAPTER 7

1879

IN the autumn, when the leaves were falling, Elvira was married to John Stafford King.

The night before the wedding King sat before a fire, hand in hand with ghosts

of the past, Marae in her rose-silk shawl. . . Mary Lola, of the dancing feet. . . smiling pugnacious Peter. . . the dark-browed, beautiful little boy, Hoane. . .

"Past. . . all past. . . " said King heavily, staring into the fire.

He must remember to post a cheque to the lawyers. There was a mortgage and quarterly interest on Enderby now. He had raised a mortgage in the summer of 1874, when he had sold his wool badly, and Hoane had lost, and lost disastrously, on his English-bred mare, Morningside, a thousand pound cheque for fat lambs belonging to Lang, of Lochiel, where he had been working.

The years were unrolled as a dim screen before King. He saw moments, as fragments, in the firelight. The pendulum of the grandfather clock in the hall at Lochiel, and how it had swung back and forth. . . back and forth. . . while he had sat and begged of the stern old Highlander a second chance for his son. . .

Marae, crying because Hoane was going to school. . . the thick, uneasy voice of the Maori who had come one evening when Hoane was scarcely more than a child, and sat until sunset, skirting around the thing he had come to say.

"King, my friend, keep the boy away from the palm. He is young and hot-headed, and there are girls, and there will be trouble."

He sat staring into the fire.

He had tried to explain to Elvira, stumbling a little.

"A while back. . . I thought John might do better if he was thrown on his own resources. I swore he would never have another penny of mine. He had never come to me for help. But now he's going to marry you, of course, it's different. I haven't a great deal of ready money just now, but I can help him. This place will be his. He can come home. . . "

Elvie had checked him with a superb gesture.

"It is good of you, Cousin Stafford. But we won't need it. John has paid a deposit on a hundred acres of land across the gorge, and we are going there to live. We will not need to trouble you."

"As you like," he said, very low, and then, with a supreme effort, "Elvira. . . John is my son, but. . . "

She had checked him with a look.

"I don't want to hear anything you are going to say about John. I. . . I love him. He loves me. I don't want to seem ungrateful or unkind to you, Cousin Stafford, for you have been very good to me. . . but I know you have seen a great deal of sorrow. . . and I think it has made you hard."

THE wedding was to be almost at once. There was nothing to wait for. King left on a driving trip, and was away until the eve of the wedding, and Elvira was alone with the capable and tactful Mrs. Tucker. Hoane was camping over the gorge building his future home.

Elvira turned inside out the big boxes which had followed her from England, and then carefully brought by pack-horse up to Enderby. She fashioned curtains from dimity gowns, pillow-slips from old ball petticoats, and the centre of a marvellous bed-spread out of an opera cloak. Her wedding gown was a white satin ball dress; she stripped off the frills and ruffles, and sewed in plain light wrist-long sleeves of white lace. The remnant of lace made a little cap, like a nun's.

She finished her sewing by candlelight on the night before her wedding. Then soberly, ceremoniously, she robed herself in the white satin gown, brushed and braided and rolled the gleaming braids of her hair, and fastened into the little cap green, glossy leaves from the mock-orange bush in Marae's garden.

Then she stole out along the verandah,

and tapped very gently on the glass panel of the sitting room door. King was sitting staring into the fire, but he sprang to his feet and came and opened the door.

"I came . . . to show myself to you, Uncle Stafford," she faltered. "I . . . I am very sorry that I was unkind. I did not mean it. It is just that we are going to be independent. Hoane is going to make a success on his own . . . and I'm going to help him. I'm proud of him."

"So am I!" said King unsteadily, and, in a minute, she was in his arms, and crying, all bitterness washed away.

King carried her to the chair beside the fire, and knelt beside her, and she clung to him.

"Father . . . I may call you father, now. I never knew my own father. I wish mother was here to-night. . . she will understand. . . she will be glad for me, won't she?"

"Lola will understand," said Stafford King. "She would have gone to the ends of the earth with Stephen."

They sat hand in hand, gazing into the fire.

She stretched her hands to the blaze.

"You are cold," said Stafford King.

He got up, and took a key from his desk, and unlocked a small tin trunk.

"I brought this out to give you," he said. "You told me you didn't wish to take anything of value from me, so I would like you to have this."

He turned over a litter of old seed catalogues, and a woven feather cloak, and drew out something that fell in a rippling shower of rose and gold embroideries over his arm.

"It was Mamma's," said King. "She was very fond of it, but she scarcely ever wore it; it seemed to give her sufficient pleasure to take it out and look at it."

"It's a shawl," said Elvira, awed. She took it from him. "Uncle Stafford, what a lovely, lovely thing! Are you sure you want me to have it?"

"Quite sure!" said King.

Elvira flung it around one shoulder, and caught the draperies, over the nun-like simplicity of her wedding-gown. In the fire-lit room, it glowed with the rose-coloured challenge of love.

"It is the loveliest thing I have ever seen," she said, and in the firelight, in the white satin and golden embroideries, she was the loveliest thing King had ever seen.

"Uncle Stafford!" she said, very gravely and earnestly. "I'm going to ask you something. Please don't misunderstand me, but I don't want you to come to see us, and I won't come to Enderby. . . not for a while. John . . ." she stumbled over it a little. "John doesn't want me to have a great deal to do with you; he wants to make good on his own. It's like you said, writing this, and turning over a page and beginning a new life . . . with the old things away back in the mist."

THAT was on her wedding-eve, and they were married at noon, under the roses in the garden.

Hoane went away, and came back, lean, and dark, and beautiful, in riding clothes, with spurs jingling at his boot heels in his easy swinging stride. The men brought round a buggy and pair from the stables. It was beginning to blow a cold sweeping wind from the south, and Elvira must have a wrap. She came out with a rose-silk shawl swathed around her, and King's hands trembled as he lifted her up to the high seat of the buggy. She bent and kissed him, and then Hoane swung up to his seat, and the horses plunged away, and she could only lean back and wave her hand, and then they were gone, and King going back into the empty house alone.

Elvira, having descended from the buggy, stood there a proud little figure, holding up the white satin skirts and trailing

fringes of her shawl, and looking at her future home.

The split-plank shack stood on the crest of the ridge like a chip rocking on a wave. One tiny window stared desolately across the hills.

Hoane lifted the loop of twisted hide from the door nail, and they were inside the dim room that was a shelter from the gray, whining wind outside. There was no furniture but packing cases. The floor was of trampled clay; there was a corner fireplace. In the fireplace was a camp oven drifted with ash.

Hoane was carrying brush and kindling wood. He went down on one knee to strike a light, and the little flickering flames crept up.

Elvira stood still in the centre of the room, with her hands tightly clenched.

"It's a . . . beautiful fireplace . . ." said Elvira in a voice that crept uncertainly through the gray dim room. "Imagine big logs in here!"

"If it's a beautiful fireplace, it's the only beautiful thing about the house!" said Hoane. He got up, and dusted his knees. The firelight mounting began to show the strongly-cut lines of his reckless face, the straight brow, the demanding mouth.

With a sudden fire of mastery, he laid his hands on her shoulders, and crushed her to him. The silken fringe of the old Spanish shawl hung over his arm.

"Elvira . . ." he said thickly, and held her close. There was no sound in all the world but the whine of the gray wind around the shack. The fire light flickered on the dark reckless beauty of Hoane's face.

"You're a fool, Elvira! Why did you come up to this God-forsaken farm with me?"

He had freed her, and Elvira lifted her hands to the disordered braids of her shining hair. She stood there in her white wedding-satin.

"Because . . ." her voice was a breath. "I love you, and I am your wife."

"Elvira . . ." said John Stafford King, and caught her in his arms.



CHAPTER 8

1879.

HOANE ploughed fifty acres in the winter, and Elvira joyously purchased grass-seed with the money that her mother sent out as a wedding-present to buy furniture for her new home. Furniture for the tiny shack with the mud floor. Elvira laughed at the bare idea.

"In a few years," she said, "when the sheep are doing well, we can have a new house and good furniture. Until then . . . well, we've never in the house except when it's raining."

She went out with Hoane and helped him to sow, with her skirt plumed up, and a sack of grass-seed swung from a strap across her shoulders.

"Aren't I a good farmer?" she demanded. "Look! I'm getting freckles on my nose. I suppose this is how they used to sow seed in the Bible days . . . when the corn fell by the wayside, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it. . . just as the birds follow us."

In August it rained for a fortnight. There was a cloudburst, and the hillsides that Hoane had sown was furrowed as though a river had washed over it.

Hoane's spirits were very low.

"What's the good of putting seed into land that runs away when it rains?" he demanded, of Elvira, as though she was to blame for it. "I'm not going to put any more grass in."

"We have to have grass for stock," Elvira said practically and quietly. "It's not likely

that we will have rain like that again, and anyhow the flats are all right."

There was fencing timber on the farm, and Hoane cut and split a few hundred posts, and sold them well. The money carried him through the spring to the commencement of the shearing season.

"Easy wages!" said Hoane, "beats farming all to the ground."

"But . . ." it would mean you would be away for weeks. . . Elvira said very hesitatingly.

"Well, look at the money!" Hoane argued. "You'd be all right here; I'd leave you a dog. And I'd get in plenty of supplies."

"Of course," said Elvira swallowing and smiling. "I'd be all right here. And it would mean money for sheep."

"It would," said Hoane. "There's the old man down there, damn him, with his hundred thousand head, and no without hoof or hair to put on the place. May they all rot on him!"

Once a day Elvira walked up to the little outcropping where she could catch a glimpse of the sea, and once a day she opened the only book she possessed, always at the same place, and read the same words. . . "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. . . Therefore, will we not fear."

She worked in her garden, and cut a little scrub in a corner she was trying to clear, but she tired very easily.

Hoane had left her Jock, his black-and-tan sheep dog. Jock ate his meals at the hearth, while she ate hers; at night he slept on a strip of sacking beside her bed.

ALMOST more than Elvira feared the silence, she feared the thought of a chance visitor. But when a man did come, a rider making for the Enderby sheds and having mistaken the way, she welcomed him with an eagerness that was very close to tears. He was a quiet-spoken, decent-looking lad, and Elvira made him the best meal her limited supplies would allow, and sat down to write a letter while he ate.

It was a letter very hard to compose.

"My dear father,—

"I have a chance of sending you a few lines to tell you the thing that lies very close to my heart. I hope, in the early autumn, for a son."

"Do not come, or send anyone over to us, as we are getting on splendidly. Hoane has done well with a post-splitting contract."

"The chickens are growing well, but rats killed two. I hope the pullets I have left will be laying soon."

Believe me, my dear father,

Your affectionate daughter,

Elvira Stafford."

As Elvira had asked, there was no answer to her letter, but the next day the boy arrived back, on one of the Enderby blacks, carrying a little box from which Elvira extricated a half-grown black kitten with a heart-shaped face of mischief.

Elvira, with a little cry, buried her face against the little wriggling morsel, and could not look up.

"Mr. King said he'd be bad for rats . . ."

the boy volunteered.

"How is he?" Elvira begged. "Did he look well? Tell me about him. . . sit down, and I will make you tea."

The next day Hoane arrived back, and Elvira ran breathlessly from the shack to the bend in the track to welcome him.

He was not in a good humour.

"Rotten luck!" he said. "If Linnington had run straight I could have bought out the old man himself."

"Have you been down to the Gisborne races?" Elvira said slowly.

Hoane nodded.

"Rotten runs! Oh, well . . . better luck next time."

Elvira tried to still the trembling of her hands.

"But . . . the sheep, Hoane . . . the new feed's ready now for stock. . ."

Hoane turned on her and swore, and she heard him out, standing like a woman in a dream.

"The kettle's boiling . . ." she said mechanically. "Come in out of the sun, and I'll make your tea."

Much of the long lonely nights she had managed to sleep, but that night she lay awake, while Hoane slumbered with the complete abandon of a child, and watched until the daylight dimmed the white radiance of the moon.

It was near Christmas time. Once she said hesitatingly to Hoane:

"I don't suppose . . . we couldn't eat Christmas dinner at Enderby?"

Hoane's savage reply left her in no doubt. Supplies were running short. There was a little flour in the house, sugar and tea, and Elvira was digging her new potatoes. Hoane was an expert shot, and when he was in the mood, seldom came home empty-handed. But Elvira was sickened of birds; she seldom ate more than the green vegetables from her garden. She plucked and cleaned and prepared the birds and cooked them carefully, but it was of no use, the mere smell sickened her.

"It's your fool imagination!" Hoane said contemptuously and angrily.

She longed for thin slices of bread-and-butter and a cup of good tea, for apples, for crisp roasted mutton and mint sauce with a longing that made her want to sit weakly down and cry. She was ashamed for allowing herself to think so much of food, but it seemed she could not help it. She tried to hide her hatred of the meals from Hoane, for it infuriated him.

On Christmas Eve one of the Enderby men rode in with a killed and dressed lamb. Elvira was not left long in doubt as to Hoane's reception of this overture from his father. He threw the sack out of the door, and kicked it.

"Take that back to Mr. Stafford Sheep King, and tell him to take it to hell!"

WHEN the man had gone, Elvira sat down at the table, and wept weekly, bitterly and Hoane, finding her, was savage.

"What's the matter with you, you fool?" Elvira stared at him strangely through her tears.

"Christmas . . . at home we used to have a tree . . . and carols . . . 'Christians Awake!'" Her voice trailed off. What was it Stafford King had said? Finis . . . a page turned over . . . all shut away back in the mist.

In the New Year Hoane was restless, and more restless. He split a few posts, and was paid, and brought in stores, relieving matters for the time being.

Then one night he broached what was in his mind.

"The gold fields. That's the place to make money. I'm going to try my luck."

Elvira stared at him strangely.

"Not now, Hoane. You wouldn't leave me now."

Hoane was as angry as a child with a toy taken from his reach.

"That's nonsense. It's two months yet. I wouldn't stay long."

Elvira swallowed, and spoke dryly, firmly.

"I've put up with a lot, Hoane, but I won't be left now. It's not only me . . . there's the child to think of. It's not right."

Hoane was silent, but Elvira, after almost a year of marriage, knew him very well, and was not easy in her mind.

One morning she slept late, and when she awakened, the shack was very silent. Hoane's horses were not in the grass; she could not find the saddle.

Elvira stood in the yard, in the early sunlight.

"Oh, please God . . . help me to hold out.

He said he wouldn't be long away. Help me not to give in now. . ."

She went into the store-room, and took an inventory, carrying Jet, with Jock walking solemnly at her heels. There was flour, a little sugar, tea, salt, and baking-powder, dripping, and a few tins of meat.

"I'll manage," she said firmly. "And I mustn't get depressed or frightened, because it'll be bad for the baby. It won't be quite as bad this time, because I've got Jet."

She took down her Bible from its pride of place as the only book in the house, and the pages fell open at the old well-marked spot.

"God is our refuge and our strength. . . therefore will we not fear."

HOANE had been away seven weeks on the night of the earthquake. It was raining, and Elvira had sat long by the fire. She was stitching at a tiny salt frock made from her wedding gown. All the curtains had been cut up now, the bedspread made from the old hall gown, to fashion lovely little baby garments.

"Oh, please God, send Hoane home!" she prayed at last.

She got up, to disrobe for bed, and, at that minute, a terrific gust of wind roared around the house. But was it wind? The roar was under her feet. . . In the sky . . . the house was shaking now. She clutched at the table and it swayed away from her, and she was hurled violently back against the wall. There was the crash of breaking dishes; the jolling kettle pitched from the hear into the hearth, and rolled across the floor.

For what seemed an eternity, she clung to the wall, alone there in the rocking roaring turmoil, and then it was quietening, only the dog-chain and the coat on the back of the door swinging violently, and the water soaking steadily into the mud floor.

Elvira fell, shaking, on her knees, and tried to build up the blazing fire. Her trembling hands piled on brush, and the flames mounted. The chain and the coat on the back of the door were still swinging; she saw the broken dishes on the floor, the smashed pitcher that had fallen from the shelf. She crouched beside the fire, holding the frightened, clawing kitten in her arms.

"God is our refuge and our strength. . . therefore we will not fear . . . though the earth be removed . . . though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof . . ."

What if there was another earthquake?

Another more poignant pang of fear struck, sword-edged into Elvira's heart. Her hands were icy-cold, and wet; her breath came sharply. She sat and clutched Jet, staring stonily into the fire.

She tried to get up, and her shaking knees would scarcely carry her across to the window. It was pitch-black, and the rain blew against the tiny panes.

"Hoane!" she gasped, in a sort of numbing panic. "Hoane! Come back . . . all alone . . . Oh, God, help me! What shall I do?"

She was clinging to the table in the agony of terror that shook her from head to foot.

"All alone . . . and the rain! Oh, God, stop the rain . . . and send Hoane!"

Nobody came, only Jock, who crept frightened from under the bed where he had taken refuge, and laid a cold nose on her hand.

ELVIRA lay down on the narrow bed, striving for self-control, rigid with the determination to subdue panic. Jock laid his paws and his nose on the side of the bed; the kitten sprang up, meowing, and Elvira clutched it to her breast.

"God will send somebody . . . please God, send Hoane . . . let him come soon."

She got up, and went to the window, and came back again. She dragged a box from under the bed, and took out the dozens of the little baby garments made from the curtains and the bedspread with the opera cloak centre, and the satin gown that had been her wedding dress only a year ago.

"God will send somebody soon . . ." she said. She lay down on the narrow bed, and Jock licked her face.

If they could know at Enderby . . . but King did not even know she was alone. He might send up to see how they had fared in the shake, but then there might have been just a little earthquake down at Enderby; it was different up in the mountains.

Time passed, but she had no idea whether it was hours, or an eternity.

Jock had roused himself. His ears were pricked, and then he growled, deep in his throat, with a watch-dog savagery. Then the door burst open, and a shower of rain blew straight across the floor. There was a man in the room, a big man in oilskins, his hair clinging wet to his brow.

"Stafford King . . ." said Elvira out of the depths.

"My God!" said Stafford King. He was bending over her. "Where is Hoane?"

"The mines . . . gold . . ." said Elvira.

"He went weeks ago. . . I have been alone. I didn't want to let you know . . . the earthquake. . ."

She began to cry, strangely, stiffly. Stafford King was lifting her, stripping rugs from the bed, swathing her like a child.

"I have the buggy and horses. . ."

"The clothes on the table. . ." Elvira said feebly.

He rolled them up, and thrust them under his oilskin, and then picked her up. He had to bend his head to hear what she was saying.

"My kitten . . ."

He gave it to her, and she held it under her rugs, and so he went out into the night, with Jock following soberly upon his heels.

Elvira heard dimly what he said as the wind snatched it from his lips.

"He broke my heart, and now he has broken yours, too."

Of the nightmare drive in the storm down through the gorge Elvira afterward remembered nothing. It was mercifully wiped from her memory.

It was dawn when they reached Enderby, and she lay through the long day between life and death. King had sent a man on his best horse for a doctor, but there was no possible chance that he could come in time.

King himself and Mrs. Tucker never left Elvira, and, at sunset, beneath the roof of his father's home, the last of the Stafford Kings was born.



CHAPTER 9
1879-1888.

IT was in those days that the Kings began to be called the Sheep Kings.

The men who went up and down the scattered stations of the hills carried picturesque tales of the three . . . the old man with his magnificent horses . . . the slip of a girl who was chasteleine of the homestead, the little boy Stafford King they both patently adored.

Stafford King rebuilt the homestead.

"A new page turned over . . ." he said, with his odd smile, to Elvira. "Write Finis."

Sometimes it seemed to him that his life was strangely divided into chapters.

There were the old days away back in England in the mist, there were the years with Marae and the children, there was the new peaceful chapter with the laughter he loved, and his grandson growing up.

The mile-long plantation of pines which he and Marae had planted was flourishing now; it was a place of fragrant shade, and dim cool aisles, carpeted in brown. A road led through the width of the plantation, from the isolation of the homestead to the miniature township that was the working centre of the station.

There were always passing riders at Enderby, in shearing season and out; always a bed and a meal and a saddle-paddock, and no questions asked. There was always activity, always a curl of smoke from the cook-house chimney, dogs barking, pack-horses moving uneasily in the yards. A shepherd would come in from his distant outpost on the hills, for a horse; a man would be shooting a pony; a rider would go out with pack-horses.

In early summer came the big wool drive, and the horses would go out, strung upon string of them, with their methodically-weighted packs, and the wool would be stored at the dumping shed on the Bay, to go out, by surf-boat, when the coastal boat lay in the roadstead.

King made good sales three years in succession, and he could have paid off the mortgage. Instead he purchased a new block of bush land, and employed another gang of men to break it in, timber men and scrub-cutters and post-splitters, and men to pack wire and posts and seed.

He drove all his men hard, and paid them all well. It was no child's task to make out the formidable list of the Enderby payroll.

Perhaps Stafford King was best known for his horses. When he could ill afford it, he had paid a great price for an English-bred black thoroughbred stallion that reminded him of Black Macdonald, Devil's Own. He was in the pedigree book, and merely to see Devil's Own stand by the stable bars and call the mare up from the flack caused King to feel he had had his money's worth.

A YEAR later a very sick drover, choosing Enderby as a haven in which to die of lung trouble, gave King his horse, a lean, worn, little black mare.

"Bleeding Arab," he whispered huskily to King. "The grandest horse I've ever ridden. I'd like you to have her."

From Devil's Own and the drover's Arab mare, Stafford King had bred a line of horses that were famous throughout the island. The finest of them all, Night Star of Enderby, Elvira rode as a hack, and to see Night Star in motion, with his rider's skirts flying, her fair hair streaming, and her laughing face turned up to the wind, was to see a sight any horseman would ride far to equal.

Little Stafford King took to horses as his father had done. When he could scarcely walk, he stowed a pony, and then clasped ponies for the lean, beautiful black thoroughbreds. Once Elvira missed him, and went down to the stables, to see him barebacked on Devil's Own, riding the stallion round the yards with a rope halter.

He was a lean-bull, sun-browned child with an easy bearing, and quicksilver energy. Among the rare relics of King's old home was a portrait in oils of some great-great ancestor of his, very cool and keen and debonaire in plumes and ruffles, and the face of the long-dead Cavalier was the face of John Stafford King's son. The resemblance fascinated his grandfather.

"It is through you he gets it," he said once to Elvira. "My children were never like the Kings except, perhaps, Mary Lois."

So far in the past was Mary Lois that it gave him a strange shock to speak her name.

HE and Elvira never spoke of Hoane. He had gained news of him once from a shearer coming from the north, and he passed it on to Elvira, emotionlessly and deliberately, as a surgeon used a knife.

"Hoane made a lucky strike. Then he's been doing well with a couple of race-horses. He's living with a Maori girl in Auckland."

Young Stafford King was not a spoiled child. Elvira was a stern disciplinarian, and if the offence was beyond all bounds, young Stafford was promptly handed over to his grandfather. He had lessons for two hours every day, with his mother gravely presiding. He was quick enough at learning, but always impatient to escape outside.

Down at the men's quarters, he was in his element. He had a particular friend in a lad of fifteen, young Jim Darren, whose job it was to feed the dogs and milk the cows, and keep the homestead in fire-wood. Darren's father had been killed felling bush on a neighboring run, and the boy was alone in the world. With James Bartlett Darren young Stafford rode and fished, and made forbidden expeditions after pigs.

Jim was frank with Stafford King, of whom he stood very much in awe.

"I'd look after the kid with my life, Mr. King. But if he wants to do a thing he will do it, and it's not me that can stop him."

Once young Stafford insisted upon going so far up the gorges that darkness overtook them, and they had to spend the night on a three-foot ledge. Jim made a bed of fern, and lit a fire and fed it with green branches. It was by the smoke that the searchers found them in the morning, and brought them home, and restored Stafford to a dry-eyed and desperate Elvira.

Young Stafford had a thrashing for his share in the night's work, but to the shaken Jim, King said merely . . . "I guessed he'd be safe with you."

Stafford was nine when King broached the subject of school.

"You can teach him, and I can thrash him, but the fact remains that he needs discipline. He needs other boys, and games. A boy brought up alone is an odd object."

"I know that," said Elvira, and steadily set about getting his clothes ready.

When he was gone, the two clung to each other with a strange dependence.

"It's a very odd thing . . ." King said once, "and maybe I'm getting old and silly. . . but I sometimes feel as though I was back thirty years and you were not yourself at all, but Lois."

The school holidays brought back young Stafford, smart in his school colors, but cool and alert as ever, the resemblance to the dry-eyed cavalier undimmed. "How you, Mum? How you, Granddad? School's right enough, but I like here better. I'm in the second fifteen now, wing three-quarter. How's Night Star. Where's Jim?"

HE departed stablewards, and Elvira and Stafford King were left to look at one another.

"He hasn't changed. . ." Elvira said with a breath of relief, and then hesitatingly, "Don't you think . . . if we'd never seen him before . . . if he was a stranger, we'd think he was a splendid boy?"

"I should say so!" King said jealously. That night after tea, when he and his grandfather were alone, young Stafford broached a subject that never seemed to have occurred to him before.

"Granddad?"

"Yes?" King said, raising himself from a reverie.

"Is mother a widow? The boys at school asked me, and I said yes."

"No," King said. "Your father is alive. When I last heard of him he was in Auckland. He left your mother to go and look for gold, and he struck a good find, and never came back to her."

Young Stafford sat and thought it over. His lip curled.



CHAPTER 10
1890

IN the early summer of 1890 a strange pestilence swept the Maori on beyond the river. It had been a hot, dry spring. The Maoris talked of nothing but witchcraft. A man would be sitting in the sun, perhaps, smoking, and be struck down to only lie and groan. A woman would be setting potatoes, and would take to her bed never to rise again.

The Maoris might talk of witchcraft, but Stafford King rode down and inspected the spring where they were taking their drinking water. The current was not moving; the water was skimmed over with red swamp slime.

King sent down two men to fill in the spring.

"It's typhoid, and nothing else," he said to Elvira when he came home.

The Maoris were accustomed to call upon the mistress of Enderby for help in the matter of all ailments and minor accidents. She kept a store of bandages and lint and antiseptics of cough mixtures and pills and patent salves.

But King forbade her to go near the place.

"You can prepare any medicines and I'll take them down. I've had typhoid. I'll take milk to the pa. But you are not going near . . . the boy will be home next week, remember . . ." he added as perhaps the most powerful deterrent he could have used.

So Elvira consulted an old medical journal, and carefully made up medicines, and laboriously wrote out instructions. She sent down blankets and pillows. Within the house she boiled all their own drinking water, and the milk they used.

Meantime the grey death stalked through the pa. It was no respecter of persons; it laid a spectral hand upon the ragged bed of little Ruahui's unwanted baby; it touched the good, wooden doorway of the chief's comfortable home.

Young Rawene, who Elvira had once cured of a poisoned hand, was one of the first who died, and then two very young children, and an old man, and the chief's stout, handsome wife. The sound of distant wailing drifted across the valley, and the days and nights seemed filled with it.

Once each day King carried a can of fresh milk to the pa.

"You are not bewitched . . . not makutu," he explained patiently. "It is a sickness that comes from drinking dirty water. You catch it one from the other. You must not eat with one who is sick. You must bury the dead the same day. You must have no strangers here."

He was wasting his breath. The Maoris continued to gather with those who lay stricken, to eat in the same room, to sleep together. The strangers came from other pas to cry for the dead; they gathered at a common feast table.

Once King investigated the central meeting-house when a tangi was in progress. The dim hot room was full of the sound of wailing; spectral figures rocked and moaned unceasingly. In the centre of the earthen floor lay three coffins that had been there for four days. The heavy air was filled with the sickening smell of death.

"Bury them!" King thundered. "Bury them you fools! If I had a torch, I'd put it on the roof and shut the doors with you all inside!"

He was violently sick before he reached home, and he bathed and put on fresh clothes before he would go near Elvira.

One day a Maori came to the back door. King had given orders that no one from the pa was to be admitted, but he went outside and talked with the Maori. He was an old man, who had mustered as an extra hand on Enderby at shearing-time for many seasons.

"Boss, I thought you should know . . ." he said hesitatingly. "The young man you call Hoane, who is your son, is lying ill with the sickness."

Stafford King's face had altered subtly, aged, grown deeply lined. He was an old man, standing there in the sunshine with his silvered hair and sagging shoulders.

"He is at Putiki . . . the pa near the bay, Boss . . ." the man went on a little more confidently in his own tongue. "A woman came from Putiki to the pa here to help. I do not fear the sickness, Boss, for I have had it, but these people, I say, are mad. This woman went home, and she fell sick and lay on her bed. Many people went to see her, and among them was your son, Hoane, for he had once been her lover. They brought in a stew, Boss, in a great bowl, and they all ate together, the sick woman and the ones who had come to see her, dipping in turn into the bowl."

"Now three weeks have passed, and all those who ate from the bowl are stricken with the sickness and lie on their beds, your son among them."

The Maori ceased his low recital; Stafford King stood staring out into the sunshine.

"You did well to tell me, Maata."

When Maata had gone, King went heavily inside and called Elvira.

"Hoane is at the pa by the Bay. He is ill with typhoid."

Elvira's hand went up to her throat; her face whitened slowly; she stood staring dumbly at him.

"You must send for him to be brought here . . ."

"I will not have him here," said King without passion. "I will go to the Bay, and take medicine to him, and nurse him there, but I will not have him here with you and the boy."

"You can send and have Stafford kept at school," Elvira said very low. "You could not nurse Hoane in the pa, without proper food or conveniences. If you do not bring him here, I will go to him."

Stafford King stood looking at her, very straight and proud in her grey silk afternoon gown, with its round, white Puritan collar and cuffs, her face deathly white, and her fair hair shining.

"I am his wife . . ." said Elvira King.

It was only an hour's ride to the Bay, but it took King five hours to come back, with a makeshift stretcher rigged between his horse and Maata's. They carried the limp form of Hoane in and laid him in the white bed in the grey and white front room of the homestead. The long blinds moved in the breeze; the petals from the old white roses drifted across the new stone loggia as they had drifted that long ago night that Elvira came to Enderby.

Hoane was very ill. He lay dull-eyed, almost unconscious, in the cool room with the shadows of the roses flickering on the white blinds, and Elvira sitting watching him.

Of a night King was with him, in the daytime Elvira. King never knew what Elvira thought of, but he had strange pictures for company through the dim hours.

On the last night Elvira stayed with him. Hoane had been dully delicious all day, babbling of things that had no rhyme or reason.

There was no interval of consciousness, no spectacular last scene or struggle. It seemed, suddenly, that the shadow over Hoane's sunken face was deepening; his restless hands burned no longer, but were weak and cold and still; his breath was almost imperceptible.

Nothing that King or Elvira could do was of avail to stem the ebbing tide, and in the morning word went out from Enderby that Stafford King's son was dead.

They buried John Stafford King in the little graveyard on the point above White Water river, and men rode fifty miles to his funeral to do honor to his father. The burial service was read by a travelling preacher who had never known him.

"This splendid young life cut off in its prime . . . dust to ashes . . . in sure and certain hope . . ."

King remembered only detached phrases, but he remembered how the bell-birds had sung in the flax-clumps, as the clouds of earth fell into the grave.

It was a very lonely graveyard, roughly fenced. There were a half-dozen wooden crosses, one without a name, one the grave of the drover who had given King his horse. Also there was a block of the local stone, roughly graven.

"Marne, dearly-beloved wife of Stafford King, aged forty-three years."

Peter King, aged eleven years.
Mary Lois King, aged ten years.

Until the day break, and shadows flee."



CHAPTER II
1881

ELVIRA was going home to England. There was no reason why she should not go. There was a regular shipping service now; young Stafford was twelve years old, and at school, and his grandfather could quite well look after him during the holidays.

Lois had written wistfully.

"I should like to see my Colonial daughter again, and you and I, my dear Stafford, are growing no younger. It sometimes seems to me three hundred years since we used to ride home after meats together. Do you remember the day your little skewbald . . . I can't even remember her name! . . . jumped Plover's Brook, and you finished alone?"

"Margery is in Europe, having made an extremely good match with an ambassador. I always expected Margery to make her way in the world."

"The Lady Althea is dead. The Countess. I should say. She married a Count, and they have had a beautiful home in Paris."

"Do try and arrange about Elvie . . ."

Stafford King took Elvira to Gisborne, and they shopped, recklessly, lavishly.

"I often think, in that grey and white outfit, people must take you for my granddaughter," King said, smiling, as they lunched one afternoon at a restaurant.

Elvira looked at him very keenly and gently.

"I think it's far more likely they are envying me my white-haired cavalier. It seems to me men's manners are getting casual now-a-days."

Elvira booked her passage on a boat leaving in November.

"I'll see you through shearing first," she said practically. "And I'll make the Christmas cakes and puddings, and store them in tins."

She was very busy sewing for herself . . . sheer white underthings, exquisitely hand-stitched, with yards of delicate lace and insertion.

"It's like making a trousseau over again . . ." she said once, soberly.

She and King had debated long over gifts for her to take home to her mother. She was working a set of linen tea-cloths, in heavily exquisite embroidery, to be finished on the voyage. King was sending Lois a maori greenstone pendant, delicately and wonderfully carved.

"Did you ever love my mother?" Elvira said once. "I mean, would you have married her if it had not been for my father?"

King shook his head a little wistfully.

"How do I know now? All so long ago and far away."

Elvira was packing her boxes by candle-light one night that King came in weary and mucky from his overreaching the packing of the last of the wool out to the bay. Elvira brought him coffee and scones on a tray, and went on with her packing.

From the dim recesses of an old trunk she drew out the old rose silk shawl.

"Lavender . . ." she said, and straightway fell to dreaming, on her knees, the bright banner of the gold embroideries spread in the candlelight.

The dim, sweet scent made King think of Marne, plucking the little, brittle, grey sticks, drying them, tying them up in odds and ends of ribbon. It had other associations for Elvira.

"Lavender . . ." she said slowly. "There's a border of it at home . . . a greyish-colored, spiky border all down to the front gate. And behind, white lilacs. Oh . . . the white lilacs! The year I was up over the gorge . . . when I was alone . . . I used to pray, 'Please, God, let me dream about the white lilacs to-night.'"

There was a long silence. Stafford King sat on, in the shadows; Elvira knelt with her hands in the folds of the shawl, and her eyes dreaming.

"There's a holly tree by the front gate, with scarlet berries. We used to cut branches every winter and put them in a big, green bowl on the piano, and tie a red bow on the picture bracket . . ."

KING cleared his throat.

"You used to say there was nothing to do at home but to put flowers in the vases. Do you wish you had stayed at home? You might have married the ambassador . . ."

Elvie's eyes came back from the distance to his face. She shook her head, smiling decisively, but there were suddenly tears running down her cheeks.

"No . . . I can't say I haven't lived. And there's Stafford . . ."

She folded the shawl in reverent creases.

"It will be lovely to wear of an evening on the ship."

She got up and brought a footstool, and sat by King's knee.

"God has been good to us . . ." she said. "We've been happy, haven't we, these last years?"

"Yes, we've been happy . . ." Stafford King said.

"You don't wish I'd never come out?" King looked down into her eyes.

"If you had not come out, Elvie, I should have been wishing myself dead these long years. Instead, they've been the happiest of my life . . ."

In the morning King went down to the bay to see to the task of getting the wool from the store-shed to the boat out in the roadstead. He took young Jim Darren with him, and half a dozen of the other Enderby men, and a team of good horses.

It was a bright day, with a strong surf running, the sea shot with leaping jade and emerald.

It was always a trying job to "launch the heavy surfboat." They got it out, beyond the line of breakers, at last, with all hands wet to the skin. At four King, braced in the bow, shouted back at the teamster, and he cracked his long whip, and forced the plunging horses out into the surf.

King, from his place, saw the colorful scene as he had seen it so many times before . . . the oarsmen trying to hold the rocking boat steady; the green-and-white sea roaring; the powerful horses, wet and gleaming, rearing and plunging in the foaming water as they backed the heavy wagon round. Behind was the wide horizon and the blue rim of the sky.

"Back!" Dan the teamster yelled full-throatedly. "Back, you — mules! Whoa! Didn't you hear me say 'Whoa,' you loped sons of donkey mothers?"

The brake scraped a wave-drove over the flinching horses.

A bale went over into the boat, and then another. Terence O'Rourke, the big Irish blacksmith, shifted each one into position single-handed. They had a full load now.

"All clear!" King shouted. "Pull away."

The teamster swung his horse round, and the men bent to their oars.

There was a heavier sea than King had reckoned on, and the tide was running strongly alongshore to the point. The boat rose and fell sickeningly. Jim Darren, next to King, cast a quick, measuring glance back. They were beginning to ship water.

Then something happened. There was a splintering crash, and jar, and a wave caught the boat broadside on, and they were over.

"Mother of God!" said Irish Terence very gently.

The water was ice cold, and the current a restless hand. King came up, buffeted, gasping, and caught with one hand on a jagged tang of rock. Very clearly he saw young Jim Darren's unconscious face turn over, and slide beneath the water, and he loosened his hold and went down after him.

The water was cold, and there was a great roaring in King's ears, but through it all he heard the din shouting and splashing as the men on shore cut the traces and rode the horses in. Jim was a dead weight; King tried to get back with him to the rocks, but his strength was failing. Then a white-capped comber caught them and flung them in. King was dimly conscious of the shock, but the green flicker of the sea had become mist . . . a gentle mist that hid the white-fanged rocks and the roaring surf . . . and behind the mist the sun was shining.

It was Dan the teamster who got to them, and Stafford King's left arm was still twisted inflexibly in the boy's belt. Jim was unconscious and bleeding from splintered ribs, but he was alive. The other three men were safe, but for the body of Irish Terence they must wait until the winds and tides had had their sport.

Elvira was sewing when Dan the teamster came in to her. His clothes hung on him limp with sea water, his hair was matted, and his face was grey. He looked like a man who had come back from the bottom of the sea tides.

Elvira rose to her feet, mechanically holding her sewing. It was the centre-piece of the set she was working to take home to her mother.

"There has been an accident, Mrs. King," Dan said gently, hoarsely.

Elvira stood very still, looking at him. "There was too big a sea running," Dan said softly, as though reciting something long ago and far away. "They lost way, and struck a rock, and the boat turned over. And Terence O'Rourke was drowned."

"And my father . . .?" Elvira said.

She saw, with surprise, that Dan was crying. The tears were running down his grey, scamed face.

"He could have saved himself, Mrs. King,

But he went after young Jim Darren who'd got a knock on the head when the boat turned over. And he held him up till a wave caught them both, and threw them up on to the rocks."

Elvira folded her sewing carefully, in creases. She wondered why she was folding it.

"Will you please arrange for someone to go down to Gisborne, and take a message to my son?"

"Yes, Mrs. King . . ." Dan said gently, hoarsely.

He was loath to leave her; he stood, watching her face.

"And Jim Darren . . ." she said, as though from a very great distance. "He'd better be brought in here, so that I can nurse him."

"Yes, Mrs. King . . ." Dan said.

He moved very quickly, and caught her as she fell.



CHAPTER 12

1904

IN the spring of the year 1904, with due ceremony, the Government surveyors laid the line of the road through Enderby territory. The trail of white surveyors' flags fluttered gaily past the weather-beaten gates at the end of the pine plantations, and went weaving on into the hills. The waving strips of white alarmed the hardy hill weathers for a few days, and then they accepted them as part of the landscape.

It was just before Christmas of that year that young Stafford King returned unexpectedly from his trip to investigate sheep-breeding methods in Australia, and to quote James Bartlett Darren, "raised all hell on Enderby."

What Jim Darren never added to the story was the pertinent fact that it was a letter of his which had brought Stafford home.

At the age of twenty-four, King looked about nineteen, a lean-built, good-looking youngster, hard as nails, middle-weight champion of his year, first-eleven bat, and representative wing-three-quarter for his University and province.

Charles Taylor, ex-manager of Enderby, should have taken all these things into account, but instead he saw only his employer's extreme youthfulness, and, smarting under the indignity of his public and very thorough dressing-down, he stood his ground and informed an interested audience what he intended to do with this young upstart who ground the faces of the poor.

"Oh, you want that, do you?" said young King, and forthwith gave his coat and shirt to Jim Darren, and proceeded to scientifically administer the worst thrashing that Taylor had ever received in all his chequered career.

Having finished what he considered a very good day's work, he went back to the house to revise the Enderby payroll, and the faithful Darren followed him with his coat and shirt.

"You were right, Jim," King said, pulling out a chair and sitting down, still clad only in trousers and boots, his smooth dark hair dishevelled and a faint dew of perspiration shining on his naked shoulders. "There's been monkey business here. I took the accounts from Taylor, and I've only had time to glance at them, but that's enough."

"I haven't enjoyed anything so much since that rodeo show we had when I was a kid of fifteen."

King sat in silence a few seconds.

"My mother didn't make many mistakes,

Jim, but I guess Charles Taylor was one of them."

"I guess so," Jim said briefly.

King sat, lost in thought, with his eyes on the darkening hills.

"What are the flags?" Jim said, squaring his shoulders, "I wrote you about it . . ."

"You did, but I didn't realise it," King said. He laughed softly. "Pity the old man couldn't have seen it, Jim . . ."

"That's what I've thought," said Jim, with reverence.

WHEN Jim had gone King lighted the oil-lamp that stood upon his desk, and drew out writing paper.

"My dear Le Moyne . . ." he wrote, and then sat lost in thought.

Vincent Le Moyne and he had gone through University together, Le Moyne taking his degree in accountancy. Then King had made a tour of agricultural colleges, and Le Moyne had gone home to England to visit an influential relative. Four days ago the two had met, on the quayside, at Auckland, as King's boat docked, and Le Moyne had confessed he had come to meet his wife.

Mrs. Le Moyne was not a passenger on the boat, and Le Moyne had received a cable giving a later sailing. Over dinner at the hotel, he had given King a brief outline of his marriage.

"We've been married six months. My gentle relatives pulled strings, and secured for me an appointment in Auckland. Mary's mother was ill, and she could not leave her. The mother died, and Mary took ill. Finally she's free to come out and join me."

"Romantic!" said King, with the amused interest of the bachelor. "Is she pretty?"

"She is . . . divine!" Le Moyne had answered with his quick characteristic exaggeration.

King thought of it, smiling, as he wrote, "My dear Le Moyne."

"You confessed to being at a loose end while waiting for your wife's boat. What about running up here and helping me give my books a look over. I'm in a devil of a mess; I should have come home before. I think I can promise you a good day after pigs."

"Yours,

"Stafford King."

King sealed the envelope, and locked up the confusing files of accounts, and got up to have a bath, and go to bed.

In the morning Jim Darren, having to go out for stores, came in to see if there was any mail to be posted, and found the envelope addressed to "Vincent Le Moyne, Esq., Waverly Hotel, Auckland," and put it in the mailbag and turned the key.

Le Moyne arrived at Enderby at the close of a wild, wet spring day. The rain was still falling softly; the lawns were drenched, the white, wet rose-petals lay along the shining stone floors of the loggia.

King called a man to take the horses, and Le Moyne entered, shaking himself, stamping his wet riding boots.

"Well, my friend King! Quite a chieftain

. . . and a castle in the hills, and faithful retainers! I must confess I did not expect such magnificence!"

"Don't be a fool!" said King.

Though the night was warm there was a fire crackling in the wide stone hearth. King devoted himself to pouring the tea and cutting bread, while Le Moyne prowled around the room, examining the old prints, the Miori weapons that hung on the walls, the silver-mounted tanks above the side-board.

"He must have been a beauty, Staff . . ."

"He got my best dog, and nearly got me," King said, looking up at the boar's tusks.

"If it hadn't been for Jim Darren he would have got me. I was only a kid then."

Le Moyne had come to a stop in front of

the portrait of the King cavalier of long ago.

"Ancestor of yours, King?"

King nodded.

"What an extraordinary likeness! By Jove, King . . . it really is amazing . . . come here and look!"

"Don't be a fool!" King said, but he came across to the fireplace, and looked from the mirror above the mantelpiece to the pictured face in the frame.

It was certainly an odd likeness.

The cast of feature was the same, lean, high-bred, faintly-fastidious. The brown eyes under their mocking brows were the same, the thin-lipped mouth, the finely-chiselled temples and jaw. There the resemblance ended. King's short, dark hair was brushed in a sleeky-shining cap, and his muscular throat was bare. The cavalier wore flowing curls, and ruffles, and carried a great plumed hat beneath his arm.

"Most amazing . . ." repeated Le Moyne. He came and sat down at the table. "I'd like to see you in a wig and ruffles. Of course you're younger . . . very young. In fact you haven't changed much since you were at school."

King was young enough to sound nettled.

"Haven't I? You have . . ."

Le Moyne smiled into his plate of excellent home-cured ham, and King studied him. He was a lean-built, fair young man with nervous lines graven about his mouth, and clever, narrow eyes. His coloring lacked the healthy tan of outdoor life.

"Well, I suppose you'll marry now, Staff. mistress of the household . . . carry on the old traditions style?"

They had finished their tea, and were lounging before the fire.

"Not on your life!" King said. "Not for twenty years, at least. That would make me . . . what? Forty-four . . . a good age to marry."

Le Moyne shrugged and smiled, and bent forward to light a paper spill from the fire.

"Why the vigor, Stafford, my friend?"

"He travels fastest who travels alone!" King returned tritely.

"This chateau in the mountains . . ." said Le Moyne, with a glance about the room, "needs a mistress."

King took the half-burned spill from his hand and lighted his own pipe.

"Do you expect me to marry to oblige the house? Anyway, it would be dashed lonely up here for a woman. And I don't think I would be a good husband."

In the morning he and Le Moyne went systematically through the station books.

"You've been losing money right and left, my lad," Le Moyne said. "I think you had better put these books into the hands of the police."

King shrugged.

"No. Publish to the world exactly what a sap I've been? It's my own fault; I should have stayed at home instead of taking flash agricultural courses. Oh, well . . ."

HE studied Le Moyne's trial balance ruefully.

"I'll have to sell mighty well this year, Vin, to meet my immediate debts. And there's the new ruling scheme for the road."

"You can't do it," Le Moyne said with finality. "You'll have to raise a temporary loan. State Advances, or something."

King frowned over the pencilled figures.

"There's already a first mortgage on the original holding."

"That's nothing," Le Moyne summed, sweeping up loose sheets of paper. "It makes the wool grow better. Don't pay too big a percentage, that's all."

They had a glorious afternoon in the bush after pigs, and when they came in at dusk, wet, muddy and weary they found the mail-bag awaiting them on the table in the living-room.

"Darren must be home," King said, tak-

ing the key from the desk and unlocking his bag.

"I left orders to have my mail sent on . . . though I expect none," Le Moyne said, stretching himself luxuriously in the deep chair beside the hearth, and reaching his steaming boots to the flames.

"Nevertheless, there is one for you!" King said, tossing him an envelope which he missed and groped lazily after.

"A shipping company's notice . . . Rimutaka expected next week. By Jove, I'll have to get a move on!"

"And another for you!" King said, gathering his own mail, and coming to sit in the deep leather chair opposite.

He read an advertisement for sheep-dip and a treatise on manures, and then a slight sound made him look up.

LE MOYNE was sitting huddled in his chair, staring at the fire. His face was ghastly.

"What the devil's the matter?" said King.

Le Moyne drew in his breath and tossed the letter into the fire where it sprang up in flame and curled over and blackened. His face, always pale, had assumed a greyish colouring; the beads of sweat were standing out upon his upper lip. He managed a distorted laugh.

"Nothing Then after a minute, 'Curse the woman . . . to appear . . . now!'"

"Are you talking about your wife?" King inquired drily.

"No . . . yes, my wife! Yes, I am talking about my wife . . . ha, ha, that's funny, isn't it?"

Presently, with a violent motion of distaste, he picked up the torn envelope, and flung it into the flames.

"This woman . . . this Brenda, curse her soul! . . . if I had never met her!"

King stared at him, a little blankly.

"I thought she was dead!" Le Moyne said violently. "At least, I thought she would never turn up again. . . . I wish I had strangled her with my own hands! It was the year I was in Australia . . . how was I to know she would ever turn up again? What does she want coming over here?"

"Are you trying to tell me you were married before you went through a form of marriage with this English girl you call Mary?" King said. "Because that's what it sounds like."

Le Moyne shot him an oblique glance. "I never thought she would turn up again . . ." he muttered.

He sat huddled, staring into the fire, King looked at him and marvelled that the jaunty young man of five minutes before had been transformed into this grey-faced furtive creature with the twitching eyes and mouth.

"Is this letter from her?" King said.

"From her brother," Le Moyne muttered.

"Blackmail . . . that's what they're after. She's a bad lot . . . I was young when I married her . . . and a fool. They've somehow got wind of my marriage to Mary, and this is the result."

King took up a catalogue, and feigned interest in it. Le Moyne got to his feet, and reeled stiffly across to the sideboard, and poured himself a neat whisky, and came back to his seat.

He spoke with more assurance, "I'll get out of this to-morrow."

"Where?" King said.

Le Moyne shot him a queer glance, and the travesty of a laugh.

"What's that to you?"

"Nothing!" King said promptly. He reddened under his suntan. "I have no wish to be counted in on your matrimonial adventures. What do you get for bigamy, anyhow?"

Le Moyne set down his glass with a shaking hand. He wiped his forehead and got up and went for more whiskey.

"I could get across to Sydney . . ." he muttered.

"Just tell me," King said, "are you proposing to let this girl Mary, who you profess to adore, land in Auckland, recovering from an illness, knowing nobody, and without money?"

Le Moyne looked at him feverishly.

"I haven't any choice . . ."

"Then you're a cad!" King stated deliberately.

Le Moyne threw his empty glass savagely against the bar of the grate, and it shattered into a thousand fragments.

"We've got to pack everything up here" King reminded him. "And it's dashed difficult to pack glass."

"I thought you were, my friend . . ." Le Moyne said sullenly and childishly.

King was looking into the fire.

"Why don't you stick by the girl, anyway?" he said. "It's no business of mine, but you say you adore her . . . and if you married her believing the other woman to be dead, it's no criminal offence . . . and you could get a divorce from the first marriage . . ."

"Hear him!" Le Moyne sneered. "And how do I prove I believed the other woman dead . . . if I did! I must tell you I think you a fool, my friend King!"

"Seeing you are a guest under my roof," King returned, "it is not my business to tell you that I think you a cur and a coward!"

Le Moyne sprang to his feet.

"I've no need to be under your roof a minute longer!" he shouted distortedly.

"I'll leave to-night . . ."

"Please don't," King said, "I am your host, and I forgot myself. Stay to-night, and I will order a horse at whatever hour in the morning you wish."

He left the room, and went down to the men's quarters, and spent an hour, reviewing work for the next day. When he returned, there was no sign of Le Moyne.

"Mr. Le Moyne said to tell you he wanted a horse at six to-morrow," Mrs. Tucker said, creeping in, her face seamed in doubtful wrinkles. "And I must say he looked sick or crazy. I'm not sorry he's going, for I never liked that man. You poor grandfather would never have abided him."

"He's had bad news, Mrs. Tucker," King said.



CHAPTER 13
1904

ON Saturday, when the Rimutaka docked, Stafford King was on the quayside.

"I am probably being the biggest fool on God's earth," he reflected uneasily. "I wish I was a thousand miles from here."

He gave a steward a ten shilling note, and demanded Mrs. Vincent Le Moyne, second-class passenger from Southampton, and composed himself to wait.

He had formed a very definite mental picture of Le Moyne's wife.

But he received a shock.

The steward was bringing up a fragile young woman clad in a long dark coat and a dark hat. She was very fair, pale with a transparent healthy pallor.

All the careful speech that King had been revising fled his memory. He could only stand there, bareheaded, and look at her.

Mrs. Le Moyne eyed him anxiously. "My husband . . . Mr. Le Moyne . . . is he ill?"

"No," King said, "he has been . . . detained unavoidably. I came to meet you in his stead."

To save his life he could not have said

more. He could not explain here in the bustle and turmoil around them. He must get her away by herself.

"My name is King. Stafford King. I was at school with Le Moyne."

He could tell her when they were in the cab he thought. But when they were in the cab the fount of his speech dried up.

"You are not Le Moyne's wife. His wife was alive when he went through a form of marriage with you."

How could a man blurt out a thing like that?

"Do you live in Auckland, Mr. King?"

She had addressed him, and King stammered for words to reply to her simple question. The mere glance of her grey eyes beneath their thick lashes confused him inexplicably.

"Er... no. My home is down the coast. But I knew Le Moyne at school."

He had said that before. Would he never be able to do anything but repeat himself?

The cab stopped and he handed her out. "If I may have the honor of lunching with you... we can... talk."

She gave him a strange glance, but they were passing through the hotel lobby. King guided her to a table in a window alcove, and, when she was seated, sat down opposite and took a deep breath.

Mary Le Moyne went straight to the point.

"Mr. King, your manner is very strange. I can tell that you have had news. Is my husband dead?"

"No," King said, "he is alive and well... but he is not your husband. I am trying to tell you that Le Moyne was married before, and he has just found out that his first wife is alive."

She remained very still, looking at him, growing whiter and whiter. The waiter came up for orders, and King gave them in a low voice, and the man disappeared.

"I might refuse to believe you," Mary Le Moyne said at last under her breath, "but something in your face tells me that you are speaking the truth."

"I wish to God it was a lie!" King said. Mary Le Moyne's face was a mask of whiteness. She sat immobile.

"Will you have anything to drink?" King said, "a glass of wine?"

She shook her head, and King summoned a waiter.

"Tea for this lady. And quickly. She has landed from the boat, and is weak."

HE pushed aside their plates, untouched, and poured a cup of tea, strong and steaming. He gave it to the girl, steady the cup as she drank. "I should not have blurted it out at you," King said. "I am a clumsy fool."

"Where is Le Moyne now?" she said tonelessly.

"I don't know," King said.

She looked at him then.

"That is true," King said. "He was with me four days ago, but I have no idea where he is now. They... her people... are trying to make trouble."

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I know you are speaking the truth. Did he... send any message to me?"

"He did not know I was coming," King said unguardedly.

"That is the truth, unvarnished," Mary Le Moyne said, "and tell me one more thing."

"What is that?" King said.

"Did he... Le Moyne tell you that he honestly believed his wife dead when he married me?"

King raised his brown eyes to hers.

"He did."

"You are a bad liar, Mr. King," she said quietly.

The waiter came again.

"Nothing more, thank you," King said.

He departed, with a curious backward glance at the frozen young woman in the dark coat, and the good-looking young man with the authoritatively low voice.

Mary Le Moyne had taken off her gloves, and she looked down now at her bare hands, and the shining band of her wedding ring. Very slowly she took the ring off.

King rose to his feet.

"I have taken the liberty of reserving a room here for you. You will want to rest after your journey. I will come back this evening."

She gathered her bag and gloves mechanically, and King reached back for her wedding ring, and dropped it into his pocket.

"You have been very good to me," she said tonelessly, "but there is no need to feel responsible for me. I will see to-morrow about getting work."

King went out into the sunshine, with his pulses racing strangely. He was twenty-five years old, and Mary Le Moyne was the first woman who had confused him. Her face rose up before his eyes everywhere. Her eyes were like pools of very clear water, he thought. The fringes were dark-ringed as the edge of a pool is margined with shadows. Her hair was fair. He had never seen hair quite like it. It was not yellow. It was a moonlight fairness.

He stopped before a jeweller's window. Nestling in a bed of black velvet was a string of pearls, in moonlight radiance. King imagined them lying in the white curve of Mary's throat, the stiff, dark collar of her dress turned back, and the white pearls lying on her white throat. Pearls... not the hard, white blaze of diamonds, or the jealous beauty of emeralds, for her... but pearls.

He went in and asked to see the pearls.

A respectful salesman brought them, in their black velvet setting, and King lifted them and ran their milky iridescence through his hard, brown horseman's hands.

"I'll take them," King said, and took out his cheque-book. While he wrote, his eye fell upon a tray of wedding rings in the glass case beneath his hand.

The salesman folded the velvet case in tissue paper, and then in stiff wrappings, and still King's gaze was chained to the plain gold hoops in the white silk setting.

"I'll take one of those rings."

"Yes, sir," the salesman slipped the tray deftly out. "Which style?"

"The one in the corner."

"And what size?"

King considered.

"A fairly tall woman. Not small hands, but slender fingers."

"Medium size..." said the salesman helpfully. "Of course you can always have it altered."

He slipped the ring into a case, and King put the case in his breast pocket. Half-past four.

AT six o'clock he was in the hotel lobby asking for Mrs. Le Moyne. A messenger went up, and returned to report that Mrs. Le Moyne was too ill to see him.

"Then I'll go up," King said.

He mounted the stairs, and knocked upon the door to which the girl had directed him.

"Mary! May I come in?"

There was an instant's hesitation, and then a woman's voice said: "No!"

The door was not locked, and King turned the handle, and walked in.

She was lying flat upon the bed, clad in a long blue robe, with her hair in a mistily shining braid over her shoulder. As he entered, she drew herself up, holding the blue robe, in one fine lean nervous hand, to her breast. King saw that she looked terribly ill, her face was colour-

less, and her eyes were ringed in darkened circles.

King sat down on the edge of the bed, and took her wrist in his strong fingers.

"Your pulse is rapid, Mary... and weak. Do you feel very ill?"

She was leaning on one elbow, and the apathy of her eyes had given way to an expression of defence which was not free from fear. King followed her glance to the door.

"I closed that door because I wanted to talk to you privately. But if you raise your voice you can be heard outside."

Mary still went on looking at him... a lean, handsome, young man, beautifully groomed, with his smooth dark hair, and his air of easy authority.

"Please let me get up," she said, in a low voice.

King rose instantly, and very unsteadily and slowly, she got up on to her feet, and, wrapped in the blue dressing-gown, walked across to the window. She awayed like a woman recovering from an illness. She was silent an instant, looking down into the street, and then she turned.

"Mr. King, I am grateful for your kindness. But I do not want you to feel responsible for me. I am going round the registry offices to-morrow. I can do house-work; I am a good cook."

King shook his head.

"My dear... no one would employ you looking as ill as you do now."

"I will not look as ill to-morrow..."

She began it confidently, but her voice trailed off.

"One thing, Mr. King. I will be obliged if you will direct me to a cheaper boarding place. I have been looking at the tariff here. I cannot afford it, even for one night."

"I have reserved the room for you," King said.

"Then you will have to cancel it."

"How much money have you?" King demanded bluntly.

"I won't answer that," Mary said, very low.

"Will you allow me to lend you money?"

"No!" Mary said, with force.

King looked at her, standing there very slim and straight in the blue robe, with her braid of hair hanging over her shoulder.

"Will you marry me, Mary?"

THEY faced one another across the width of the window.

King thrust his hand into his breast pocket, and brought out a folded paper and a jeweller's case.

"The form is a special license, authorising us to be married before eight o'clock to-night. In the case is a wedding ring."

Mary, across the width of the window, shook her head, marvelling.

"This is a quixotically-generous gesture, Mr. King. Of course I have no intention of dismaying you by taking advantage of it."

King laughed.

It was a fighting gesture, that laugh.

"I am beginning at the wrong end, Mary. I came to Auckland with the purpose of meeting you, and escorting you to a decent boarding house, and helping you to find a job. But you..." he spread his hands in an oddly-rueful gesture.

"You have upset all that. If I had met you as Le Moyne's wife, I would have run away with you. Now do you understand?"

Mary looked at him.

"Are you trying to tell me that you have fallen in love with me at first sight?" she said, in her slow, low, unbelieving tones.

King nodded.

"That's what I am trying to tell you."

Mary shook her head again, and smiled a very faint smile. It was the first time he had seen her smile.

"You are the most quixotically-generous

gentleman I have ever known. But you must not expect me to believe you."

It was a lightning-swift movement that King made, and he held the stenderness of her in his arms, her head thrown back, and the misty braid of her hair falling over his shoulder. He kissed her, not roughly, but with the authority of master. The blue robe had fallen back, and he laid his face against the whiteness of her throat, where he had longed to place the pearls.

"Do you understand now?" he said, just a little thickly. "When I think that Le Moyne ever held you in his arms, ever called you his wife . . . I could shoot him down loyally for the cowardly cur that he is! Do you understand?"

Too late he released her, and then caught her again, picked her up in his arms, and carried her and laid her on the bed.

"Mary! Don't be a fool! I wouldn't hurt a hair of your head for all the gold in the bank . . ."

She had not quite lost consciousness, and he brought water in a glass, from the carafe on the dressing-table, and slipped his arm under her shoulders, and supported her while she drank.

"I am very sorry . . ." she said faintly, as from a distance.

King's fine, lean face was a little twisted. "I am sorry . . ."

They were silent an instant, and then King spoke.

"Mary, will you marry me to-night? It doesn't matter if you refuse . . . I will follow you up and wait . . . and sooner or later I will marry you . . . Nothing is surer than that! I don't want you to accept under false pretences. My home is very lonely . . . away back in the hills . . . no road. My mother lived there for sixteen years, but she was an unusual woman. I don't know whether you could live there. If you are willing to try, we will be married to-night."

There was a long silence, and then she spoke very low, from the dimness.

"You will be willing to marry a woman who has been . . . another man's . . ."

King laid a hand on her mouth with almost the force of a blow.

"Be quiet! When you are my wife . . . that is all that matters."

She lay quiet, obediently. King's face was close to hers, so that, even in the gathering dusk, he could see her strange, crystal-clear eyes with their dark-ringed irises.

"Stafford King . . ."

"Yes . . ." King said.

Mary's answer was a long time coming. "I will marry you to-night. And . . . as God is my witness I will try to give you a fair deal."

King bent his head.

"As God is my witness, Mary, I will be good to you."

He stood up, and Mary, with an effort, raised herself upon her elbow.

"What is the time?"

King looked at his watch.

"Six o'clock. Twenty minutes past."

"If you would please go down now . . . I will dress. Then I will come down, and we will have dinner, and then go to be married. Will that do?"

"Perfectly," said Stafford King. "I am going now to see about getting a passage to Gisborne. There's a ship leaving to-night . . . a cargo boat, but the captain's a friend of mine. I may be able to get berth."

AT twenty minutes to seven Mary met him in the hall. She was wearing a plain, heavy, white silk gown, with ruffled sleeves, and a square-cut neck, and she carried over her arm a long white serge coat. Her head was bare, her fair hair bound in a gleaming coronet. Her

face was still colourless, but her eyes smiled at him.

"I put on a dark costume, and then I thought I was not being fair to you, so I changed, and dressed up. Will I do?"

"You are beautiful," said King, with an odd spark in his brown eyes, and then, so low that she scarcely heard it, "And you are the bravest thing God ever made!"

They went into dinner, and people at the neighbouring tables turned to look at the pair . . . the slim girl in white, and the young man with his air of distinction.

King held his head high.

She was pale, this woman he was marrying. Thoroughbred. Like the rest of the King women, like his half-caste grandmother, who had left all to follow the alien man she loved . . . like his little mother who had gone gallantly, generously through life, with a broken heart, and her head held up.

This woman was game! She sat there opposite him, erect, white, weary, smiling sometimes when her eyes met his . . . trying to make conversation.

"You said you lived on a farm. Is it cows you keep?"

"Some cattle. But mostly sheep. Sheep are the main thing."

"The rooms over there . . . by the woman in pink. Aren't they lovely . . . Stafford?"

SHE said his first name resolutely, and King, with a strange thickening at his throat, could only look from the white purity of the buds to the whiteness of her face. The orchestra was playing an old love song.

She drank the hot clear soup with resolution, and it brought a faint colour to her cheeks. King took the menu.

"Chicken, Mary?"

"Please."

She struggled with it, and with the sweet, "No wine," said King to the waiter.

He brought them coffee, and they sat on in the warm, brilliantly-lighted room, in the music and talk and laughter.

"To your happiness . . ." King said.

She obediently touched her tiny cup to him.

"To your happiness . . ."

Then they went to the Registrar's office.

"Wait . . ." King said to the calman.

They were in the bare room, with its brown linoleum and office-furnishings.

"Your name . . .?"

"Stafford King."

"Your name . . .?"

"Mary Christine . . . Valentine."

In five minutes the thing was done. They went out into the clear starry night again, and King handed Mary into the cab, and got in beside her.

Mary sat clasping her armful of roses till her knuckles showed white. She still held her head high, but her grey eyes were strained, and she stared out into the street.

The cab stopped at the quay-side, and King got out, and handed Mary down, and paid the driver.

There was a gangway, under swinging lanterns, barred by ropes, but a man wearing a seaman's cap came and unfastened the ropes.

"Evening, Mr. King. We'll be pulling out in an hour."

"Suita me," King said. "Meet my wife, Captain Hammond, Mary."

Captain Hammond doffed his peaked cap and bowed over it, and they were making their way along the littered deck. A donkey engine thumped and rattled, winches clattered, a man's voice was raised authoritatively.

"Got my wife's baggage, Captain?"

"I have, Mr. King. Now I hope you'll be comfortable in here, Mrs. King."

King set down Mary's bag and took her roses and her coat from her.

"Good-night, my dear!" he said, and followed Captain Hammond down the narrow alleyway.



CHAPTER 14
1904.

THE first day out of Gisborne was by coach and team. The second day King hired from the livery stable a couple of hacks and a pack-animal for Mary's baggage.

Toward the end of the day it seemed to King that Mary kept herself in her saddle only by sheer effort of will. Huddled in his big coat, she drooped over her horse's withers, one gloved hand holding the pommel. She was riding astride, on a man's saddle. King had been unable to secure a reliable animal to carry a side saddle.

"It doesn't matter to me," Mary had confessed, with her strange, little smile. "I can't ride . . . in the fashionable sense of the word, and I haven't been on a horse for years, but I lived on a pony . . . bareback astride, as a child."

"I don't know if you'll stand the day . . ." King had prophesied grimly.

The track was getting rougher, and King had to drop back to ride behind. He watched Mary anxiously as her weary animal floundered in the mud.

"Mary, are you all right?"

"Fine . . ." Mary said, in a small voice, from the depths of his big coat. Her horse stumbled, and she went on to his neck, and then climbed back into the saddle again.

"Try my horse!" King said.

He pulled up, and dismounted, and, standing between the two horses, lifted her from her saddle to his own. She was a dead weight in his arms, and her hands, as she groped for the reins, were almost nerveless.

"Wait . . ." King said, and in one swift movement he was in the saddle, holding her in his arms. The horse, under its double burden, reared, and then tried to buck and King, after a brief struggle, quieted it.

"My horse . . ." Mary whispered.

"It can follow with the pack horse . . . or stay!" King said.

Mary's face was against the breast of his coat, in the dusk. Her eyes were closed, and King saw the tears of pure weariness well up between her lashes and slide down her deathly face.

"I'm so sorry . . . to give all this trouble."

It was beginning to rain, a cold penetrating rain, that blew down from the mountains. King wrapped the coat closer around Mary. The horse, new to the road, shied violently at a fallen tree, and it took King a few minutes with voice and hand to quieten it.

He looked down at the white blur of Mary's face against his shoulder.

"Don't get scared. It's all right."

"I'm not afraid," Mary whispered.

"You're so good with horses."

"No virtue of mine!" King said. "It runs in the family . . . it was my father's only good quality."

He laughed, without mirth.

Then they rounded a bend in the track, and the horse shied violently. There were dim lights, men's voices, the blur of white tents, and horses trampling.

"The new road camp . . ." King said in a breath.

THREE minutes later Mary was lying on a narrow little sacking stretcher before a crackling fire, and a strange young woman was helping King to strip off her mud-encrusted shoes and wet

stockings, and her heavy soaked coat. The woman very gently took off Mary's crushed wet hat, and drew the pins from the lovely, misty braids of her hair.

"Why, she's beautiful..." said the road-camp woman in a little breath.

King looked at her for the first time.

She was young, a mere girl, with a square-cut, resolute little face, and an odd air of poise. Her eyes were hazel-grey, and very far apart; her red-brown hair was twisted up in a plain, generous knot. She wore a blue blouse and a severe dark skirt, and her speech was the speech of a gentlewoman.

"I am afraid I am giving you a lot of trouble..." he said, in apology.

"That is absurd," said the girl in the blue blouse definitely. "You are the very first people outside our own men that I have seen since I came here. I am glad to have you, though I am sorry that the lady is ill."

"My wife," King said. "We were married four days ago in Anseland."

The girl had brought warm water in a little basin, and was bathing Mary's face and wiping her hands. She raised her eyes from her task to look at King with a smile.

"My name is King," King added.

"McLeod is my name," the girl said. "Mrs. McLeod. My husband is the overseer on this section of the road."

A small boy of two or three came in. He was a sturdy youngster, with his mother's wide-set, candid eyes and a shock of yellow, silken curls.

He was shy, and stood beside his mother.

"Is the lady ill, mum?"

"Yes, Bubs. She's very tired. We'll make her some tea presently."

"I'll go out to my horses if I may..." King said.

WHEN he came back, Mary was sitting on the edge of the stretcher by the fire, with her bare feet thrust into slippers, and her fine, lean hands held to the blaze. There was another person in the tent, a big man, handsome and hard-faced, clad in working garb, muddy knickerbockers, denims, and a flannel shirt.

"My husband..." Mrs. McLeod said.

"Mr. King."

"I'm ashamed, Stafford..." Mary said in her slow, low voice, "to give all this trouble."

"It's not a trouble to Nell," McLeod said crisply, frankly. "It's a pleasure to her to see another woman."

Nell McLeod had made the tea, and she unhooked a steaming pot from the fire.

"Camp stew!" she said with a laugh. "Poor fare for your honeymoon."

"Better than grass," King said, "which is all we would be eating now."

"I'm famished for it!" Mary said, and she did eat, eagerly, enjoying the strips of meat and vegetables and the rich brown gravy.

"You look better..." King said critically.

"Much better."

"I feel better," Mary said.

She had opened the bag King had brought in and put on a white woolly jacket. The white over her dark dress, the misty fairness of her hair, and the color in her cheeks made of her a child, and very lovely. For the first time the strange frozen expression was gone.

"You'll be too stiff to move to-morrow," McLeod said, smiling at her.

"Don't discourage me!" Mary begged. "I have to get home if I die for it."

"In it far?" Nell McLeod said.

"Ten miles," King answered. "Enderby."

"That's the big station..." Nell said thoughtfully.

McLeod excused himself when the meal was done.

Mary lay down on the stretcher again, and appeared to fall immediately asleep.

King and Nell McLeod sat on in the fire-light.

"Have you been at this sort of thing long?" King said suddenly. "It may be rude of me to say so, but you are not the sort of woman one would expect to find in a road camp."

"A year," Nell said. "We had a good farm, and then my husband was ill, and all things went wrong, and we had to walk off. It's not bad... I often think Gordon... my husband... minds it more than I do. Of course, it's lonely..."

The small boy had come up, and was leaning against King's knee watching the fire.

"It's healthy for him, anyhow," King said.

"Oh, yes, it's healthy enough for him now!" Nell said, with an undertone of bitterness. "But when he gets a bit older... for education and all... we're handicapping him, there's no doubt about it, Mr. King. Gordon feels that very keenly."

KING put an arm around Bubs. The little body was growing heavy with sleep.

King could feel the beating of his heart.

It stirred him oddly. Perhaps one day he would have a child... a son... another Stafford King... see his own characteristics in a child... perhaps Mary's lovely clear eyes, perhaps the debonaire poise of the long-dead King cavalier.

"Gordon and I can sleep in here to-night," Nell said out of the silence. "And then you and Mrs. King can have the little tent. I can borrow blankets..."

"You are to go to no more trouble," King said. "If my wife is all right where she is, you and Mr. McLeod can keep your room, and I'll shift on and bunk with one of the other men. I can sleep on my head."

"Please, don't," Nell said. "I am sure it would be uncomfortable. And please don't speak of trouble. Mrs. King is so lovely... somehow I'll always think of you two... coming in out of the rain and dark..."

They left the camp in the morning, after breakfast. Nell had been up early, had served them a breakfast of oatmeal and condensed milk of toast and crisp bacon rashers, scones and coffee.

A sudden spasm of fear gripped King.

"You'll find it pretty lonely, Mary..." Mary shook her head.

"I could be very ungrateful to find it lonely. Besides I'm going to be a pioneer. I shall bake bread, and patch your pants."

"I hate patched pants!" said King, but he held his head high.

"Look at the shadows!" Mary said, "like smoke... coming out of the folds of the hills. It is the most beautiful country I have ever seen, Stafford."

They came to the weatherbeaten gates by the pines, and King rode alongside, and lifted the latch.

"We are home, Mary, my dear..."

Mary looked up the long, curving sanded road. A small wind sighed through the pine tops, and sweet, dry fragrance blew from the brown aisles. The turn of the road brought the homestead into view, a grey and green and white jewel in its setting of lawns and English birches.

Mary reined her horse in.

"I don't understand. Do you work here?"

"It's my home," King said. "The Kings have owned Enderby for three generations. The Sheep Kings."

They rode on up the track. At the gate a rider on a great black horse came up behind them.

"Hello, Jim!" King said.

Mary turned round, and the man on the black horse sat and stared. His jaw dropped open, and his eyes protruded.

"My wife!" King said, and it was as though he had announced it with a peal of silver trumpets. "Mary... James Darren!"

James Darren came to life, and snatched his hat from his head. Mary gave him her hand, and he bowed over it with a grave courtesy, quite as though it might be the custom of the master of Enderby to bring home a wife every time he went to town.

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Ma'am."

King swung down, and lifted Mary from her saddle. Under the pressure of his rider's heels, the great black horse backed away, and then stood up, almost straight, and then came down, and herded the three livery stable horses around into the track.

"Roses..." Mary said. "Roses..."

She put out her hand, and broke a white faded spray as they passed. She was moving like a woman in a dream.

King led her across a stone-floored loggia and unlatched a screen door, and set down her bag.

"My guest room," he said. "The best I can offer just now. Get your things off, and get into bed, and sleep. I'll send Mrs. Tucker in to you with some tea."

Mary disrobed slowly, and took the pins from her hair. The linen sheets were as cool water to the aching agony of her limbs. The door creaked, and opened, and an old woman crept into the room. She wore a black gown with a lace collar, and carried a little tray.

She set the dishes from the tray on the little table by Mary's bed, and then stood and looked at her.

"So you're the woman Stafford King has married," she said.

"I'm going to do my best to be a good wife to him," Mary said humbly.

The woman King had called Mrs. Tucker looked a little disconcerted. She took up the teapot and poured a cup of steaming tea.

"Oh... aye..." she said after a minute. "I guess we're mostly the things we try to be. Drink up your tea now while it's hot, and then go to sleep, and Mr. King says you're not to get up till dinner to-morrow."

"Do we all do what Mr. King says here?" Mary said, for the want of anything else to say.

"Well, he just naturally raises hell if we don't," Mrs. Tucker said comprehensively. She departed with the tray.

Mary was seized with hysterical laughter. She drank her tea, and slipped down between the sheets again. The dimness of a great peace enfolded her. She lay between waking and sleeping.

She heard a horse go by its shoes ringing hard on the gravelled roadway. The white blinds swayed a little in the breeze, and Mary could see, through the window, a little strip of green hill shoulder and sheep moving in a white cloud. She heard the distant murmur, the staccato voices of the dogs. After a long time, she slept.

When she awakened, it was dusk, and Mrs. Tucker was moving soundlessly about the room.

"Dinner'll be ready in half an hour. And here's your boxes... just inside the door there. Bathroom's just across the hall there. The dining room's just at the end of the hall there..."

In exactly half an hour, Mary softly turned the handle of the door at the end of the hall. The door gave into a big room of panelled plaster, with a dark polished floor and tawny rugs. The blinds were drawn, and an oil-lamp burned dimly behind a golden-coloured shade. King was sitting by the fire, but he sprang up as she entered.

He wore a dark jacket and open white shirt, and looked curiously youthful.

"You've slept, Mary. You look better."

He pulled out a chair, and she sat down, and he seated himself opposite her.

Mrs. Tucker drifted in with dishes, and drifted out again.

Mary wore the square-cut, white silk

which she had worn the night they were married, and her hair was bound in the same misty coronet. She had fastened against her shoulder a handful of the white rosebuds from the bush beside the verandah.

Her hands hesitated above the coffee pot.

"Shall I... officiate?"

"Of course!" said King.

Mrs. Tucker drifted in, and collected dishes.

"It was a beautiful pie, Mrs. Tucker..." Mary said.

"Oh... yes... not so bad!" Mrs. Tucker allowed.

King's eyes met Mary's.

"Shall we sit up to the fire?" he suggested.

He dragged her chair closer, and carried their coffee cups, and installed himself opposite.

The Cavalier looked down indulgently.

King followed Mary's line of gaze.

"Don't tell me I'm like him. I'm supposed to be his reincarnation and I expect he was an old rake, anyhow."

Mary looked into the dryly amused eyes of the painted face, and smiled. She sat in the big, deep chair, one hand on the carved arm, her profile in clear outline against the firelight.

"You're beautiful, Mary..." King said suddenly.

"I am glad if you think me beautiful," Mary said, without vanity. "I feel myself inadequate enough for mistress of this house."

"My mother was very pretty," King said thoughtfully. "Girlish-looking. I believe my grandmother was beautiful. She had Maori blood. I have Maori blood, do you know that? My grandmother was the half-caste daughter of a princess in her own right."

"I wish you had a picture of her..." King said.

"She was killed in a Maori uprising..." King mused. "She and the little girl and boy. My father was the only one who escaped; he was away on a driving trip with my grandfather. They came home... to that."

Mary shivered a little. Her eyes were fixed on King's.

King smiled across at her.

"I don't know why I tell you tragic things to-night. There have been plenty of happy things happen in this old house."

"It's all woven together..." Mary said slowly. "One puts the tragic things behind..."

"All behind in the mist!" King said. "All behind in the mist, and write him. I remember my mother saying that."

"All behind in the mist!" Mary echoed slowly.

She rose to her feet, and King rose too. "I must not keep you too late. You are still weary. Wait, and I will bring you your candle."

HE was away five minutes, and he returned with two candlesticks. He lighted one candle, and Mary took it from him, shading the flame with her hand.

"Stafford..." she said very low. "I don't know if you will understand me... but I am sorry that you have money and this beautiful home. I had imagined you in a tiny place in the hills... poverty, perhaps, and hardship... and I could have helped you. Then I would have felt that the thing was fair."

"Listen..." King said thickly. "Did you love Le Moyne?"

Mary shaded the candle flame with her hand, and slowly raised her eyes to his.

"I have been thinking. I was proud of his cleverness, of the fact that he was fond of me. As an adoring sister... yes. As a woman... no!"

King lighted his own candle.

"Good night, my dear," he said.

In her own room, Mary disrobed and plaited her hair in its long, thick braids. Then she became aware that there was something in the room which had not been there before.

There was a rusty key on the inside of the door.

Mary took the key out in her hand and looked at it strangely.

Then, still in her blue robe, and with her hair hanging in a braid over her shoulder, and her candlestick in her hand, she stole back the way she had come.

King was standing looking into the fire, his candle burning on the table beside him. He swung round and stood transfixed.

"Stafford King..." she was standing very close to him, one slender hand shading the candle. "I have been thinking of what you said... 'All shut away in the mist, and write him'..."

King took her candle from her, very gently, and set it on the table.

His arms were around her, and she raised her arms to his shoulders.

"My wife..." he said, in a whisper.

"My husband..." said Mary King.



CHAPTER 15
1904

IN those days began the great spring muster for shearing. It seemed to Mary that the air was always one low roar of bleating. The great flocks moved down over the hills; the dogs were always barking; the musterers on their clever-footed horses went in and out past the homestead gates.

There were strange horses in the saddle-paddocks—bays and blacks and chestnuts, duns and greys. The shearers were quartered like an army, and it was two men's work to cook for them. There were men from up the coast and down the coast; Dan Devon, the Australian champion; Marshall, from the Cape, whose tally was scratched upon the door-lamb of half-a-dozen sheds.

Mary King became accustomed to it all slowly; she began to know the men apart; she would go down to the sheds with King and watch, fascinated. King broke a little half-bred Arab horse to a side-saddle, and Mary rode him everywhere. He had the gait of a rocking-horse, and his feet were sure as a goat's. Mary called him Aladdin, and in a week Aladdin was coming when she called him. She fed him with lump sugar, bread-and-butter, and biscuits.

"You'll make him as fat as a pig," King warned her.

"But I ride him such a lot..." Mary pleaded. "I would hate him to get poor."

She did ride him a lot. There was seldom an afternoon when she did not have him saddled and ride out on aimless, contented expeditions up on to the ridges and stirrup-deep through the sweet, dry hill scrub, or perhaps up a reedy gully floor, where wild duck shyly hid and a stream ran in quartz-ringed pools. One of the pig-dogs, a great savage beast, half bulldog and half staghound, made a principle of being the third on Mary's rides. Indeed, Brutus' devotion was sometimes a little embarrassing. He insisted upon sleeping on the loggia, upon creeping in to sit behind Mary's chair at breakfast, to the unbridled indignation of Mrs. Tucker.

In the mornings Mary worked in the garden. She early learned that Mrs. Tucker would brook no interference in her domain,

and she contentedly turned her energies to work outside. The garden was trim enough, lawns mown and hedges clipped, and the beds round the shrubs and roses were deeply and neatly dug. It was a fertile field for Mary's energies, and she sowed and planted and watered to her heart's content. Mysterious orders came from Gisborne nurserymen; ferns and plants were deposited over the gate as the men came down from changing the sheep. King found Mary carrying large stones, one by one, on the front of her saddle from the old quarry and, horrified, he immediately dispatched a man with a sledge and team to haul her a load. For a week Mary preserved astonishing secrecy, working between a clump of bamboos and the hedge, with Brutus keeping disdainful guard upon the lawn. The last afternoon, she mysteriously dragged King out with her and took him behind the bamboo clump.

In the shade was a little pool, ringed with stones, ferns planted in the carefully-watered crevices. From the drinking trough outside the hedge water had been deflected in a green-painted pipe, and the outlet went cunningly back again into the trough runway.

"Isn't it beautiful?" Mary said earnestly. "See, I've planted irises here, and won't it be lovely when they flower? A ring of blue and purple irises looking down into the pool. Perhaps we might have white water-lilies sometime. Are they very dear? I thought it all out the water and all, and Mr. Durran put in the pipes for me. Isn't it clever?"

"The cleverest thing I ever saw," King said. He was quite awed by it. He walked around the little pool, carefully patted earth into the crevices, insisted upon drinking a handful of the water.

Mary was horrified.

"The horses drink from there first..."

"See?" King said. "If I cut away a bit out of the bamboo... it's getting too thick... and built a little table and two tiny chairs, we could have our tea here when it's very hot, by the pool."

"It would be perfect..." Mary sighed radiantly. She stood there flushed, in her thin white skirt and blouse and earth-stained pink overall, a stray shaft of sunshine lighting up her hair.

"Oh, Stafford, what lovely things there are to do..."

KING took her in his arms, and they clung together, her face upturned to his.

"Mary, are you happy?"

"Happier than I have ever been in my life..." she said slowly, dreamily. "Are you happy, Stafford?"

"So happy that I am afraid..." King confessed, a little unsteadily. "Why are we afraid to be perfectly happy, Mary?"

"Because perfect happiness is heaven..."

Mary said slowly. He looked down into the fathomless pools of her eyes. "We don't have heaven here... just a foretaste. God gives us a foretaste... that's why we are given love. I love you, do you know that, Stafford King, and I shamelessly confess it. I love you."

"My God, I thank Thee then for this foretaste of Heaven..." said Stafford King aloud, with his eyes closed, and his lashes a little wet.

Mary cried a little then, and they clung together tremulously, beside the pool where the irises were to grow.

"The first thing," Stafford King promised her as they went back to the house, "that comes up on a wagon over the new road, will be several crates of glass, and I'll build you a glass-house before winter."

But winter seemed a long way off. It was not Christmas time yet, and it seemed that the hazy golden days must be forever.

One day they rode down to the road camp to see the McLeods. King carried a pack of fresh meat, and such vegetables

as would be a pleasant break from camp fare.

But there was a stranger in the foreman's hut. They had moved the camp three miles up the road now, and there were wooden shanties built, and makeshift stables.

"McLeod?" said the new foreman, "they've been gone some while now. Oh, he fell out with the men. There's always trouble. A decent-enough fellow, but he thinks too much of himself. It's an old story. He always shifts on . . ."

He was grateful for the fresh meat, and he found them the McLeods' address, and wrote it on a slip of paper.

"I'm sorry for Mrs. McLeod," he added, "everyone likes her. But Gordon . . . well just naturally no one gets along with him."

"Couldn't we do anything to help them?" Mary said, as they rode back.

King shook his head doubtfully.

"He'd be so touchy . . . and she's proud. But there might be a chance. We'll keep in touch with them. You write."

MARY wrote that night, and in due course an answer arrived from Nell McLeod, with a snapshot enclosed of the little boy. He was sitting astride a big draught horse laughing. Mrs. McLeod wrote matter-of-factly, with no word of trouble. Gordon had a temporary position with a gang cutting a new deviation. They were moving on next week. She was enclosing a snapshot one of the men had taken of Bubs. Their camp-site was very beautiful, looking down on a river. She sent her kindest regards to Mr. King, and her love to Mrs. King.

There was no word of her new address. "That is what I call being unduly sensitive . . ." King commented.

They were lounging after tea in long chairs on the loggia. Mary was occupied with four needles and a strip of knitting half an inch wide. She had begun to knit a pair of socks for King, and she periodically struggled through four rows, and then unravelled them again. She made no pretence of being a needlewoman.

"Directly I left school I went out as a governess," she said once to King, excusing herself. "I never seemed to have a chance to learn to sew properly."

"Why bother your head?" King said, "I'm sure I won't be able to wear the sock if it's ever finished."

"Oh, Stafford, you are rude. Of course you will. It's just I find it hard to begin, and the instruction book is so foolishly worded. I really must learn to knit socks properly now I'm a staid married woman."

"Now you're a staid married woman . . ." King mimicked, "in that white dress with those waterily things embroidered on it, and your pearls, you look no more like a staid married woman than . . . I do. You look like a water nymph. That's what you look like . . . one of the wicked kind, that sit on a rock and comb their hair, and lure men to their doom."

"Really, Stafford, you have a weird imagination," Mary said. "I'm thankful Mrs. Tucker can't always hear the things you say. One, two, three . . . I'm afraid you've made me make a mistake again . . ."

she counted, laboriously, and looked up to catch King in convulsions of silent laughter. "I don't know what's the matter with you, Stafford. You're not a bit nice over my trials, and it's all for you."

"I am duly grateful," said King humbly. "Could I help you to count, or anything like that?"

"No, you could not! Just sit still and keep quiet until I get straight again."

"Now you can talk . . ." she said kindly, when two minutes had elapsed. "I've found my mistake . . ."

"Where are we going for our honey-

moon?" King said, lying back, his arms beneath his head.

Mary looked up quickly, to the peril of her knitting.

"Our honeymoon?"

"Yes, our honeymoon," King mimicked. "You didn't think, did you, that I was going to be done out of a honeymoon just because we were married before shearing. We'll go away, at Christmas time, to Auckland, if you like, and you can spend money to your heart's content. We'll stay at an expensive hotel, and I'll buy you clothes . . . all white things . . . a big white coat with a white fur collar . . . and a white serge costume with a frilly sort of white blouse under it . . . and a hat with an ostrich feather . . ."

"Stop, stop!" said Mary, dropping her knitting unheeded on the floor. "You know it worries me to spend money like that, and I'm sure you would be bored in a day's time and I wouldn't know what to do with you. Need we go so far from home?"

"We could go to Gisborne, I suppose," King said, "but would you like that. Tell me exactly your ideal honeymoon, and then I'll tell you mine."

Mary looked up, flushed.

"Go on!" King said.

"You'll laugh . . ."

"Why should I laugh?" King demanded.

"Well, then, I would like . . ." Mary said, very low. "I would like to take Aladdin and Vanguard and a packhorse with blankets and stores and things, and go right away on the old trail to the back of the run and on into the mountains as far as we can go. I sit out here, and look at the mountains, and it seems they sort of call me to come. Would that be very silly?"

"It would be what I would like better than anything else on earth!" said Stafford King.

"Really?" Mary said relievedly. "I thought you would say I was silly. Shall we go then?"

"We shall," said King. "Mrs. Tucker will cook us a Christmas plum pudding, two thirds of them, and we'll pack them in tins, and take flour and biscuits, and some tins of meat, and tea, and sugar . . ."

"The packhorse won't be able to carry all that," Mary said.

"Indeed it will," said King, "and more still. There's only one thing I draw the line at."

"What?" demanded Mary.

"Your knitting," said King. "The remains of it, I mean."

"Oh, my sock!" Mary wailed. "You might have noticed it before. All the stitches are dropped . . . well, yes, I will leave it behind. I don't think anyone would be expected to knit on their honeymoon. Let's come inside, and pick out some nice camping-looking blankets . . ."

IN the years to come King was afterwards to wonder if there had ever been so idyllic a fortnight. It was hot weather, but not too hot, so that the great hill valleys seemed filled with a hazy floating golden light, and the distant heights were sapphire. The streams ran very softly in their beds of silt and quartz. Beyond the confines of the Enderby grazing run there was not even the sound of a sheep.

At night the horses grazed on the length of their tether ropes, and Brutus lay unwinning in the light of the campfire till bedtime, and then he stretched his heavy length against Mary's feet.

One day only it rained, toward night-fall, and King pitched camp in a natural shelter among the rocks. The fire was in a sheltered position, the fragrant smoke curled upward from the driftwood, and Brutus crawled in, and lay beside it.

King recognised his retreat, with a laugh.

"We spent a night here once, Jim Darren and I, when we were kids, up on that ledge."

Mary followed his gaze, and shivered.

"Weren't you afraid?"

"No, it was dark, and we didn't know how steep the drop was. In the morning Jim made a fire of green wood, and my grandfather found us by the smoke. Getting home was much the worst part. My mother looked like a ghost, and my grandfather gave me an awful thrashing. Then we had strawberry jam for tea."

Mary lay back in the firelight against his arm and laughed.

"My mother died six years ago, to-day . . ."

King said, after a minute.

"Six years ago . . ." Mary said, very gently, "you must have been eighteen. What did she look like, Stafford?"

"Little and very young. Her hair was something like yours, but not quite so fair, and curlier. She was very pretty. She used to wear grey a lot . . . grey and blue, with white collars and little bows . . ."

"Was she ill long?" Mary said timidly, after a minute.

"No, she wasn't ill at all," King said. "She was packing to go home to England to see her mother. Once before she had been packed and ready, and then my grandfather was drowned, surfing wool off the rocks at the bay. She was always talking of the white lilacs in her mother's garden at home, and a row of lavender bushes, and she was going to bring home a big bunch of lavender to make scented bags. She had seemed tired for a while, and I was glad to think she was going to have the trip, and the change . . . after so many years; nineteen years she had been in New Zealand. Nobody had ever suspected that her heart was weak. I don't think she knew it. But she packed her last things in, and I fastened the boxes down, and the last thing she said to me was: 'I can't believe that I'm really going home in the morning.' When I went to call her in the morning, she was lying dead, smiling . . . she had died in her sleep . . ."

Mary was crying, silently, within the circle of his arm.

"Don't cry, darling," King said. "You mustn't make yourself sad for things that are past. She was so happy about it, and she did go home in the morning . . ."

Mary leaned against him and watched the darkness, where the rain fell in frellt spears.

"If I die before you, Stafford, I would like you to think just that about me . . . that I had gone home in the morning."

Mary was crying, silently, within the circle of his arm.

"Don't cry, darling," King said. "You mustn't make yourself sad for things that are past. She was so happy about it, and she did go home in the morning . . ."

Mary leaned against him and watched the darkness, where the rain fell in frellt spears.

"If I die before you, Stafford, I would like you to think just that about me . . . that I had gone home in the morning."



CHAPTER 16
1905.

IT seemed that the days of that golden summer would last for ever; it was like an afternoon without an ending. Imperceptibly the year drew on; the hills were tawny; the apples hung gold and russet in the old orchard behind the birches. In Mary's garden the delphiniums stood in tall, blue, burning spikes of beauty.

It was in March that Mary told King that she was going to have a child. Her beauty had taken on a rarer, deeper lustre; even her voice seemed to have a richer tone. Her face had rounded a little; there was a warm golden glow to her flawless skin. She still spent her days outside;

she did not ride, but she worked leisurely about the garden, watered her beloved ferns, carried the tea down to the little table by the bamboo clump.

Every fine evening tea was laid out at the little table by the bamboo pool. King would carry out the silver teapot, Mary the cloth and the cream-jug and sugar-basin, and Mrs. Tucker would follow protestingly with a tray of dishes, with sweet hot scones, and a cottage loaf and apple jelly, a pat of soft yellow butter, perhaps a plate of pink-and-white slices of home-cured ham, and a jar of green pickles, perhaps a square of chocolate cake, with a whipped-cream filling and walnuts.

What folks want to carry things out and eat among the caterpillars when there's a respectable room inside—now, don't you go catching cold, Mrs. King, you'll want a coat; the evenings are drawing in—that dog under my feet as usual.

Sometimes King would go in for another pot of tea, or for a wrap for Mary, and they would sit on into the dusk while the dim fragrance of the garden washed about them, and a late harvest moon rose golden over the birches.

The road camp was only half-a-mile from the Enderby gates now; they could catch a glimpse of the tolling teams at work and see the broad yellow track of civilisation daily advancing.

It was April when the road reached the gates.

"It's very nice, of course," Mary said thoughtfully. "But it takes away the remoteness—the I am monarch of all I survey feeling."

"If that's all you want," King said, "we'll be remoter than ever when the winter rains descend upon that new-made road."

"When the winter rains come," Mary said. "Can it possibly ever be winter again, Stafford?"

"It doesn't seem like it," King said, leaning on the rail and looking with half-shut eyes across the garden. The birches were aflame with a fine-spun golden fire, and against the dark pines stood Lombardy poplars, like beacon torches. The mountains were clearly, deeply azure.

Darren, passing the side gate on a horse reined in, and called across the garden.

"A fellow wanting to see you, Shall I send him in?"

"Yes, I've work to do before I can come out," King called without altering his comfortably-lazy position. "Though I don't look much like doing it."

"I," said Mary virtuously, "am going to help Mrs. Tucker make melon and ginger jam."

She vanished through the inner door and King, with a sigh, straightened himself, and went in to the room that Mary called his study. It was a comfortable airy place opening off the loggia, with his desk and an easy chair, a shelf of books on stock-diseases, and breeding, his athletic trophies and his guns. He was methodically searching a file of bills when Darren appeared at the door.

"Here's the gentleman to see you, Mr. Le Moyne."

KING turned round very slowly. Darren had disappeared. Vincent Le Moyne, in dusty riding-garb, stood in the doorway. He was unnaturally pale and he was breathing stibitantly.

"You!" said King. There was a world in his tone. Le Moyne made a movement that was like the recoil of an overstrained spring.

"Yes, you say you! You are very fine, are you not? A very chivalrous gentleman, Mr. Stafford King. Wait till you hear what I have to say to you." His eyes gleamed with a light that was

not sanity. He had advanced into the room. His fingers were twitching.

"You have nothing to say that can possibly be of interest to me," King said, with a chill finality.

Le Moyne threw back his head and laughed insanely.

"Is that so? Wait, Mr. Stafford King, and see! Listen, then. Mary is not your wife, she is mine. My first wife died three weeks before I married Mary. Is that of interest to you?"

He was leaning over the table, and his distorted face was close to King's. King looked at him stonily for a moment, and then got up and crossed the room, and closed the hall door, and came back to his seat.

"Now, perhaps," he said, his words falling distinctly into the stillness, "you will explain this preposterously ridiculous statement."

Le Moyne sneered savagely. "Ridiculous, is it?" he tumbled with shaking hands, in his inside coat pocket, and dragged out a bulky envelope, and flung it before King. "Read them! Read them, I tell you! I was at great pains to get them for you, a copy of Brenda's death certificate, her brother's confession of attempted blackmail, pretending she was still alive, trying to get money out of me for the kid read them!"

King, with precise fingers, shook out the enclosures, unfolded them, and read them out by one. Every vestige of colour had ebbed from under his brown skin; when he looked up his face was set in a mask-like effect of immobility.

"Ah, you like that, do you?" Le Moyne sneered, with a long-drawn gasp. "No loop-hole there! That'll teach you to go about taking other men's wives! What are you going to do about it? She's my wife, do you realise that? She's not your wife; she's your mistress, and if you have children they'll be—"

"Stop!" King said.

HIS voice was not loud, but Le Moyne instinctively paused. King lifted his chair reached back a hand and unhooked a double-barrelled shot-gun that hung on the wall. He laid the gun across his knees, unlocked a drawer of the desk, and deliberately began to load the gun.

Le Moyne's distorted face was turning a curious colour. "You asked me what I was going to do about it," King said, his voice curiously remote. "I'll tell you. If you breathe a word of this to Mary or anyone else, or show your face again near here, I'll blow your brains out with no more compunction than I'd shoot a mad dog. Is that quite clear?"

and swing for it!" Le Moyne said unwearyingly. King smiled, and his smile was perhaps more powerful than any argument he could have used. "With pleasure!" There was perhaps ten seconds' silence, and then a light footstep and a tap on the door panel. The door opened perhaps six inches. The two men watched it with fascinated eyes.

"Stafford!" it was Mary's voice, clear and lifting. "Are you busy?" The gun was on the table now, the muzzle not six inches from Le Moyne's breast and King's finger was crooked on the trigger.

"Yes, Mary," King said. "Oh, all right!" she said. "We can't cut the melon but I'll wait." She closed the door.

Le Moyne lifted a shaking hand to his wet, distorted face. "King, for — sake! That — gun's on a hair trigger."

King smiled a little.

"So am I. Very much on a hair trigger. You can take your little papers with you."

Le Moyne, with shaking hands, collected the letters, stuffed them back into the envelope, and the envelope into his coat pocket.

"And if you attempt to communicate with her in any way," King said, "or if you repeat this to any living soul, and it comes to my ears, I will follow you up, and shoot you dead. Is that quite clear in your mind?"

Le Moyne stood looking at him with a terrible hatred.

"A modern buccaneer..." he said twistedly, pallidly. "Just wait. I can bide my time. I swear to you, Mr. Stafford Sheep King, that one day I will hold the whip-hand, and you will dance as I bid you."

King was holding the gun in the crook of his arm. He crossed to the outside door, and opened it. Jim Darren was standing by the steps.

"Jim, Mr. Le Moyne wants his horse."

DARREN went to the side gate, and unfasted the bridle of a liver stable horse tied to the hitching rail. Le Moyne came out pallid, walking unsteadily. He dragged his hat down over his face, and took the bridle roughly from Darren's hand.

"May I wish you a quick journey?" said King.

He laid a hard hand on Darren's shoulder.

"Come in here with me."

Darren followed him back into the study. They stood facing each other, Jim finishing a little.

"Did you hear what he was saying?"

"Yes, Mr. King. When he talked loud I could hear him, and I was afraid to go away for fear he was crazy, and would turn on you."

"Will you swear to me on your oath that you will never repeat it?"

There was an odd dignity, for the moment, about Jim Darren, standing there in his saddle-worn trousers and boots, and rough grey shirt.

"Stafford, Mr. King, your grandfather saved my life and he was killed himself. I never seemed to have any home but this and we've grown up together, even though you are the boss of Enderby, and I work for you. I'd sooner cut my tongue out than say one word that would hurt Mrs. King and you trouble's my trouble, and you ought to know that."

King turned aside abruptly.

"I'm sorry Jim. I'm almost crazy myself. Please forgive me."

He saw Mary pass in her white dress, and he opened the door out on to the loggia and went out after her. He was still carrying the gun in the crook of his arm.

"Why, Stafford?" cried Mary, startled. "You're ill—what's the matter?"

"I'm not ill," King said. He smiled at her. "I was in a temper a few minutes ago, if that's what you mean."

Mary looked at him seriously.

"If that's what you look like when you're in a temper, I hope you are never in a temper with me."

"I hope the same," King said.

"What are you doing with that gun? What have you been trying to shoot?"

"A weasel!"

Mary was horrified.

"Oh, Stafford! My young ducks... and they're just beginning to lay. Now Mrs. Tucker will be getting so cross; you must come and cut the melon. She wouldn't let me do it."

As they turned to go in, she shaded her eyes with her hand, and looked down the road.

"Is that your visitor departing?"

"Yes," King said. "He was in a hurry to get away."

CHAPTER 17
1905

ALL in a night, or so it seemed, the Indian summer was gone, and winter held sway. The grey storms came down from the mountains, and the poplars were bare and swaying, and the birches stood in shivering silver symmetry. The brown leaves lay on the lawn, and over Mary's fern pool, and rose in eddying brown drifts down the drive whenever a horseman went galloping.

On the first day of May, the first mail coach passed the Enderby gates. It was a mud-plastered vehicle, and the fine team of horses was in sorry plight, but still it was a coach, and the driver threw down the Enderby mail bag and stepped off for a glass to warm himself, and all the men gathered at the gates to cheer him on his way. It was the first and last coach they saw that winter.

King had kept his promise, and on the first wagon-load of stores that came up came the carefully-packed crates for Mary's glass-house. Jim Darren helped him to build it, and Mary had a row of begonias flowering there in little pots, pink and blue and lilac hyacinths, and scarlet geraniums sprawling lavishly. Mary had spent the sunny mornings there, pottering among the flowers, utterly content.

It was the off-season for work on the station, but it seemed to Mary that King was growing thinner. There were lines in his brown, youthful face; his mouth was growing older and harder. Mary worried about him, and took to following him up with cups of cocoa at odd hours.

King drank her cocoa, and invariably laughed at her.

"You imagine things, dear heart! Don't you think Mrs. Tucker is getting shockingly slender? Wouldn't you beg her to take cod liver oil?"

At which Mrs. Tucker would depart in high ill-humor, and Mary would laugh till she forgot her fears.

Once Mary startled him by saying one night as they lounged by the fire:

"Why doesn't Mr. Darren bring the mail straight in here now? He takes it down to the men first."

"I told him he could . . ." King said. "The men like to get at their letters, and then we don't have the bother of sending them down."

He had destroyed three letters from Le Moyne. The first he had read; the others he had burned unopened.

"You are growing more like your old Cavalier than ever . . ." Mary said, irrelevantly.

"How so?" said King, without moving. "Thinner. And older-looking, somehow. I don't know why."

"The responsibilities of married life . . ." King said.

"Do you really think so? Mary said a little wistfully. "I should hate to think I was giving you more worries. There's enough already on a place of this size."

King laughed strangely, looking into the fire.

"I would rather carry all the worries you have brought me, multiplied one hundred per cent, on my shoulders all my life than have missed one day of this last year."

Mary looked at him gently.

"What's the matter, dear?"

King flung up his head with an odd gesture.

"Nothing, Mary. I'm worried, to a certain extent, over money. I lost so much

through Taylor, and now I have the interest on a second mortgage to keep up . . ."

"We'll have to be more careful," Mary said, practically. "I spend too much on flowers."

"Oh, you . . ." said King. He swung up out of his chair and came across and kissed her, and then sat down on the rug with his head against her knees.

She was knitting an infinitesimal garment in white fleecy wool. King took it from her and held the pattern up against the light.

"And you can do a thing like this, and yet you couldn't knit a simple sock for me! I told you you weren't trying."

"Oh, Stafford! I was!" Mary protested. "This is ever so much easier. There are only two needles . . . and the pattern's more sensible, too. A sock has four needles, and they all get together at once."

"It's because you don't love me you can't knit my sock!" King said.

"It's because you were rude and discouraged me," Mary rebuked him. "See . . . you run white ribbon through those holes. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Beautiful!" said King, with a double-edged stab at his heart.

She knitted on in the firelight. King sat looking at her face with a strange, sick jealousy.

THAT winter they had two visitors.

The first brought a letter of introduction from Mary's King's aunt, the ambassador's wife. He was an old man, a portrait painter, come to New Zealand on a health trip. Joseph de Selincourt's work was much praised by the critics for its beauty and sincerity; by reason of the latter quality he had never become really popular. He stayed six weeks at Enderby and lost his heart to the country, to King, and his beautiful young wife.

"I would like to paint your wife," he said one night.

"Would you?" King said eagerly. "I have been wanting to ask you, but I thought you were resting . . ."

"But there must be no question of payment between us," de Selincourt said decisively. "It is a mere trifle in return for your hospitality."

He painted Mary sitting in the high-backed chair by the fireplace in the square-cut, old, white silk dress she had worn the night of her wedding, with King's pearls, and her hair braided and bound in a coronet.

Selincourt was a swift worker; his was not the careful patience that spends days upon the lustre of a silk, or the iridescence of jewels to please a wealthy sitter. His work depended for effect upon his uncanny gift of painting character.

Mary's pictured lips had their strange, little half-smile of serenity; her eyes, with their lovely, dark-margined irises, were vividly and wonderfully alive. The rest was just suggested . . . one hand resting on the arm of the chair, the other on the head of the great hound-dog at her knee.

"It is amongst the best work I have ever done," de Selincourt said soberly when he was done. "I am glad for you to have it."

"I'm not going to attempt to thank you," King said. "I know nothing about portrait painting, but I do know that this is . . . Mary, herself."

When de Selincourt was gone, they had young Mrs. Lang, of Lochiel, with her son and heir aged six years. It was a novelty for Mary to have another woman in the house, and Agnes Lang was a pleasant, accomplished girl, very serious on the subject of women's rights and equality.

To hear her cross swords with King of an evening as they all lounged before the

wood-fire never failed to give Mary acute enjoyment.

Agnes did not in the least mind what she said.

"You're a survival of the Middle Ages!" she would rage at King. "Up here in the mountains, with your feudal castle, and your servants, and your pretty wife to hang on your lightest whim! You men! You consider yourselves the lords of creation, and in reality your brain-power is of a lower order than a woman's."

"All these opinions, my dear Agnes," King would say dryly, "did not keep you from marrying. Do you mind explaining the inconsistency? Why are women falling over their petticoat laces to marry these weak-willed, slow-witted lords of creation?"

"A coarser sense of humor," Agnes would retort a little weakly, "is another difference between a man and a woman. I don't know why you should laugh like that, Mary. It's really you I am standing up for, and you might take my part . . ."

It was small Hughie that was Mrs. Tucker's grievance.

"These up-to-date notions of raising children!" she would grumble to King. "Reads it all out of a book . . . this and that and the other thing for breakfast, and what I cook isn't good enough. And the way he behaves . . . exercising his individuality, she calls it! I'd exercise him over my knee with a good leather slipper, I would!"

"I wouldn't worry," King consoled her. "From what I know of old Tom he's not one to bother about individualities getting exercised. Hughie'll get plenty of old-fashioned bringing-up at home, Mrs. Tucker, and you can reckon on that. He really is a smart child."

WHEN they were gone, Mary heaved a little sigh of relief.

"It's not that I haven't loved having them, and I think it's done you good. But it's so nice up here just by ourselves."

"Even this weather?" King said.

"Even in this weather."

A north-easterly storm was raging; the world was grey, the garden a rain-swept wilderness.

Within there was the comfort of a blazing log fire, a table laid, hyacinths from Mary's glass-house, the aroma of coffee, and Mrs. Tucker shuffling in with crisp hot tea cakes.

Mary's child was to be born in September, and, at the beginning of the month, King established a trained nurse in the house.

Mrs. Tucker was extremely indignant over the whole matter.

"These new-fangled notions and ways . . . and a huzzy tramping through my house making eyes at the men . . . I looked after your mother, and I brought you into the world, and what was good enough for your mother is good enough for your wife."

King's nerves were strung to a high tension, and it was a relief to let himself go, which he did to such good purpose that Mrs. Tucker never dared to open her mouth on the subject again.

Le Moyne had written, and there was a mysterious and ill-written epistle from a Sydney address, demanding money, and ending with a threat. "If you don't like it . . . well, I know a lot about you and your so-called wife." King had burned both letters, contemptuously. It did not take a very high intelligence to connect the second one with Le Moyne, through his brother-in-law. King never left the home-stead now, except when Jim Darren was there.

Mary teased him a little over it.

"You're getting lazy . . ."

He extended an arm, and she felt the muscles.

"Hard enough! But why do you never go out except when Jim Darren is here? What do you think is likely to attack us?"

"Jim seems to be here often enough now, anyway," King said grimly. "Talk about excuses."

Mary rippled with laughter.

"But she is pretty. Delphine, her name is, because she was born when the delphiniums were in blossom. She asked me to call her Delphine."

"Did she ask Jim?" King demanded.

"I'm sure I don't know. Quite possibly. He calls her Nurse Brown when I'm there, anyway. He asked me yesterday if I didn't think it would be nice for Nurse Brown to get out a bit on her afternoon off, because he was quite willing to take her driving."

"Her afternoon off!" King ejaculated wrathfully. "She's never done a tap of work since she came here, but manure her nails and take a few caterpillars off the geraniums!"

"I told you she was superfluous," Mary said serenely. "I'm so glad you see it now."

MARY was taken ill on a serene September afternoon. She and King had been down to the bamboo pool, walking slowly. The birches were a curtain of misty greenness, and the goldfinches came up for crumbs, and Mary exulted happily over a clump of blue Spanish iris, mirrored in the stiller water.

The blue-eyed Nurse Delphine Brown could be capable enough when she was needed, and there was a doctor not so far off now, and hard riding brought him before the night was through to the oddly-quietened house.

King sat alone in the big leather chair before the hearth where Mary had sat so many nights, and presently there was a great scratching at the door, and he got up, and let in Brutus. The great big dog was shivering; he crept to the hearth, and leaned his head heavily against King's knees.

Mrs. Tucker crept in presently, red-eyed, and replenished the fire, and crept out again. Brutus cried a little, and stared into the fire, unblinking. The room was warm, and daylight was outside the blinds, but King was cold. He tried to pray, but every time he closed his eyes he could see Mary, in her blue robe, standing by the door, shading her candle with her hand.

The sun was shining brightly, but he would not draw up the blinds.

It was Mrs. Tucker who came to him in the end, her seamed, old face set in a mask of grief.

"You needn't try to tell me," King said expressionlessly. "I know that she is dead. Else why should I be sitting here, with the blinds drawn?"

There was nothing more to be said.

King's mind worked on strange lines, and presently he got up, and groped his way like a blind man to the table, and found a piece of paper, and drew a pencil from his pocket.

"King—On September the thirtieth, at Enderby, Mary Christine, wife of Stafford King, aged twenty-five years. Sydney papers please copy."

Nurse Brown, in her white cap and apron, her face almost as white, was hovering uncertainly in the doorway.

"Mr. King . . . doctor says to tell you the child is all right. Would—would you like to see it?"

King stared at her blankly. He had forgotten there was a child.

"The child . . . Bring him in."

"It's not a boy, Mr. King," said Nurse Delphine Brown, "it's a girl."



CHAPTER 18
1930.

ON Valentine King's twenty-fifth birthday, her father gave her a new car, a luxurious and powerful model expensively finished in steel-grey.

"You'll most likely break your neck in it," he said. "However, enjoy it while you may, for you may never have another."

He put his foot on the accelerator, and the speedometer needle flew gaily over.

"If I break my neck . . . I'll have wings!" Valentine said joyously into the wind.

"I doubt it!" said her father grimly.

"Let me drive . . ." Valentine said. She was wearing a thin bright woollen jersey sweater, blown against her by the wind, and her head was bare.

"Next time," King said. "I want to try her out. There may be something wrong."

"What would you do if there was?" Valentine demanded.

They were breasting a hill as easily as a gull rises on a wave. King, for no reason at all, stopped on the crest. The mountains were behind them, and they looked out over the rain-wet landscape of swinging hill and curving valley.

"The men used to go out from Enderby with an extra team of horses to help pull the coach up this hill," King said.

"And before that it was pack-horses," Valentine said. "And before that the trail where the savage war-whoop lingered. Doesn't that sound nice?"

"Very nice," said King. "You had better become a novelist, and write the saga of the King family."

"From the bullock wagon onwards," Valentine enlarged. "Where do I stop?"

"Right here," King said, "before the crash. Unless you intend to retrieve the falling family fortunes with your pen. In that case you can write in another generation."

"I shan't do that," Valentine said with finality. "I am going to be an old maid."

Her father smiled a little, and tilted his cigarette case toward her and abstracted a cigarette for himself.

"May I be pardoned for saying that I have never seen an old maid looking quite like you?"

Valentine very seriously held her cigarette against his match.

"I am twenty-five to-day, and I've never met a man I wouldn't rather be dead than married to!"

"I think you're exaggerating," King said. "What about Hugh?"

"I like Hugh, and he seemed like my brother the years Mrs. Lang was here, when you were away at the war. But I couldn't imagine thinking of marrying him."

"Grant from Burnside," King suggested.

"Some of the new people . . . young Darcy from the valley, or that English fellow who was here the other night . . . Murray?"

"Grant drinks like a fish, and you'd be the first to go mad if I considered him seriously. Darcy's an idiot, and Murray is the most detestably conceited person I have ever met."

"A process of elimination . . ." King murmured. "Harvey is a nice fellow."

"He can talk and think of nothing but cows. Why are you so anxious to be rid of us?"

"I'm not exactly anxious," King demurred.

"Then leave me alone. I don't want to marry. I'm very happy as I am. I don't think I'm the falling-in-love type."

"That's the type that falls hardest . . . sooner or later," King said. "I expect your

path is already laid to cross that of your affinity's, and then . . . beware!"

"Beware!" said Valentine, blowing smoke in his face.

"I only hope he's a strong-minded bloke who'll sit on you with both feet at once!" King said ruefully.

HE started the engine, and the grey car gathered way gently.

"Next time I am in town," Valentine planned with satisfaction, "I shall buy a grey coat to exactly match this bus, and wear it with a scarlet sweater and a grey felt hat with a scarlet feather stuck through the crown."

"I thought you had decided to be an old maid?" King suggested.

He slackened pace to pass a car on the hill.

"A new shack on the slope by the river . . . Valentine observed.

"A chap called . . . I forget his name. He's bought the old River Farm from Mahoney; it adjoins us, and he's been wringing making a beastly fuss about the boundary."

"He doesn't sound very interesting," Valentine said. "He would plough with a tractor, wouldn't he? This place is getting horribly civilised, my father, with all the neat little cow-yards and tidily-fenced hay-stacks. What say we go camping on the back of the run for a bit?"

"If your soul needs solitude . . . certainly," said King. "When shearing's finished."

"I wish I'd lived in great-grandmother's day, when men were men, and we shot our dinner on the wing!" said Valentine with a gusty sigh.

"And wore home-spun woollen dresses, and rode on bullock-waggons. You do not!" her father corrected her.

"Well, perhaps not . . ." Valentine agreed.

"I wouldn't have had this car . . . and I would have worn a funny buttoned-up habit and long sweeping skirts, and ridden side-saddle, demurely."

"Your grandmother rode side-saddle," King said, "but she didn't ride demurely."

"And I suppose slacks and a shirt would have been frowned upon . . ." Valentine pursued thoughtfully.

"In fact, they would have been regarded with distinct horror," King agreed.

"Well, you brought me up badly," Valentine temporised. "Most fathers accuse their wives: 'You should have brought her up better!' You can't accuse anyone but yourself . . . right from the milk-in-a-bottle stage and upwards!"

"Sometimes I think I should have married again," King said unexpectedly.

Valentine looked at him, and then laid her cheek, in a rare gesture, against his shoulder.

"I wouldn't have liked to have been the other woman! No, Stafford, my dear, you are that rare species of the genus homo sapiens . . . a one-woman man! Anyway . . . we've had good times, haven't we?"

"Surprisingly good times," said King. "It must be your advancing years makes me moralise like this. Fathers in books always do."

"How old are you, Stafford?" Valentine said thoughtfully. "I must give you something nice next birthday."

"To mark my advancing years? I am fifty-one, my dear daughter: I have passed the half-century."

Valentine looked at him critically.

KING jammed his foot down on the accelerator, and the speedometer needle flickered up and over, and the wind rose up out of the rain-sweet spring morning and roared at them. A row of poplars leaped against the sky and was gone, and the Long Hill flowed beneath them as smoothly as running water.

They were at the crest; they were over.

At the bend there was a big yellow truck pulled in to the right, to a cream stand.

King moved swiftly, and his brakes screamed in a long-sliding, skidding grip. There was a breathless instant, and then the grey car had missed the truck by a hair's breadth and slewed round with its nose buried gently in the fern.

King leaned over the door. "Confound you!" he said tersely. "Don't you know better than to pull up all over the road like that?"

The driver of the truck had been in the act of pulling a cream can over from the stand. He settled the can without hurry and swung down and came round to his seat.

"I was quite within my rights," he stated calmly.

Valentine leaned back across her father's shoulder to look at him. He was a big, young man, clad in oil-stained khaki overalls, his uncovered head shining fair in the sunshine. He stood and looked at the grey car, not at all impressed, even a little disapproving, and prepared to climb into his seat.

"Scream," said King, in a low voice to his daughter, "and go off into hysterics, and see if that will upset him."

The cream-lorry man leaned out over the door.

"If you hadn't a lady with you, I'd tell you what I think of people who drive at sixty and expect the road to be cleared for them," he said, finally, releasing his brakes and allowing the truck to begin to slide heavily, lumberingly, down into a wider bend.

King pulled the grey car around and went flashing past. Valentine looking at him found that he was laughing.

"He's a cheeky beggar, but he's quite right."

"I think you had better let me drive," Valentine observed.

"If you had been driving, my love," her father said kindly, "we would be in heaven now. . . . I hope!"

Valentine wrinkled her nose in an expressive gesture.

"Men! Their opinion of themselves. . . . no man for me!"

King swung the car around a long double corner.

"Remember! Perhaps even now your paths have crossed. Perhaps he's the fellow in the truck back there. . . . he'd be the lad for you. No nonsense for him! You'd go over his knee, and the slipper to you!" "You're mad!" said Valentine on a little gust of laughter.

They swished through a rain-wet yellow copse, and the scent of wattle blossom made Valentine shut her eyes in suffocating pleasure.

"I tell you, Stafford," she said dreamily, "I'd rather be free than have any man on earth!"



CHAPTER 19
1930

VALENTINE had been mustering. She rode into the yards with the dogs at the afternoon tea break, and Jim Darren brought her out a mug of tea and stood at her horse's side while she drank it. There was no difference between the attire of Miss King, and the garb of the other musters. She wore a thin cotton shirt and saddle-worn denim, and her bare feet were thrust into leathery canvas shoes. Her hat was a man's broad-brimmed felt, rain-stained and sun-faded.

She swung one foot free of her stirrup and looked over her mug at the men clustered in the shade, drinking tea and smoking.

"Have we as many extra hands as usual this year, Jim?"

"Still too many, anyway," Jim Darren said gloomily. "The place can't stand it, and that's a fact."

"We've got to shear," said Valentine into her mug.

"That's true enough," Darren said. "And we've got to pay the men. There's hard times coming. Miss Valentine, and that's a fact, if nothing else is!"

"Well, we can't have boom prices all the time. . . ." Valentine said. She gave him back her mug.

Valentine was leaning on her elbow, on her horse's neck, staring out across the dim, blue hills. All the old familiar sounds of sheep and dogs were around her, the hazing dust, the smell of the mob.

"Somehow, when Dad laughs about hard times I don't worry," she said slowly, "but when you talk about it, I believe you. . . . even though I know you're an incurable pessimist!"

"I wish to God I didn't believe myself!" Jim Darren said suddenly and roughly, "but don't go to worrying your young head about it. . . . there's a great clip going out, and good prices 'll see us into another year. . . ."

King emerged from the sheds, wiping his hands on a piece of cotton waste. He was wearing a soiled white shirt, and overalls, but he was freshly shaven, his hair as debonairly smooth as ever.

"That's the lot for this afternoon, Valentine."

"Right!" said Valentine. She touched her rein, and the big black mare wheeled on her hind-legs and went rollicking up the road to the stables. Valentine unsaddled, and turned the mare out to roll and went on her way more sedately.

She felt restless, oddly unsettled. The big house was dim, and quiet, and cool.

"It's that fool Jim with his fool talk!" Valentine said to nobody in particular. "I think I'll go for a spin in the car!"

She washed her hands, and abstracted a square of cake from the pantry, and biscuits from the barrel on the sideboard. She made tea, and filled a thermos flask.

Then she sauntered down to the garage and unlocked the doors, tested her petrol tank, and backed the car out on to the gravelled sweep of the drive.

Buckles, the stout cocker spaniel, made a laborious running jump for the car, and she opened the door and let him in.

"I'll run up over the gorge," Valentine decided. "I haven't been there for ages."

She saw her father on horseback, and shouted at him: "Don't wait tea for me!" and he nodded, and the car swept on through the avenue of pine-giants. The double wrought-iron gates were open, and the grey car sailed out on to the road.

On the one hand were the sheep-grazed slopes of Enderby. On the other small-farm country. . . . cropping paddocks, the green of new grass, ploughed strips, blue-green potato fields. There were wattle hedges, Lombardy poplars in twos and threes and avenues. There were dairy cattle grazing placidly, milking-sheds perched on the edges of hill slopes.

"Too beautifully civilised!" said Miss King. The grey car purred on evenly. They had come to the rim of the drop into the gorge, and Valentine swung expertly into the first of the zig-zag curves. They were in the bush now, half-burned over, damp, ferny, earth-scented.

The road began to climb again, and shafts of sunshine fell on the car at the corners. The bush was left behind, and they were in scrub and second growth, and then they were out on top.

THE whole scene had changed. The farmhouses and cropping paddocks were gone. An expanse of fern and scrub and half-burned timber stretched as far as the eye could see. The mountains were nearer. They loomed coldly blue, almost menacing.

Valentine drove on another two or three miles and then stopped the car. She got out and began to retrace her steps.

"Should be somewhere near here. . . ." she mused, and Buckles rolled gleefully in the fern.

Then Valentine saw what she was seeking, and climbed laboriously through the waist-deep fern to a rise where a gnarled and alien apple tree showed a frail drift of blush-pink blossom. Behind the tree was a weather-bleached and sagging skeleton of a shack. The roof-tree had broken. The floor had once been clay, and was now a brown fern carpet.

Valentine stood and looked up at the blue sky through the sagging roof.

"This. . . ." she remarked to Buckles, "is where my aristocratic father was nearly born."

There were the remains of a fireplace in the corner, and actually an iron camp-oven, almost rusted through. Valentine pushed the hearth stones apart with a canvas-clad foot, and looked at them strangely.

BUCKLES squatted down, panting, and Valentine bent and took his head between her hands.

"My grandmother lived here for nearly twelve months, and a lot of the time alone. And that was fifty years ago. By all the saints in the calendar, Buckles, that's something I wouldn't do for any man on this good, green earth!"

She turned and ducked under the sprawling doorway, and the dog trotted after her.

"There's something about this falling-in-love business, Buckles, that you and I can't understand!"

Girl and dog slid down the bank on to the road. They reached the car, and Valentine stood still in dismay.

"A fat tyre! Well. . . . I think I'd better have stayed at home!"

She threw her hat on to the expensively-upholstered seat, and went round to the back for her tool-kit. The last ripple of wind had died. There was no sign of life in all the sweep on the uplands.

"Well, if that wouldn't beat the band!" said Valentine in deep disgust. "A boat like this with shaded lights and foot-warmers, and not a jack in the whole outfit. If that's not the limit. . . ."

She looked up and down the road. The cloud-shadows drove over the fern country, and a brown-winged hawk hovered.

"Well, darn it!" said Valentine. "I shall just have to sit here in the road, Buckles, until somebody comes along, and that may be to-morrow morning."

She settled herself in the front seat, with her lunch package, and Buckles beat an expectant tattoo with his front paws, and licked his watering lips.

"You are a greedy pig, Buckles. . . . listen. There's a car. . . ."

The sound grew louder. . . . the drone of the engines of a laboring car climbing the hill. Valentine and the dog sat expectant, and a lorry came into view, heavily laden. Valentine leaned out of the door as the lorry came abreast of her.

"I'm sorry! Can you come to my rescue with a jack?"

The lorry pulled up. Too late Valentine realised with a faint shock that the driver was none other than the fair-headed young man of the encounter at the crest of the Long Hill.

Valentine climbed out of the grey car. . . . a lean-built young figure in her thin shirt and dusty denim and stirrup-scuffed canvas shoes. Her brown eyes surveyed the cream-lorry man with faint hostility. "I'm extremely sorry to trouble you!" she said.

"It's not all that trouble. . . ." the cream-lorry man returned definitely.

He climbed out, jerked the seat up, groped for a minute, and emerged with a jack.

"Where's the damage?"
Valentine indicated her flat rear tyre.
"I don't wish to give you unnecessary trouble," she said politely, "if you leave the jack with me, I assure you I will return it."

The cream-lorry man looked at her with a suggestion of a smile. Seen at close quarters, he was rather good-looking in a square-jawed, broad-browed fashion with a firm mouth and grey eyes set wide apart. He was brown, and his overalls were faded and oil-stained.

He went down on his knees, and fitted the jack expertly.

Valentine brought him the spare tyre.
"Mean to say the garage people sent out an aeroplane like this without a jack?"

"They did," Valentine said darkly. "Wait until I tell my father about it, and he'll blow them higher than sky-high!"

"I'll say he will," agreed the lorry man, dryly.

There was an instant's silence, and then Valentine laughed.

Valentine King's laugh had a vital quality to it, a ringing note of amusement that was irresistible. The lorry man sat back on his heels and laughed.

Valentine bent to help him fit the rim, and her dark head was on a level with his fair one. His hand inadvertently gripped over hers, and she drew back, inexplicably confused.

"That's fixed!" said the cream-lorry man. He gathered the spanners, and rose to his feet, dusting his knees. He picked up the discarded tyre, and fitted it on to the carrier.

Valentine was groping in the pocket of the car door, and she brought out her handbag. She was flushed a little, and confused.

"Thanks very much . . ."

The cream-lorry man took the note from her hairy fingers, and smoothed it out and looked at it.

"Very pretty . . ." he said.

He folded it methodically back into its creases and handed it back. He looked at her hard, with a hint of amusement lurking about his impassively-serious mouth.

Valentine's face flamed. She crushed the note savagely back into her handbag, and tossed the handbag over on to the seat of the car. Then she got in and banged the door.

"Wait a bit!" he reminded her, "while I tighten these nuts on your carrier . . ."

Valentine's lunch package was still lying on the seat, with Buckles keeping an heroic and agonised watch over it.

"Good!" said the cream-lorry man, "that's finished . . ."

Valentine spoke on a reckless impulse she did not trouble to define.

"Have you had your tea? But perhaps you'd be offended if I offered you a biscuit!"

"Not at all!" said he earnestly. "I should be very pleased. I haven't had my tea, and I missed my dinner."

Valentine opened the door, and he sat down on the step at her feet. She unrolled the lunch package, and gave Buckles a biscuit, and divided the rest with meticulous gravity.

"Only one cup. I hope you have no objection to the flask top. Have you a knife?"

He took a knife from his pocket, opened it, and wiped the blade upon a handful of fern.

"I think it's pretty clean . . ."

Valentine cut the cake in four slices.

"My name, by the way, is McLeod," added the cream-lorry man, "Cliff McLeod."

"I am Stafford King's daughter," said Valentine.

Cliff McLeod regarded her with a kind of amused impassivity.

"I knew that, of course. . ."

Valentine ate a biscuit in silence.

"Confound the man! Who was he, anyhow . . . a cream-lorry driver . . . with his unimpressed air, and his wooden face, and his secretly-amused smile. . ."

Cliff McLeod reached a strong fine hand to touch the wheel of the grey car in a caressing gesture.

"Nice bus. . ."

"She is nice," Valentine said, relaxing a little. "I've owned her just a week."

"I knew she was new to the road, of course."

"You're new to the road yourself, aren't you?" Valentine said, pride, for the moment, overcome by curiosity.

"New to this run. I had the Bay run last season. And then I bought a farm here . . . you know Mahoney's place . . . and tendered for this contract."

"Oh . . ." said Valentine expressively, "you're the person who's been making such a beauty fuss about our boundaries."

"The same . . ." said the new owner of River Farm without unpleasantness.

Valentine drank the last of her tea thoughtfully. He was certainly a most unlikeable young man.

"However," added Cliff McLeod, "I've sold the farm again now, so you can carry on your arguments with the new owner."

"Oh . . ." said Valentine. "What was the good of buying it if you wanted to sell it?"

"Because I've made money on the deal," said Cliff McLeod with a faint smile. "I've bought another place now . . ."

He took out cigarettes, in a cheap packet.

"May I smoke?"

"So far as I am concerned," said Valentine.

He tilted the packet towards her, and she extracted a cigarette.

"I rather expected you smoked."

"Why not?" said Valentine tartly.

"No reason in the world," said Cliff McLeod.

He struck a match, and held it between cupped hands to her cigarette. Having fulfilled his social duty, he leaned back to enjoy his own smoke.

"I don't suppose you're any idea to whom the farm over the road belongs?" Valentine said. "The place with the old apple tree. It's been idle for years upon years."

"Yes, as it happens, I do know," he said.

"Because I've just bought it myself."

"You've bought it!" Valentine exclaimed.

"I thought I might run pigs on it for a year or so . . ."

Cliff McLeod enlarged thoughtfully.

"A pig farm!" said Valentine King in indescribable tones.

Cliff McLeod was getting to his feet.

"Time I was moving on, I'm afraid . . ."

he said. He halted there a second, a strongly-built young man with his khaki overalls, and his brown face, and his shining fair hair, and gave Valentine his faint hint of a smile.

"Thank you for the tea."

"Thank you for your help," said Valentine politely.

"That's all right . . ." he was climbing into his seat, and, as the engines began to roar, he leaned out with a casual wave of his hand.

"We'll meet again!" he called.

Valentine sat in the grey car and looked after him.

"I hope not!" she said, and added, as an after thought, "A pig farm."

A wet night had held up shearing operations, and Valentine had conceived the idea of going up over the gorge for the old camp-oven in the shack before the new owner should take possession.

" . . . with his pigs!" she added.

But at the rim of the gorge she met McLeod himself, in his yellow lorry. He hailed her with an outflung arm, climbed down from his seat, and came across to her.

"Don't think of going down, Miss King. The road's not fit."

Some hint of command in his matter-of-fact voice stirred Valentine's quick irritation.

"Oh, rubbish! I know the road quite well."

He was splashed with yellow clay mud, and the lorry was mud-encrusted.

"The road's not fit," he repeated gravely.

"There's been a regular cloud burst up here, and there are a couple of nasty wash-outs in the narrowest bends. When you approach from this side you wouldn't see them until you were into them."

"If you got through, I can get through," Valentine said, with rising annoyance.

"I was coming up. Also your car wasn't intended for rough driving," Cliff said.

"Don't be mad, Miss King."

The red whipped up to Valentine's smooth cheeks. Her eyes flashed a danger signal. She leaned across, deliberately, and reached for her ignition key, and touched the self-starter.



CHAPTER 30.
1939.

FOR all Valentine's fervently expressed wish, it was not a week before she met Cliff McLeod again, and on the very same road.

corner of the seat. She was white and shaking.

"You insolent . . ."
Cliff heard her out, sitting behind the wheel in his overalls, his fair head a little bent, waiting for her to finish. Then he reached a hand and turned the ignition key, and touched the self-starter.

"Your language," he said dryly, "would do a shepherd credit, but not the lady of Enderby. You forget yourself."

His face was still as wooden as ever, but there were faint beads of sweat on his upper lip. He put the big car expertly into reverse.

"Now you keep your hands out of this," he added. "I don't want to die young."

Valentine crouched back in her corner. "Oh, if only my father was here . . ." she said.

"If he was," Cliff said, "I expect he'd do what I long to do . . . put you over his knee, and give you a good smacking for your stupidity."

Valentine, silenced at last, sat back in her corner, and stared out stonily. She had begun to cry a little, from sheer anger, the tears drying on her hot cheeks.

Cliff drove the big car steadily, but in the manner of an expert. He had not addressed Valentine again when they swung round through the pines and into the Enderby pine plantations.

By the roadway to the stables, Stafford King was standing, in working garb. He was holding a young horse by the halter, and he had a riding crop tucked under one arm.

At sight of a stranger at the wheel of the grey car he came quickly forward.

"What's happened?"
It was Valentine who answered him.

"Ask him!" she jerked on a cracked note. "Ask him what happened? He insulted me . . . he caught hold of me . . ."

Stafford King's good-looking dark face underwent a subtle change. His jaw muscles tightened oddly, and his eyes were hard.

The riding crop was no longer under his arm, but in his hands.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" he inquired almost gently of Cliff.

Cliff got out of the grey car, and shut the door behind him.

"Your daughter's not telling the truth, Mr. King," he said. "I'd as soon insult my sister . . . if I had one. She wanted to drive down the gorge and I stopped her. She insisted upon going on, so we had a few words and I took out the key of her car. I expect I said the wrong thing in the wrong place, and she swore at me, and I began to get mad. She wouldn't promise to turn around, so I got in and drove her home. I may have been rude; I'm sorry."

King turned his hard gaze to his daughter, incredulously.

"You mean to say you intended to go down the gorge after last night's rain. I doubt if you're mentally fitted to drive a car."

Valentine gave him one glance, and then started up the engine, and drove the car through into the garage.

THE two men were left standing in the yard, and Stafford King spoke first.

"I'm sorry my daughter swore at you. She is reckless sometimes . . . and a dangerous young woman to cross. But come inside with me. I want to talk to you."

He called a man to take the horse, and Cliff followed him through the white side gate, and across the lawns. King ushered him across a stone-floored loggia, and into a sunlight-flooded room.

"Sit down . . ." he said, and proceeded to unlock a drawer, and take out a faded-looking album. From the album he took a snapshot, and laid it before Cliff McLeod. The likeness was of a small boy, laughing, astride a big draught horse.

Cliff laughed involuntarily.

"Yes, it's me. I suppose I should say it is I."

"And your mother was Nell McLeod?" King said. "Your father was overseer on this road twenty-five . . . twenty-six years ago?"

"That's right," Cliff said; he added frankly. "She often told me the story of you and Mrs. King. In fact, I think Mrs. King was the princess of all my youthful fairy tales."

King's face had softened. He looked up at the alcove beyond the fireplace, and Cliff's eyes followed his.

The portrait that hung there was of a young woman of quite unusual beauty.

Cliff got up, and went reverently closer. "She is . . . very lovely," he said, with an odd touch of shyness.

"And your mother?" King said, after a minute.

"She died a year ago . . ." Cliff said a little jerkily. "Just before I came to the Bay. My father was killed in a quarry accident . . . a fall of stone from an unexploded charge . . . twelve years ago."

King looked at the snapshot of the laughing boy on the horse.

"How old are you?" he said thoughtfully. "Three, or four years older than Valentine . . ."

"Thirty, almost," Cliff said. "Twenty-nine, to be exact. I was at college when my father was killed."

"Then?" King prompted.

Cliff shrugged his shoulders impassively. "I had to get out and do something."

"I suppose that would be easier at eighteen than twenty-eight . . ." King murmured enigmatically.

He sighed.

"Oh, well . . . there's queer ups and downs in this world . . ."

HE put the snapshot away and closed the album, and returned it to its drawer.

"You'll lunch with us, Cliff. Shearing time we have our meals on the side porch . . . and I don't change, so your overalls will be quite fashionable."

The lunch table was laid in the stone-floored porch, with its screens and cool green matting. The mesh of a wistaria vine threw flickering shadows across the table.

There were white roses, in a green bowl. King sat at the head of the table, and Cliff on his right hand. There was no sign of Valentine.

A girl in white brought in a salad, sliced cold meat and ham.

"Did you tell Miss King that lunch was ready?" King said.

"Yes, Mr. King. She said she preferred to lunch in her own room."

"Go up, and tell her that I would like her to come to the table as I have a guest," said King crisply.

"Yes, Mr. King."

The two men began their lunch in silence. After perhaps five minutes, the maid came back. She looked a little nervous.

"Excuse me, Mr. King. Miss King says to tell you she prefers to lunch in her own room."

"Very well," King said. When the girl had gone, he rose to his feet.

"I won't be a minute . . ."

"Don't bother . . ." Cliff said uncomfortably.

King was back very shortly. What he said or did Cliff had no idea, but Valentine followed him in five minutes time. She was wearing white linen and white shoes, with a blue scarf, and her hair was smoothly brushed back. She appeared extremely composed, but her eyes flashed every now and then.

But when Cliff was leaving, she bade farewell of him in the doorway.

"I haven't forgiven you. I was polite to you because Dad asked me. That's all."

"I quite understand," said Cliff.



CHAPTER 21
1930

THEY finished the shearing season at Enderby with an open leaping championship and buckjumping contest.

"I'll lay you five to one nobody rides the skewbald . . ." Valentine suggested, to her father.

"I'll go you one better," King said. "If nobody rides her, I'll give you that new double rein bridle you've been worrying me about."

"Suits me!" said Valentine gaily.

She moved off down the field where they were saddling for the jumping contest. Jim Darren was grooming the big black mare, Desire of Enderby's Pride, and Valentine went to hold her head.

"We're going to see good jumping this afternoon, Miss Valentine."

"The more the merrier . . ." said Valentine. "Eh, Desire?"

Her fingers rubbed the back of Desire's ear, and the mare bent her head affectionately.

"Some day that mare'll take the arm off you, Miss Valentine."

"Not Desire . . ." said Valentine scornfully. She loosened her grip of the reins, and the black mare made a nip at Darren's shoulder, and missed him by inches.

Valentine pealed with laughter.

"What's funny?" said Jim aggrievedly.

"Your face was. That fellow, Cliff McLeod, standing there talking to dad . . . what do you know about him?"

"Four dad likes him," Jim said cautiously. "I know that. Tell me something else."

"Well, they all say he's a very straight, decent fellow . . . except Dick Brownlie."

"Tell me . . ." Valentine ordered, scenting a story.

"Dick tried to sell him his old horse with the blind eye and the staggers. That's all."

"I thought you were going to tell me he had murdered somebody . . ." Valentine said mournfully.

Valentine leaned on the rail of the make-shift ring, and gazed with half-closed eyes upon the scene that was so familiar to her . . . the lounging, laughing men in their thin shirts and denims . . . all the well-known figures of her childhood's days . . . the stamping, snorting horses, the lean, sagacious mounts of the shepherds, the glossy hunters, the mettlesome black Enderby thoroughbreds . . . as a background the sheep-grazed hills, and then the blue wall of the mountains.

There was a line of cars parked beyond the sheds . . . more strangers than usual. There were more outside horses than usual, some of the best hunters in the district; there was Bert Smithson with his famous chestnut, Harkaway.

There were three of the blacks entered for the height-leaping contest . . . Desire, Enderby Twilight, with a Maori lad in the saddle; Daystar of Enderby, ridden by Darren's young son.

The contest was a process of elimination. The bars were raised an inch at a time, and, as a horse touched the topmost bar, it was ruled out.

There were left finally three horses—young Darren on Daystar, Smithson's hunter, Harkaway, and Valentine, on the black mare, Desire.

Cliff McLeod stood shoulder to shoulder with King in the mixed crowd, and watched Valentine.

She was wearing a white blouse, and brown breeches and boots, and her hair was banded with a scarlet silk scarf. Her brown ungloved hands were steady as steel on the reins. Daystar was nervous, and the chestnut stood like a rock with only

his eyes betraying his eagerness. But Desire was never still. She reared and plunged down and around; she wheeled in circles, and tore the turf, and reached victoriously for everything within her reach. The slim figure in the saddle sat casually, swaying to every movement.

The bar was raised another half-inch, and young Darren went out on Daystar like a rocket. There was a rap, a scramble, and boy and horse parted company and landed mixed up with the bar, but unhurt upon the turf.

A roar went up. There was only one Enderby horse left. . . . Desire, with Valentine, and Smithson, on his famous chestnut hunter. The contest was between the two. Jim Darren backed the white pony away, and beckoned Smithson up.

The chestnut bounded away from the stance, Smithson's whip rose and fell, he was rising to the jump. . . . up. . . . up. . . . he was over. . . . no, his hind-foot had tapped the bar and rocked it.

A chorus of groans and cheers went up, dying away to silence as Valentine began to manoeuvre the black mare up to the starting point.

Detached voices rose rallying out of the stillness. . . . "Put her over, Miss Valentine!" . . . "Don't worry, she'll do it." . . . "You can't keep our horses down!"

VALENTINE had got the mare's head round, and she slackened her reins. Desire went away with a great raking bound and a series of plunges, and the turf flew in scattering clouds. The bars loomed up, and she was jumping. The one split second of perfect rhythm she hovered, and then kicked her heels clear, and was over.

The men raised one great roar of cheering, and Smithson sat on his horse and cheered with the rest. Desire had bolted, and Valentine let her run to the end of the paddock and swung her round and came galloping back, foam flying, turf scattering. Two of the men ran out and caught her by the bit, and Valentine swung out of the saddle. She was laughing whole-heartedly at her ovation as she shook hands with Smithson and ducked under the fence.

She took the red championship ribbon from her father and tied it in a great bow, like a scarf.

"I don't think I'll put it on Desire. It might make her go quite mad. Besides, I don't want it torn up; I want to keep it."

They were clearing the ring for the bucking contests, and the horses were drawn by a system of numbers. Young Darren showed his card ruefully to Valentine.

"I've gone and drawn that darn skewbald she-cat your father brought in from the hills last month."

"Never mind, Dick," Valentine consoled him. "At least when you're thrown you'll think you're earning me a new bridle. I've bet my father a bridle nobody'll ride the skewbald. . . ."

"Perhaps. . . ." suggested Cliff McLeod, who was standing next to her, "he might be prevailed upon to allow himself to fall off. . . ."

Valentine looked at him out of the corners of her eyes.

"We're not all as chivalrous as you, Mr. McLeod. . . ."

They were bringing in a buckskin pony, saddled, with two ropes around its neck. It rolled its head and showed the whites of its eyes, and kicked forward viciously at the saddle girth. Its rider got warily into the saddle, the men pulled the ropes loose, and Buckskin went away across the ring in a whirlwind of stiff-legged pitching.

A roar of cheers went up, changing to laughing as Buckskin subsided meekly.

"You were too heavy for him, boy!"

The next half-dozen horses provided better sport, and then came the redoubtable skewbald mare.

"Dick Darren. . . on Jazz!" announced Jim Darren from his list.

They brought in the outlaw mare, very docile, saddled and bridled, only her eyes flickering whitely and uneasily. She was bigger than the other horses, a powerful brute, long in body and deep in the shoulder. She was yellow and white in patches like a cow.

Young Darren went out confidently, and threw the reins over her ears.

"All clear. . . ."

He was in the saddle, and Jazz went straight up in the air, head and tail down, forelegs stiff as ramrods. Four times she bounced, and the fourth time Dick went out of the saddle like a sack.

Jazz squealed triumphantly and made a circuit of the ring, and Dick hastily departed to the accompaniment of much laughter before she reached him again.

"No two chances in this game!" announced Jim Darren, looking with some relief after his son. "The outlaw horse, Jazz, not ridden. Who wants to try her?"

The man who had ridden the buckskin came out, laughing.

There was a round of ironic cheers.

"Bill, the broncho buster!"

Bill got the mare out in the centre of the ring, touched the stirrup, and jumped. He was ready for the mare to buck. Instead she ran sideways at the fence, and he threw up his leg just in time. Then she put down her head and went up into the air, and Bill caught ignominiously at his saddle and rolled off into the dust.

Willie hands dragged him clear, and Jazz ran round and round the ring until she was captured.

A rough-rider from the Cape mounted her, and she threw herself over backwards and gave him such a shaking he was too dizzy to mount again. One of the sheeters tried, and was thrown heavily, and then Smithson, in his immaculate boots and breeches, sauntered into the ring and announced his intention of riding her.

Valentine held up two fingers at her father.

"Remember my bridle!"

Smithson lasted exactly a minute in the saddle, and his immaculate breeches were immaculate no longer. Jazz was beginning to warm up to the job.

"Nobody going to ride this wonderful outlaw?" King rallied. "Come on, some of you rough-riders! I'll give her a try myself."

"No, you won't!" Valentine said, low and emphatically. "Please! You know you were supposed to take things easily for a while. . . ."

"I'll give her a try. . . ." Cliff McLeod suggested.

"You?" said Valentine.

"Why not?" said Cliff gently, with his faint smile.

HE ducked under the rail, divesting himself of his blazer as he went out into the ring.

There was a hilarious chorus of cheers.

"Come on, champion. . . ."

Cliff stood at the mare's head clad only in a sleeveless white singlet, and grey flannels, and laced canvas shoes, his uncovered head shining fair in the sunshine.

"Oh, send him a mile, Jazz!" Valentine said, low and vindictively.

Jazz waited until her new rider was in the saddle, and then she ran straight at the fence. Cliff threw up his knee, and jerked her head round, and she struck the stout posts in a head-on collision. She staggered back, shaking her head, and the crowd roared.

Up went the mare into the air, head down, and back tucked up, and she pitched. Her legs were stiff. She went up with the force of an uncoiled spring, came down like an iron pile-driver. Cliff rode her loosely, swinging in the saddle, anticipating her every movement.

It was the riding of a master, and Valen-

tine stood at the fence in her breeches and boots, with the scarlet band on her hair, and her flaring scarlet scarf, and watched, very still.

The end came quicker than any one had expected. Jazz finished her performance by going straight up into the air, and Cliff, as she fell, rolled off, and landed on his feet. When she stumbled up from all-fours he was on her back, and shaking, lathered, twitching, she stood still and swayed.

"There goes my bridle!" cried Valentine in the wholehearted cheer that went up, and Cliff galloped the redoubtable outlaw around the ring, and turned her into the lane to go out.

As Jazz left the ring she gave a half-hearted buck, and something happened. A broken end of girth flew up, saddle and man went swinging off, and Cliff, as he fell, struck his head against the corner post.



CHAPTER 22
1930

VALENTINE had declared a truce for the period of three weeks.

Cliff's accident was fortunately not as serious as it at first appeared when he was dragged out unconscious from under the mad mare's hoofs. The doctor pronounced him to be suffering from concussion and a badly-bruised ankle.

"It would be just as well if he need not be moved for a few days," he said critically. "These concussion cases are always better left still and quiet."

"He can just as well be here as anywhere else," King said, "and Mrs. Darren will tell us what to do for him. She used to be a nurse."

It was some fifteen hours before Cliff came back out of his hazy half-consciousness to find himself in a big cool room whose primrose walls swam distortedly before his dizzy gaze.

Valentine looked up when she heard him move and smiled at him, her finger in her book.

"Well, smarty? And how do you feel now?"

"I think I'm going to be sick. . . ." said Cliff, ruefully.

She closed her book, and came across to him, and adjusted the bandage that was fastened just above his eyes.

"You'll feel better soon," she said practically. "It's just concussion, the doctor said. And your ankle is badly bruised."

"I believe it. . . ." Cliff said. He closed his eyes, and the gold-brown leaf pattern of his quilt swung giddily round and round in the darkness.

Valentine carefully fixed a blind to shut out a shaft of sunlight.

"This room's supposed to be dark. And you'd better go to sleep again, my lad."

He did sleep again, and when he woke his head was clearer, and King was standing at the foot of his bed, looking at him.

"I don't know exactly what I'm doing here," he said, still a little confused.

He discovered then that the doctor was there, and he unfastened the bandages casually from his aching head and fastened them up again, and probed his unpleasantly throbbing ankle.

"You'll do," he said heartlessly. "Can't kill your kind with a pickaxe."

He and King went out, laughing, and presently Valentine came in with a glass and spoon.

"No, you're not to sit up!" she announced peremptorily. "I'll feed you, like a baby."

"I'm giving such a lot of trouble. . . ." Cliff protested.

Her brown eyes met his grey ones under the bandages.

"Don't you worry about that, my lad!" Valentine said promptly. "I'm going to enjoy boosing you more than I ever enjoyed anything before!"

Cliff grinned weakly. "I'll say you will!"

He drank his milk obediently, spoonful by spoonful.

"You look very nice with your bandaged head," Valentine assured him. "Quite the wounded hero."

"Here . . ." Cliff protested, "this isn't sporting, when I'm on my back. Can't we call a truce, or something?"

"I'm quite willing," Valentine agreed after thought. "The doctor says you won't put your foot to the ground for a fortnight."

"A fortnight!" Cliff said, horrified.

He lay and thought it over.

"Mick . . . that's the fellow that's bunking with me . . . he's out of a job just now . . . he'll keep my lorry going. I'll go home and look after myself directly my head gets more sensible."

"You'll have to argue that out with Dad," Valentine said alertly. "I'm only the nurse!" She departed, with her empty glass and spoon, and Cliff was left alone in the dim cool room with the blind vaguely stirring.

KING was most arbitrary. "Don't talk absolute nonsense, Cliff! How can a man look after you when he's out all day, and in a shack without proper comforts? The doctor won't allow you to be moved just now, anyhow."

His tone was short. If Cliff had only known it, much of Valentine's softened mood was due to her father. It was King who had been quickest after the accident to vault the fence and drag the mare back from Cliff's unconscious form, and afterwards he had suffered a sort of collapse, a weakness that had frightened Valentine more than anything had ever frightened her before. With her entreaties that he should send for the doctor again he had been very short.

"Don't be so entirely silly, Valentine. I never knew you were one of the fussing kind."

But not even his real anger banished from Valentine's mind the picture of his face, grey through all its healthy tan, and his strong, brown hands shaking.

"What's the matter, Cliff?" King said, more gently. "Why are you in such a panic to get away?"

Cliff opened pain-filled grey eyes under the bandages. When he had his eyes closed he could see Valentine, in her white sweater and skirt, sitting with her finger in her book, smiling at him.

"I can't tell you," he said, with a stubborn set to his jaw.

"In that case you'll have to put up with it," King said.

"It isn't a case of putting up with it," Cliff said very low. "If you only knew, I'd rather be here than anywhere else on earth."

There was a deeper note than he knew to his voice. King looked down at him very keenly.

"Then we'll consider that settled," he said.

On the fourth day, with some aid from King, Cliff got into a blazer and flannels, and hobbled as far as the big chair by the living-room hearth.

Valentine, in a dull green silk frock, was pouring tea. Her arms were bare, and she wore a swinging necklace of oddy-cut jade at her throat.

Her eyes met Cliff's in a quick smiling glance.

"It's very nice to view the world from a proper angle again," Cliff said with a long sigh of content.

"I like you much better on your back!"

Valentine said promptly. "You are much better natured and less inclined to be cocky."

"Does the truce cease the moment I get up?" Cliff said.

"Perhaps not . . ." Valentine conceded. She poured his tea, and set it on a little table at his elbow.

"Now what will you have . . . salad . . . bread . . . scones?"

King came back, shrugging himself into his coat.

"If I sit down in the other chair will you wait on me, Valentine?"

"Certainly not!" said Valentine promptly. "I only do it in cases of necessity. It's against my principle to wait upon menfolk at all."

King sat down, chuckling.

"It reminds me of Agnes Lang . . . Hugh mother, you know. She'd clean Hugh's boots, if he'd let her, but she used to be a real ranter about the equality of women. She'd give it to me hot and hard. 'Lawsds of creation you think yourselves . . . Pass the butter, Valentine, to that Lawd of creation over there . . .'"

"Lawsds of creation is right," said Valentine, stretching a slenderly-hard brown bare arm.

She looked at her father keenly.

"Are you tired?" she said, with a note in her voice Cliff had never heard before.

"Not exactly," King said. "Just lazy."

Another scene, Cliff?

"Please . . ." said Cliff. He leaned contentedly back in his chair. "Poor old Mick will be sitting down to cold corned beef and bachelor's bread, and I'd be there if I hadn't been clever enough to know when to fall off."

"You mean!" said Valentine, "you're all alike. Fill a man up with grub and beer, and he'll love anything."

"Valentine!" protested her father, "your language at the tea-table shocks me."

"It's all right, I'm only quoting," Valentine assured him serenely.

VALENTINE was never one to do things by halves, and for the next fortnight, except for occasional passages-of-arms, she and Cliff preserved a perfect good-comradeship. She played cards and chess with him and read to him when his head ached, and lounged out with her embroidery under the birches in the garden.

Cliff had got Jim Darren to bring him some pieces of untanned hide, and he was fashioning, with amazing dexterity, a braided double-rein bridle.

"It would be a pity to rob you altogether of a bridle . . ." he said, with his half smile.

The last week they went out driving in the grey car. One day they went over the gorge and it was raining as they turned homeward.

King had gone down to Gisborne, and did not expect to be home until late. Valentine and Cliff had their tea alone, and sat on afterwards in the big, comfortable room with its warmth and light and flowers, while the rain drove and lashed against the curtained windows.

Valentine was busy with her embroidery silks; her brown slim hands moved above the frame; her head was bent; the odd-shaped pieces of jade swung in the light.

She raised her head, after a little, and looked at Cliff, in the chair opposite in flannels, and white silk shirt, and dark striped blazer. He had laid the platted leather down, and his hands were idle. The light shone on his bent fair head, on the blunt sternness of his profile. There was a curious intensity in his gaze.

Valentine smiled at him.

"You're not a bad-looking lad sometimes, Cliff . . ."

"I was just thinking," Cliff returned, "that you look beautiful."

Valentine leaned forward a little.

"Do you feel ill again?"

"No."

Valentine sank back in her chair with a sigh of relief.

"I thought you must. I've never heard you pay a compliment before."

"It wasn't a compliment," Cliff said. "It was a statement."

"I see . . ." said Valentine. "You are really disgracefully lazy to-night, Cliff, sitting there with your hands folded. Can't you read to me or something?"

"What shall I read?" Cliff said.

"Anything you like."

Cliff pushed his chair back, and reached into the alcove by the fireplace.

"What's that?" Valentine demanded. "Longfellow's 'Hiawatha'. Funny. I never thought of reading poetry to you. If I had I would have read . . ."

"What?" said Cliff.

"Barrack Room Ballads!" said Valentine on a little gust of laughter.

Cliff opened the book at random.

Valentine sat silent, stabbing her needle back and forth through her frame, and presently her hands ceased to move. She had snapped off the main light, and the room was dim except for the gold-shaded lamp on its tall stand beside her. There was no sound but the lash of the rain, and Cliff's low voice.

He read on and on, and presently closed the book, and they sat in silence.

Valentine took up her embroidery frame again.

"You're a most peculiar person, Cliff."

"How so?" said Cliff, in his ordinary voice.

"Oh, a poetry-reading pig-farmer!" said Valentine maliciously. "By the way, my grandfather used to own that lovely farm of yours, did you know?"

"Yes, I heard," Cliff said.

"And my grandmother lived there for nearly a year, and most of the time alone," Valentine mused. "Dad says women were cut out of a different pattern in those days. I wonder if it's so?"

"No," Cliff said with decision. "The need created strong women. I could imagine you doing a thing like that if the need arose."

"Could you, my lad?" said Valentine.

"I couldn't. And yet I suppose my grandmother wore a corset, and screamed if a man saw an inch of her ankle. I wonder how far the so-called emancipation of women has brought us . . ."

"Not very far," Cliff said, smiling. "You can't change human nature in the space of a few years . . ."

Valentine looked at him with scorn.

"Your opinion! Lawsds of creation . . ."

"Don't quarrel . . ." Cliff said pacifically.

"I meant that you had not changed from the pioneer spirit of your grandmother's day . . ."

HMM . . . said Valentine. "I wish dad would come in. It's a long day for him, and he looks ill. I'm sure I don't know what's the matter with him."

"He looks tired sometimes . . ." Cliff said, after a minute.

"Tired . . . and grey," Valentine said, "and old . . . for the first time in his life. It worries me dreadfully, Cliff."

Her voice shook a little.

"If you could get him to a doctor," Cliff said.

Valentine selected a strand of silk.

"He's promised me that if he has another attack he will go and see Dr. Hugh when he goes up to Auckland for the wool sales. Of course he's worried about things . . . and he isn't a young man. I suppose I'm silly to worry."

"If the doctor says there's nothing seriously wrong you'll have no need to worry," Cliff offered.

"That's so," Valentine said more cheerfully. She stitched on for a few minutes, and then looked across at Cliff.

"Do you remember my mother, Cliff?"

"Just vaguely," Cliff said. "She is mixed up in my mind with my mother's tales of fairy princesses."

"Dad was twenty-six when she died," Valentine said. "Only a boy. And he never looked at another woman. What do you make of this falling-in-love business, Cliff?"

"Ninety-nine times . . . nothing," Cliff said. "The hundredth time . . ."

"The hundredth time . . ." echoed Valentine. She withdrew her eyes hastily from Cliff's. There was something strange in the air.

"There's dad's car!" Valentine said.

The last night that Cliff was at Enderby Valentine was going to the Hunt Club's summer ball. She had suggested that Cliff go with her, and was wifely annoyed when he refused.

"You needn't dance. It's a fancy dress affair. You can go as Brutus-in-his-youth, with sandals and a toga, if you like."

"Or as Saint Anthony . . ." suggested King very gently.

"I wouldn't go if my foot was well," Cliff said uncompromisingly.

The dangerous color had flown to Valentine's smooth cheeks.

"Oh, very well, if you feel that way about it," she said, and was imperiously polite all through tea-time.

She went off to dress, and Cliff limped slowly out upon the loggia, and stood leaning on the balustrade, smoking, until the moon rose behind the flagpole screen of the birchen.

He was still standing there when Valentine came out on to the other end of the lighted loggia. She was wearing the costume of a Spanish dancer . . . full satin skirts, and silver bangles. Her elbow-sleeved blouse was of some sheer white clinging stuff, cut very low. Over one shoulder and swathed about her slender hips, she wore a rose-coloured shawl with wonderful faded embroideries in gold. In her hair she had a cluster of rose-coloured anemones, and her mouth was painted.

SHE moved slowly under the shaded lights, and Cliff stood and watched her. She came up to his side. "Do you like me?"

"You are beautiful . . ." Cliff said slowly. "But not the Valentine who came in in breeches and boots this afternoon."

"I'm not the same person!" Valentine said lightly.

She was standing very close to him, and she had used some heady perfume, like lilac. The fringed, silken ends of her shawl fell over his arm.

"It's very odd," she said, following his gaze. "It was a love gift almost a hundred years ago."

The sleeve of her white ruffled blouse ended at the elbow, and her bare brown arm with its silver bangles lay on the stone balustrade by Cliff's hand. The lilac perfume was in his nostrils.

"A night like this . . ." she said deliberately. "And the moon . . . why does the moon make people mad, Cliff? But perhaps it doesn't make Scotch people mad. Now my grandmother was partly Irish, and my great-grandmother half-Maori . . . so why wonder? Clifford Gordon McLeod . . . I think it would be hard to moon-madden a Scotch granite wall like that!"

She raised her arm, and broke a spray from the fading white roses by the pillar. The fluttering petals showered her and the silent man, who leaped by her side, the moonlight on his burnished fair head, upon the blunt lines of his uncompromising profile.

Valentine shifted the frail old shawl a little, swathed it tighter around her slim hips. It fell back from her shoulders, from the revealing lines of her transparent white bodice with its cross-bars of black

velvet, from the lovely firm curves of her young throat and breast. The moon shadows lay on her in a dim flagpole pattern, like an old picture.

"You're very quiet to-night, Cliff. You might at least take the throbs out of these roses for me . . ." she was leaning on the balustrade, with the roses loosely in her hands. Her deep eyes with their lovely brows, and her painted mouth were very close to his wooden, young face that was faintly dewed with sweat. The heady scent of lilac washed about him.

"What's the matter . . . Saint Anthony?"

Cliff moved suddenly. Secretly. She was in his arms, hard young arms, without mercy and without kindness. She was against the balustrade, bent back. He was kissing her painted mouth, hard kisses that bruised and exhausted her.

"SAINT ANTHONY! Is this what you want? Because you can have it then. You little fool . . . playing with fire . . . why don't you take those plugs of gillanite Jim had this afternoon, and put a match to them and expect them not to be burned? Your roses . . . the dress of a woman of the streets . . . going out to a dance to let men hold you in their arms clad like that! Stand up, you asked for it, and you shall have it. Stand up, I say. How do I like you? You are beautiful, my dear . . . a beautiful fool, and not as big a fool as I am! You asked me why I didn't want to stay here! Because I loved you, and the less I saw of you the better for my peace of mind! St. Anthony! Now you know!"

He crushed his mouth down on hers again, and let her go, ripped the shawl from her defensive grasp, and threw it around her shoulders.

"Now you know!" he said, with a short laugh, and turned on his heel.

He limped through into the living-room, where King was lounging, scanning a paper, and waiting for his daughter.

"Mr. King," he said rapidly, "I have insulted your daughter this time, and no two opinions on the subject. I'm sorry. I should have been frank when you asked me why I didn't want to stay. It's a poor return for your hospitality to say what I've just said to her. I'm sorry."

King laid down his newspaper. He was looking at Cliff seriously, almost gently.

"I guess this is partly my fault, Cliff. I saw this coming. What did you say to her?"

"Unforgivable things," Cliff said briefly. He pushed aside the curtain, and stood looking out into the white moonlight. "When you're gone I'll pack up and go. And if ever you want me, or I can do anything for Valentine . . ."

"I'll call on you," King said.

He held out his hand, and Cliff took it. King sought Valentine out in her room. It was dark, and her voice was muffled.

"I'll be ready in a minute!"

"What have you been doing to Cliff?"

"Doing to Cliff . . ." Valentine's voice said, tense and steely with fury.

She made a motion of defence, but it was too late. King had snapped on the light, and she was revealed huddled on her bed, in her crumpled satin skirts, with her eyes reddened and swollen with weeping. She sprang up, and came and sat down before the mirror, and searched hastily among her litter of toilet things. She began to powder her face.

"If ever Cliff McLeod does speak to me again . . ." she was drawing the scarlet of her lips, carefully. "I'll kill him!"

Then she laid down the lipstick, and wiped oddity.

"I don't think I want to go to-night . . ."

She sank into King's arms, cradled against his shoulder, her face hidden, and he carried her to the bed and sat with her while she cried as she had never cried in all her twenty-five years.



CHAPTER 23

1930

THE day after the wool sale, according to his promise, Stafford King sent to see Hughie, who now was Doctor Hugh Lang, eminent heart specialist and fashionable surgeon.

It was an extremely searching and exhausting examination, and when Doctor Hugh was done, King shrugged his braces up over his shoulders with an assumption of negligence, and cast a slightly dizzy glance around the expensive glass-and-silver perfection of the very modern surgery.

"Gentlemen of the jury . . ." he murmured. "We await your verdict?"

Hugh poured colorless drops into a glass, and King took the glass from him, and drank, trying to laugh. His hands were shaking.

"When I want to see a doctor again, I won't come to you, m'lud. You're altogether too thorough."

Hugh had drawn a piece of paper towards him, and was scribbling indistinguishable hieroglyphics. He rolled the paper into a ball, and cast it into the immaculate waste-paper basket.

"As bad as that . . .?" said King, with mild interest. He set the glass on the table, carefully.

"It's your heart, of course," Hugh stated, a little jerkily. His lean, clever young face looked, for the instant, a little white.

"There's organic disease present . . . and it has been aggravated by strain and worry. You'll have to go very easily. If you can avoid attacks like last night . . ."

"Yes, what?" said Stafford King. He stretched his hand across the table, and laid it on Hugh's wrist.

"You should live . . . six months, perhaps a year," said Dr. Hugh with equal straightness.

King blinked a little.

"Oh, well, I'll have time to go unregenerately bankrupt . . ." he said, after a minute.

"Curse it all!" said Dr. Hugh.

Stafford King looked at him very keenly. "Confound you, Hughie, why can't you marry Valentine?"

Dr. Hugh would not be diverted.

"You'll have to take care. Any exertion or excitement is likely to bring on an attack. It's no use my telling you not to worry when I know how you stand. And, come to look at it, there's no use my telling you to take things easily. You've lived hard all your life, and you'll continue to do so. You're a hopeless type."

Stafford King laughed, suddenly.

"You're serious about how badly you stand . . .?" Hugh said hesitatingly.

"Oh, absolutely!" said King. "I'm going over . . . just like that!"

He inverted the empty glass, with a crisp ring on the polished steel table top.

"The day of the big run is dead, Hugh."

Dr. Hugh shifted his chair twice.

"A couple of thousand, no hurry to repay . . . no use?" he jerked.

King eyed him affectionately.

"No use in the world, my lad. A couple of hundred thousand might do it. Hurry up and marry Valentine with what she can save from the mess!"

Dr. Hugh spread his fine lean surgeon's hands in a hopeless gesture.

"How many times have you asked her?"

"Six . . ." confessed Dr. Hugh in a low voice.

Stafford King's laugh did not sound in the least like a sick man's.

"I'll ask her again to-night!" Hugh said with resolution.

"Valentine is not to know that there is

"anything seriously wrong with me!" said King.

Hugh took time to reply.
"I won't promise that. She ought to know . . ."

"She ought not!" King said. "Why you . . . you young pup, if you don't promise me, I'll put you over my knee!"

"You've been putting people over your knee . . . metaphorically speaking . . . all your life," said Hugh with finality. "You'll have to sit down now, and take what's coming to you."

"If you . . ." King jibed. "Would take that tone to Valentine, there might be some chance of her regarding you as a man instead of a fashionable doctor."

Hugh winced sharply.
"You are a brute, King, there's no doubt about it . . ." he said, in a low voice. "Anyhow . . . who's Cliff?"

KING had the grace to look a little abashed, but a spark of mischief lit his brown eyes.

"Cliff . . . his name describes him. A cliff . . . an uncompromising piece of landscape against which a woman's wiles and tantrums may break alike in vain . . ."

There was a sharp rap at the door, and then the handle was turned.

"May I come in?"
Both men had swung round in their seats.

"You may!" said King, and the next instant Valentine King was in the room, swinging the door shut behind her, her eyes going from her father to Dr. Hugh's face.

"I couldn't wait any longer. How is he?"

There was an instant's silence.
"Fine," said Stafford King equably. "Stated for a few weeks' rest under your tyrannical supervision."

"Oh, I'm glad!" said Valentine joyously. She put her arms about her father's shoulders, the undemonstrative Miss King and leaned her head cool cheek against his temple.

"Hugh's face frightened me. What do you mean by sitting there with a face as long as a fiddle, Hugh?"

"Hugh and I were telling each other a few home-truths . . ." King said. Valentine could not see his face, but he shifted a little under the straight gaze of Hugh's keen hazel eyes.

"Don't quarrel!" said Valentine. "What does the old money matter? Dad and I are going to save a few good dogs, Hugh, and go out driving. I shall cast off woman's clothes altogether, and live in denim and a flannel shirt."

"Hugh has other plans for you . . ." said King, a little maliciously.

Hugh flushed again, and looked at his tormentor. Valentine, with one arm still linked in her father's, smiled at him.

"I'm mighty grateful to you, Hugh . . ."

She dropped her father's arm and took Hugh's hands in hers, and kissed him with a swift, warm generosity.

"You tell me what to do, Hugh, and I'll look after him as strictly as the sternest hospital matron that ever smelled disinfectant!"

Hugh relaxed his grip of her hands slowly.

"You'll have a job before you, Valentine. He's a stubborn beggar . . . No hunting . . ."

"Hunting's over, you fool!" said King.

"Cut down his smoking, and no drinking . . ."

"Hear him!" King said. "Anyone would think I was a drunkard . . . you impudent pup—I'll wager you sipped up more in your Vanity days than I've drunk in my life!"

"Rest . . ." said Hugh inflexibly. "That's the main thing . . ."

"I want a smoke," King said. "I'm going down to the car. I'll leave you to give your nurse instructions. Remember what I said!"

There was a hint of threat in his voice. Hugh nodded reluctantly, and came across the room to open the door.

He called him back peremptorily from the stairs.

"Left, please!"
King shrugged, and obeyed. He was waiting not very steadily.

Doctor Hugh Lang returned to his surgery, and looked at the slim figure in tweeds standing by the window.

"Who's Cliff?" he blurted unguardedly. Valentine flashed him a swift glance of fire. She had stiffened.

"Cliff? What Cliff? What are you talking about?"

"Your father," explained the fashionable young surgeon abjectly. "he mentioned . . . he was joking . . . somebody named Cliff."

Valentine's smooth cheeks held a hint of red. Her eyes flashed.

"Well, if you know he was joking, why do you ask?"

Dr. Hugh lost his head.

"It's only because I love you so! Valentine . . . my darling . . . marry me! It would make your father so happy!"

"I am very fond of my father," Valentine said coldly. "but I fail to see why I should marry anyone just to make him happy."

Dr. Hugh gulped. His warm, weary young face was close to Valentine's, and his eyes were wretched.

"I didn't mean that. I meant . . . I love you . . ."

He floundered. Valentine relented.

"Cheer up, you goose. I love you, too, like a brother. We weren't meant to marry, and a bankrupt's daughter would be a blow upon your blameless career."

"Damn my career!" said Dr. Hugh Lang tersely.

"There's no hope for me, then?" Hugh said, very low. He was tracing patterns with his firm-tipped surgeon's fingers on the polished table-top. "You'll never marry me, Valentine?"

"Never!" Valentine King said firmly. "It may sound heartless to say it out like that, but it's really kinder to us both. It's not I don't think a lot of you, Hugh. You're fine . . . much too good for me . . . and I'm proud to call you my friend, but marry?"

"There's nobody else, then?" Hugh said, very low.

Valentine looked him in the eyes.

"I think more of you than any man on earth . . . except my father . . ."

She broke off, a little huskily, laid a hand on Hugh's white-clad shoulder, and took it away again.

"Good-bye, my dear. Dad'll be waiting for me . . ."

She went out with her long, lithe step, and Hugh moved across to the window and stood looking down into the street.

There was a big yellow truck behind King's car, and King was talking to a big, bare-headed young man who stood with one foot on the running-board of the grey car.

While Hugh watched, Valentine came out on to the pavement, and the strange young man stepped back. Valentine inclined her head, and got in beside her father; the strange young man nodded unsmilingly, and got into his truck and slid away from the kerb. The grey car backed out and turned in the other direction.

"A looker-on from a window . . ." said Doctor Hugh Lang with a brief flash of bitterness, and rang the bell to inform his nurse that he was ready for his next patient.

will call upon you shortly with a view to personally inspecting securities.—We are, yours faithfully, THE STATE BANK (for Manager)."

The letter awaited King upon his arrival home. He read it, with an odd twist to his mouth, and filed it carefully.

Valentine came in with milk and biscuits on a tray.

"Doctor's orders!" she said gaily. She leaned over him, and read the letter on the file.

"I thought you weren't to think about money."

"I'm not thinking about it," King protested. "I'm only reading my mail."

Valentine's attention was caught by a note written in pencil in a decisive hand, on a page torn from a notebook.

"Will call as soon as possible re contract carting lambs. C. G. McLeod."

"That's his writing, is it? And too Scotch to use an unnecessary word. Sounds like a telegram. Are you going to give him the contract for carting the lambs this year?"

"If he's reasonable," King said.

"Humph!" said Valentine. She took up the tray. "Drink your milk."

King went out into the garden. The unusual idleness irked him. It was a summer day, without wind, and without cloud. The declining sun threw the long birch shadows across the velvet lawn. There were three water-lilies flowering at the pool, two white blooms and a pink one like a pearl chalice. The gold fish moved lazily under the stiff green leaves.

King heard a car come up the drive, and presently a girl came down from the house and gave him a card. He was a little dizzy, and he seemed to see just one line clearly.

"Manager, Bank of —"

HE went up to the house mechanically, passed a last glance back as he stepped on to the loggia. All the old things of Enderby that had once seemed so very secure . . .

Rose had shown the visitor through the hall into the living-room. King went through quietly. He was wearing a blazer and flannels, and his rubber-soled shoes made no sound.

"Won't you sit down?" he said.

At the sound of his voice the other man turned. He was of middle height, lean-built, with a lined, clever face, and a clipped grey moustache. He was faultlessly attired, and wore a motoring dust-coat.

"So you don't know me, Stafford King?" he said.

His voice touched a chord of memory. King turned the card over, and the name seemed to leap out at him.

"Vincent Le Moynes, Esq., Manager . . ."

"So we meet again . . ." said Vincent Le Moynes. You remember, I told you we would."

"Can I offer you a chair?" King said. He took the chair himself at the other side of the table. He felt curiously weary, old.

"This business of your overdraft and mortgages . . ." Le Moynes said. He took papers in an elastic band from his pocket, spread them out upon the table. "The amounts are high, and you have been going on a long time. Times are not going to be better, Mr. King. They are going to be very much worse, and we may as well face facts. The day of the big sheep-run is over."

He was pencilling a column of figures rapidly.

"You've been covering one loan with another, and that sort of thing can't go on for ever. It's like anything else in life . . . it runs on . . . and it runs on . . . and then comes the day of reckoning."

Le Moynes's voice was rising a little.

"Yes, you come to the day of reckoning."



CHAPTER 24
1930

"**D**EAR Sir.—Re your letter of the 21st re extension of credit, we have to inform you that our representative

Mr. King. I've waited a long time for this day . . . twenty-five years. There you are. That's how you stand. Look at those figures. They mean only one thing—bankruptcy. Extend our credit? I can only report that your security is mortgaged already, and, frankly speaking, not worth a . . . It all comes to the day of reckoning . . .

His hands were shaking. In a gust of passion he took up the sheet of paper and tore it across and across. He leaned over the table.

"My friend King, I swore that one day I would hold the whip hand . . . and now you shall dance to my bidding!"

King's face was a curious color under its tan, but he smiled into Le Moyne's narrowed eyes.

The smile unleashed the devil of Le Moyne's passion. He got on to his feet. His face was distorted, and he raised a shaking hand and pointed.

"Like that! Like I tore up that paper! I'll smash you like that . . . Mr. Stafford Sheep King of Enderby! The modern buccannier! You've gone through life smashing the other man, and taking what you wanted. Now it's your turn! What did I say? The day of reckoning . . ."

He fumbled and dragged something from his pocket and flung it on the table in front of King. It was a photograph roughly torn from an illustrated paper of Valentine in evening dress.

"The beautiful daughter of Mr. Stafford King of Enderby. Like Hell she is! Look at it! Look at it, I say! If they knew as I do that her mother wasn't married to you . . . that she's no more a King, legally, than I am . . . that she's only a . . ."

King was up out of his chair with a movement that was like the spring of a wild beast.

In that second a hand came down over his shoulder, powerfully restraining.

"My job, Mr. King!" said Cliff McLeod's voice.

Le Moyne backed away round the table, and Cliff walked round the other way and caught him. He picked him up as though he was no heavier than a child, and swung him round his head dizzily.

"For two pins I'd put you head-on into that corner, and you'd never get up again! What shall I do with him, Mr. King?"

"Put him out!" said King.

Cliff, with one hand unfastened the glass doors and pushed them open then set Le Moyne on his feet, and, with a deftly-placed knee, sent him sprawling down the step into the gravel of the drive.

Then he called to the goggle-eyed man at the wheel of the expensive car.

"Your boss is ready to go home!"

IN the big chair by the fireplace King sat, his hands on the arms, his head against the high back. His face was grey, and carved in strong lines.

"You heard what he said, Cliff?"

"I heard . . ." said Cliff, from the side-board. "Is this what Dr. Lang gave you for your heart?"

"You'll be as good a nurse as Valentine, so . . ." King lied.

Cliff came back with the glass, slid an arm behind King's shoulders and steadied him. He had to hold the glass while he drank.

"And as for Valentine . . ." King said, going on with the theme uninterrupted, "it won't matter what she was when she's Mrs. McLeod."

King leaned his head on the back of his chair and laughed.

"You're sure you're not making a mistake? She's not Miss King, of Enderby, now . . . just Valentine, not legally King . . . a bankrupt's illegitimate daughter . . ."

Cliff stood looking down at him with smouldering eyes.

"I'd love to chuck you down the steps, too. Take that back!"

"Don't be belligerent, Cliff . . ." King said, smiling a little. "I'm very glad that someone's affairs are straightened out of the downfall of Enderby. Perhaps Le Moyne's day of reckoning is rather pointless after all . . ."

He raised his eyes to Mary's portrait, in the alcove above him.

"If ever you want the rights of this business, Cliff, to tell Valentine, ask Jim Darren. He'll tell you."

He opened his hands in an odd weary gesture.

"So that's all of a hundred years of Enderby . . . finished. The old order passes . . . for some reason or other I feel horribly beaten, Cliff!"

Cliff, for an instant, laid his hand young arm about the other man's shoulder, and King's fingers closed on his wrist.

"I'm glad things are straight for you and Valentine. She loves you, I'm sure of that, but whether she'll ever admit it . . ."

"I'll worry her until she does," Cliff said grimly.

"Go and ask her now," King said seriously.

"Now?" said Cliff.

"Yes, now," said King. "Why not?"

"Are you all right? Shall I leave you?"

"Yes, I'm all right," King said. "Hugh's stuff was fine."

He called Cliff back from the door.

"Cliff . . . she's my girl, and I know her as nobody else does. For all her bluff, there's nobody truer and sweeter . . . and softer. You're very strong, Cliff . . . and she's easy to hurt. If you marry my girl, will you be good to her?"

"As God is my witness, sir," said Cliff, "I will be good to her."

The words woke a strange train of thought in King's mind. It was the vow that he and Mary had solemnly taken in the hotel bedroom that night that seemed so long ago and far away.

"If she'll let me!" Cliff added, over his shoulder, as an anti-climax, and King lay back in his chair and laughed.

VALENTINE was on the loggia when Cliff found her, with Buckles lying supine at her feet.

Cliff came out to her slowly. He wore his overalls, but he carried his fair head high. His eyes were level.

"Valentine King, will you marry me?"

Valentine remained leaning against the balustrade, looking at him.

"As a last refuge . . . not!" she said. "As Valentine King, of Enderby, I was quite willing to marry you . . . If you had only asked me."

"Well, for the land's sakes!" said Cliff, "you had a funny way of showing it."

"As Valentine King, of nowhere," said Valentine conclusively, "I will marry . . . no one!"

"You mean you'll marry no one but me!"

Cliff asserted.

Valentine raised shaking hands and broke a spray of roses. The petals showered her.

"Go away, Cliff . . . please. I hate you!"

Cliff came two steps closer.

"Is there anything I can say that will make you listen to me?"

He had cornered her against the doorway, but she put her hand back, and, unfastened the catch, and slipped back into her room.

"Beaten! You can't come in here, Walt!"

In ten seconds she came out again. She was wearing the old rose silk shawl, and the fringe fell to the hem of her dress. Cliff's wooden young face was suddenly broken up into tenderness and strain.

"Valentine, my darling, I love you! Not

the ninety-nine times that mean nothing . . . but the hundredth time . . ."

Valentine was never one to do things by halves. She raised her arms to his shoulders, and there were tears brimming on her lashes.

"I thought my tallman would do the trick. The hundredth time . . . the hundredth time . . ."

They stood there together in each other's arms and presently Valentine drew him down the step, and over the lawn. King saw them go, as she had known he would . . . Valentine, in her dull-green, and the rose and gold shawl; Cliff in his overalls, with his burnished young head held high. Valentine drew him on to the pool by the bamboo.

"I won't ask you to live up over the gorge, Valentine. I remember you once said . . ."

Valentine laid a cool hand upon his mouth.

"I once said that I would like a chance to prove myself as good a woman as my grandmother."

"But . . ." Cliff said.

"Don't let us quarrel," Valentine said. "We will have to declare a lifelong truce now. This has always seemed to me a sort of sacred place. Tell me you love me here."

"I love you, Valentine King . . ." said Cliff, very slowly.

Valentine leaned back in his arms.

"Clifford Gordon McLeod . . . I love you . . ."

IN the living-room King sat alone in the big chair. The room was growing dim, although the sun had not set. The cavalier looked down, smiling enigmatically, out of his chipped gilt frame.

All the years were as a screen . . . a dim, dim screen of the past . . . Enderby, and the old pack-horse trails, the grey mules with their dipping ears, the black thoroughbred, Night Star, his mother used to ride . . . the road camps, the surveyors' flags, the broad yellow trail of the road advancing . . . the slow wool waggons and the mail coach, and the muddy, jangling team . . . and the coach passing, the blasphemous, good-natured drivers, and the gallant horses, all passing on into the gulf of things that are past.

The changing moods of the hill country whimsical as the moods of a lovely woman. The grey storms coming down from the mountains . . . the thin green glory of springtime . . . riding the hill-tracks in hatching season under a wild, wet sky . . . and the shearing time, and the dust and sweat, and the low pattering roar of the moving thousands, and the reckless, good-comradely men who scratched their tallies on the door-jamb.

He saw his mother, sewing the light on her bent head, and childish profile . . . his grandfather, that great kindly, easy-moving man with his silvered hair, and the strange lines graven so deeply on his face.

Stafford King turned in his chair, very slowly, for he was terribly weary, and the room was almost dark.

Standing in the doorway was a woman in a long blue robe, her hair hanging in two shining plaits to her waist. She was holding a candle, shading the flame with her hand, and the light was reflected in her face.

"Mary!" said Stafford King. He thought it was a ringing cry, but in reality it was only a whisper . . . "Mary, my darling . . ."

The room was very quiet. The sun had set. The master of Enderby appeared to be asleep in his chair.

THE END

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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